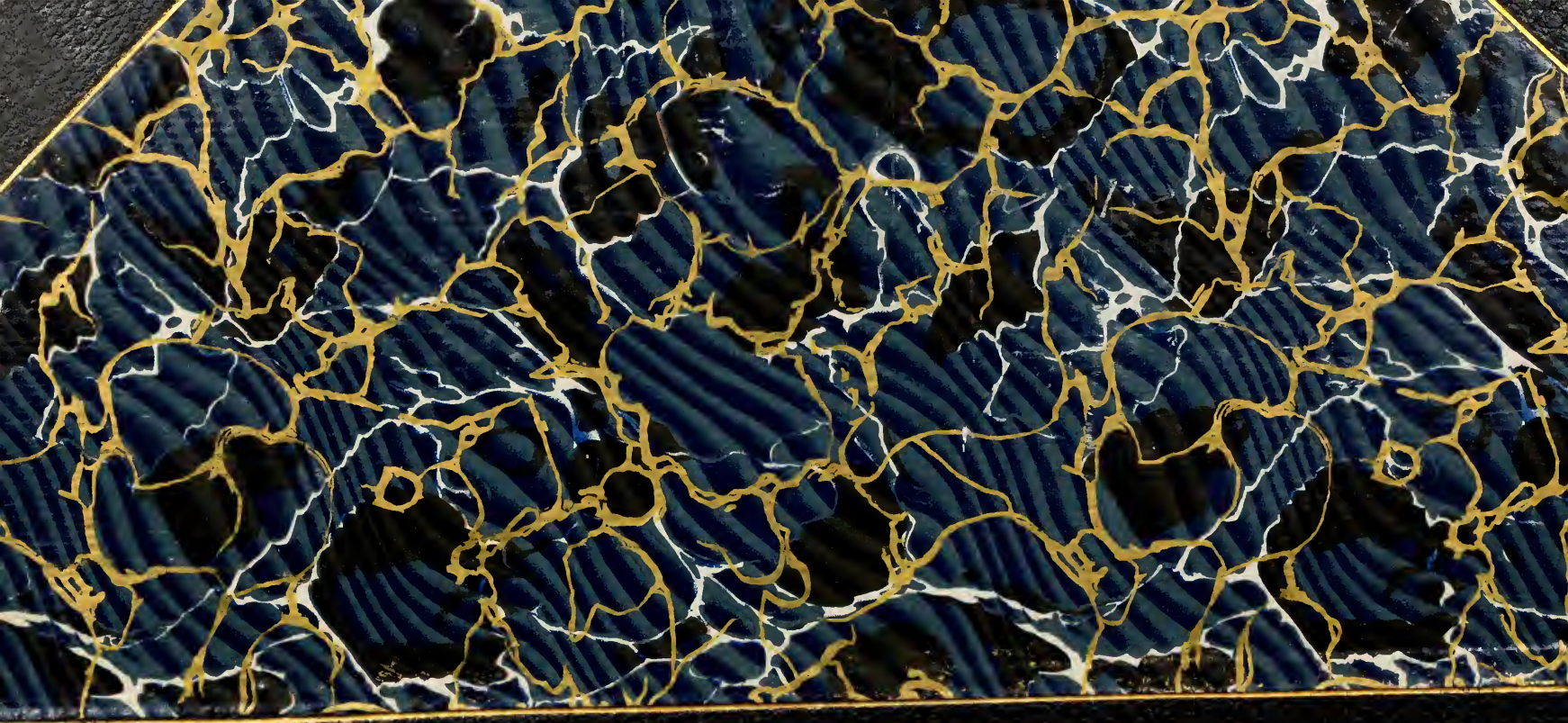

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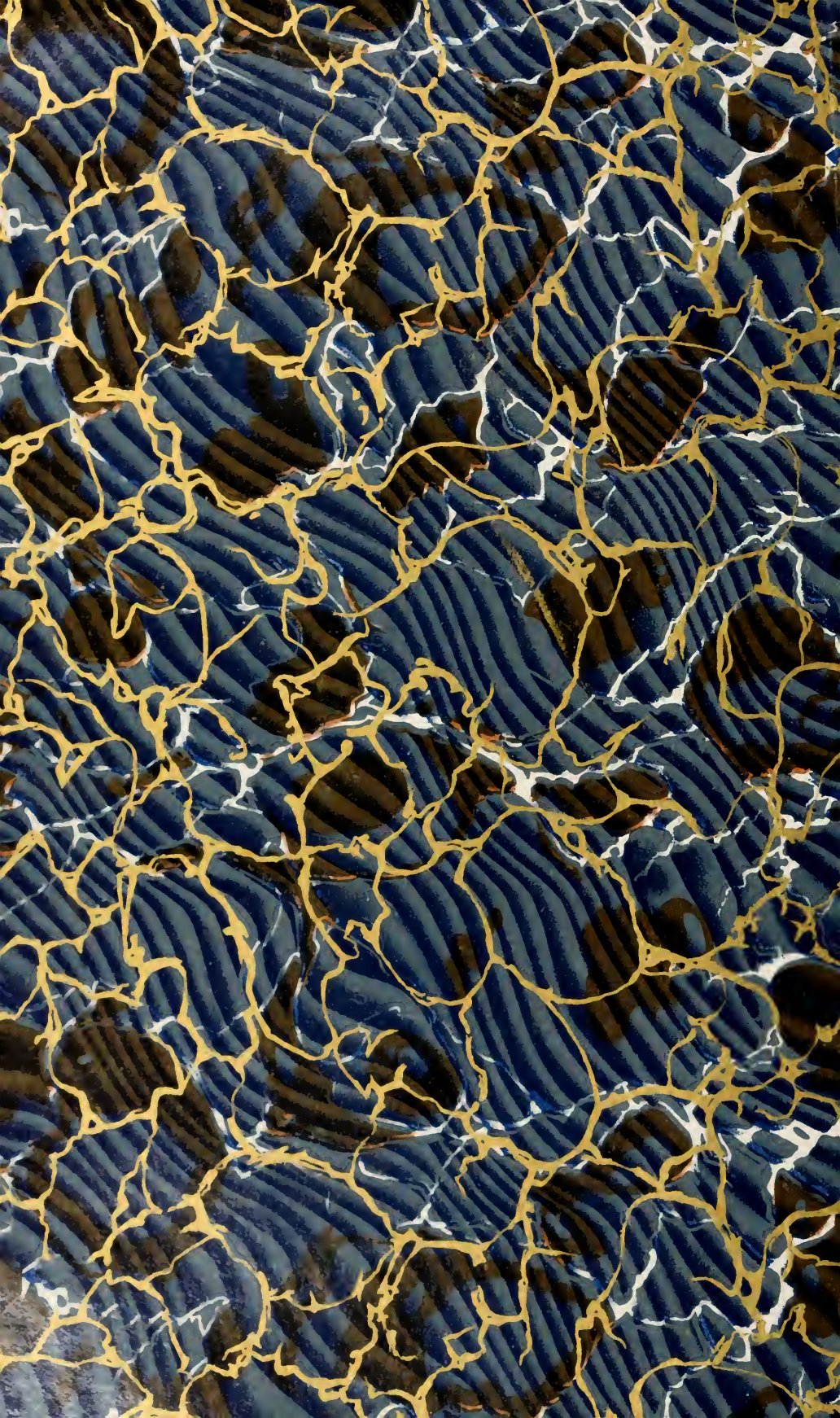

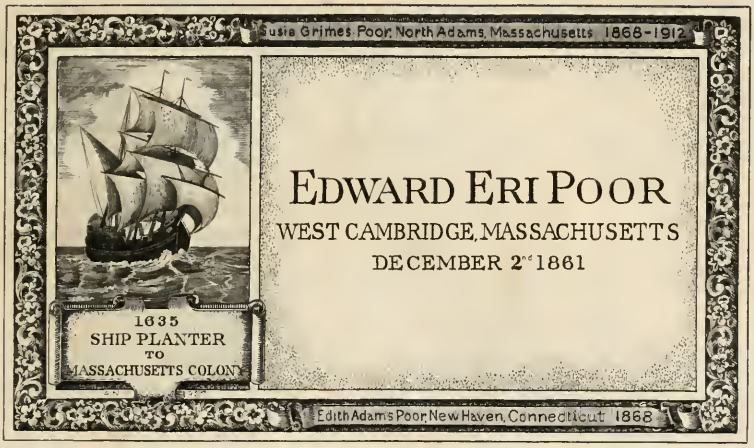
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GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

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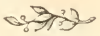
ROYAL EDITION

THE

World's Best Essays

FROM THE

EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME



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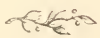

TEN VOLUMES

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GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

(1805–1872)

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI was one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, and though his work as the creator of United Italy has overshadowed his achievement as a writer, there is no question but that his writings alone would have perpetuated his memory, were they the sole monument of his extraordinary genius. It is true, however, and it must not be forgotten in connection with them, that his essays, and indeed whatever else he has written, are incidents of the moral force and intellectual activity which made him one of the great agencies in compelling the progress of Europe in spite of the strong reactionary tendencies of the second half of the nineteenth century. A man of action whose whole life was that of the leaven which disturbs while it renovates the lump, he wrote not for the sake of artistic expression, but rather to express what he conceived to be the purposes of a broader humanity and a higher civilization.

He was born at Genoa in June, 1805. His father, Giacomo Mazzini, a reputable physician of that city, was able to give him a university education, and in 1826 Mazzini graduated in law after having completed his course in literature. He joined the Carbonari society at an early age, but became dissatisfied with its methods and was on the point of organizing a new association when he was arrested (1830) and imprisoned for six months in the fortress of Savona. There he conceived what he called his "Apostolate," and on his release he began the serious work of his life,—nothing less than the enfranchisement of Italy and Europe. He purposed to organize the young men of Italy and other European countries to check centralization and to substitute self-governing republics of free people for the great military empires which were then beginning to threaten. Taking refuge at Marseilles, and when driven from Marseilles working from Geneva and London, he organized the "Young Europe Association" of 1834, and was largely instrumental in organizing the movement of 1847 and 1848, which resulted in the German Revolution. As a result of this movement, during which the Roman republic of 1849 collapsed almost immediately after it was proclaimed, he spent much of his life not merely an exile, but a hunted exile, with a sentence of death hanging over his head. He continued his agitation until, with the help of Garibaldi and Cavour, Italian unity had been secured; but

unity at the expense of monarchy, Mazzini would not accept. When the monarchy was proclaimed he declared that he sorrowfully recognized the national will; "but monarchy," he added, "will never number me among its servants or followers." He refused to take office when elected to the Italian parliament, and when a pardon was decreed for him he refused to be thus relieved from the sentence of death which had been decreed against him "for having loved Italy above all earthly things." He returned to Geneva and resumed the work of organizing the most daring among European Liberals into societies for the support of republican institutions, and in 1869 the Italian government rewarded his services by securing his expulsion from Switzerland. After visiting England he landed in Sicily and was imprisoned for several months. After his release his activity was cut short by failing health, and he died at Pisa, March 10th, 1872. Much of his best prose was written and published in London, but English literature has no claim upon it. It belongs to Italy which alone could have produced Mazzini. He had the spirit of Dante, softened and made more nearly divine by love. The "cruel indignation" against wrong, which tortured Dante, ceased to be a fire in the soul of Mazzini and became light, making his whole life incandescent with love of liberty and humanity. The nineteenth century produced no loftier character. He was in the old Hebrew sense a prophet, not the mere soothsayer who predicts events, but the maker of destiny who prophesies for (that is speaks for) those who cannot speak for themselves. "Whom shall I send?" God said to Isaiah when the cause of progress and civilization seemed lost. And when the same call came to Mazzini in the nineteenth century which came to Isaiah "in the year that King Uzziah died," the Italian prophet answered as the Hebrew prophet had answered before him, "Send me!"

W. V. B.

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

IDEAS rule the world and its events. A revolution is the passage of an idea from theory to practice. Whatever men have said, material interests never have caused, and never will cause, a revolution. Extreme poverty, financial ruin, oppressive or unequal taxation, may provoke risings that are more or less threatening or violent, but nothing more. Revolutions have their origin in the mind, in the very root of life; not in the body, in the material organism. A religion or a philosophy lies at the base of every revolution. This is a truth that can be proved from the whole historical tradition of humanity.

Now, what were the ruling ideas in the period immediately preceding the revolution? What were the doctrines that hovered over its cradle? What was it that inspired and baptized its development and the various parties that promoted it? Did they go beyond the confines of the age of the individual and his rights? Did they initiate the age of duty; and of association, the only means of fulfilling duty?

Three men, Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, comprehended the whole intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, and exercised a visible and predominant influence on the development of the Revolution; Montesquieu, on the ideas of the Constituent Assembly; Rousseau, on the men of the Convention; Voltaire, on the beginnings of the movement and certain general tendencies that reappear intermittently to recall his name, and the indefatigable war he waged for fifty years against the traditions of the Church and the caprice of despotism.

Voltaire's genius was quick, subtle, acute, analytic, encyclopedic, but not profound; he was moved by good and philanthropic instincts rather than by strong and reasoned moral beliefs; a warrior rather than an apostle; a hater of evil rather than a worshiper of good; too much extolled by some, too much depreciated by others, Voltaire founded no doctrine, but, as I have said, popularized tendencies,—tendencies that existed already, and were almost innate in the French genius, but to which he gave new force and clothed in noble language,—tendencies which leak out in a number of the events of the Revolution, and, excepting the more rigid puritans of the Mountain, from Camille Desmoulins to Barras, influence, one might say, every actor of the period. They were philanthropic tendencies, inspired by momentary impulses of kindness rather than by a conception of life, and of its law,—tendencies of a vague, sterile, superficial deism, that relegated God to heaven and sundered his undying connection with the world, and which was merely a compromise between the tradition still extant in the popular mind, and the skepticism that, however covertly, dominated Voltaire and his followers,—tendencies of antagonism to every imposed authority, to every form of superstition and fanaticism, but born rather of a sense of rebellion natural to one who thinks than of faith in the destinies of those who have yet to learn to think,—tendencies that worshiped the rights of reason, but only for those individuals who by good fortune and education

can share in them, and which were mingled with some spirit of contempt for the masses, a spirit which afterwards founded the fatal distinction between the popular and the bourgeois classes, —tendencies of equality, but confined, as in the philosophy of the Ancients, to one order of men, regardless of the rest. I have mentioned the bourgeois class, and Voltaire was, in fact, consciously or unconsciously, the teacher and master of the bourgeoisie, and his influence was all-powerful in the acts that, in the period just before the Revolution, traced the first lines of a division that has been more recently organized into a system, by Guizot and the French eclectic school. The bourgeosie of the two Bourbon revolutions idolized him. A man of impulses, of intuitions, rapid but short-lived, of enthusiasm, intellectual rather than moral, Voltaire, who displayed rare humanity in his efforts to clear the memory of Calas and the Sirven family, was flatterer at once of the Empress Catherine and King Frederic of Prussia. He sanctified their crimes; he burlesqued, in low comic verse, the heroic resistance o the Poles to the dismemberment of their Fatherland. An apostle of toleration in religious matters, he was the type of intolerance towards all his enemies, and capable of using any weapon, even calumny, to their prejudice. He waged a relentless, rabid war against catholicism, and when threatened with death wrote a declaration of catholic faith and repentance. I write this as a debt to my own conscience, and because I see arising among our young men, who have neither studied all his works nor his life, an intemperate and dangerous admiration for him; but it is more important to my present purpose to note how Voltaire destroyed prejudices and errors, but neither built nor cared for the future. He had no perception (his historical works and his theory that great events depend upon little causes prove this) of a law dominating the life of humanity, no perception of progress, of a human mission, of duty, of association, or of anything that constitutes the end and the method of the new era that we invoke. He recognized no standard of good except in the rights of the individual. And like all who start from the idea of right alone, he could not help being forced to give the preference to rights already existing and recognized. He declared that "A State being a collection of lands and houses, those who possessed neither land nor house ought not to have any deliberative voice in the management of public affairs." In one of the most beautiful moments of his

long life, he gave full expression to the idea that guided him, when he uttered, under guise of a blessing on Franklin's young son, the sacred but insufficient words — God and Liberty; a formula that opens the way to a possible initiative, but does not itself initiate. Liberty is a mere instrument of good or evil according to the path it chooses.

Montesquieu, a more profound thinker than Voltaire, though less profound than some say, was the chief of a political school that had for its disciples, in the first period of the Revolution, Monnier, Malouet, and many others in the Assembly; Rivarol, Bergasse, Mallet Dupan, and others in the periodical press. The influence of the ideas he expounded in the Esprit des Lois is visible in the acts of the Constituent Assembly.

His influence lay in his historical studies of antiquity, that would be thought superficial at the present day, but then appeared vast and almost unique. His intellect was acute, and swift in seizing the salient points of things; his aspirations were advanced; the expression of his thoughts vigorous. Montesquieu was at times unconsciously impelled, by his native logic, near to the unknown confines of the new age; but he was hindered by his lack of any religious conception of the life of humanity, by the prevailing theory of the ebb and flow of nations, perhaps, too, by the inevitable influences of a semi-patrician birth and the conditions of office; and so he retreated ever more and more towards the old age, and never, even in his most daring flights, crossed the limits of a period that began the transition. For an instant he caught a glimpse of the true definition of liberty, when he said that it consisted "in being able to do what one ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what one ought not to will." But this was a momentary flash, an isolated saying, whose consequences he was unable to deduce. He suspected the existence of a general end, common to humanity, and a special end, belonging to each nation; but he was incapable of rising from that glimpse of an idea to the conception of a providential mission. He notes "that the object of Rome was aggrandizement; of Lacedæmonia, war; of the Judaic laws, religion; of Marseilles, commerce; of the barbarians, natural liberty"; but he never saw that those facts were only means to reach the end, and that the appointed end is general progressive civilization, the slow formation of a collective human unity. It is clear from twenty passages that he feels in his soul the superiority of the Republican form

of government to all others; and yet, finding no body of principles that convert the intuition of the moment into a demonstrated truth, he concludes by laboring to teach how a monarchy may be durably established. He too, in all his researches, starts only from the individual, and so, like all who have no other criterion of truth, he can only grasp the notion of right. For him, as for the other philosophic thinkers of the time, there are rights consecrated by the fact of their existence, by prolonged possession; and the political program is reduced to efforts to find a place for them in the social organism, and to seek an impossible equilibrium that shall preserve the peace among them, and prevent one right from doing violence to another. Placed between a monarchy that said "France is mine," an aristocracy powerful by past domination and an exclusive influence over the monarchy, and the first threatening murmurings of the Tiers État, Montesquieu did not pretend to pass judgment on those three forces, or ascertain the sum of vitality that existed in each, and which was doomed to early death, which destined to long life in the future. They existed, and he accepted them, consecrating the labor of his intellect to co-ordinate their existence and functions in the organization of the State. His ideal was the English system, the result, not of any conception of political philosophy, but of a unique historical development of causes and effects which existed nowhere else. His theory is that which we have seen in practice for more than half a century under the name of constitutional monarchy, where the search for an equilibrium between the three elements of Crown, and Nobility, and Commons, has everywhere condemned the peoples to alternate between stagnation, reaction, and periodic revolution.

The problem, therefore, in the Esprit des Lois is vitiated by a fundamental error. Montesquieu labors heavily about the distinction between the three powers, legislative, executive, and judiciary, and makes this the cardinal point of the whole question; he thus, by exaggerating this distinction, destroys the conception of national unity. The real, the sole, the vital question should be, for him as for us all, the question of sovereignty; what is its origin, and where its interpretation is to be sought with the least uncertainty and the greatest probability.

There does not, and ought not to exist more than one law; it is its application to the diverse branches of social life that implies a distinction in the higher branches of the administration

between the different functions delegated to provide for its execution. Just as the exaggeration of the triple aspect of life in God changed little by little the three different aspects of divine action into Three Persons, and founded a Tri-theism in religion opposed to the conception of Unity, so the theory of rights, and hence of acquired rights, impelled Montesquieu to discover powers where they did not exist, and found a political Tri-theism which has survived even to this day, and impairs every conception of national organization. Having raised these social elements to powers, he confers on them attributes which suffice to break up the harmony of the State. He was confronted by the danger, either of antagonism between the three powers, or compulsory stagnation; but he replied with superficial carelessness, "that, as they were urged forward by the necessary movement of things, they would be constrained to move in unison."

Montesquieu abounds in false ideas respecting the hereditary nature of the aristocracy, the function of the monarchy, the rights conceded to the executive over the legislative, and many other questions. But it is not my task to notice them. It is sufficient for my purpose to have reminded my readers of the thought that dominates his conceptions. He has no criterion outside that of the individual. He reaches no formula of political organization beyond that of rights. He has no scope, no mission to suggest for the State, except liberty, and by liberty he understands, in the general course of his work, nothing more than "the citizen's consciousness of his own safety, and of having nothing to fear from any other citizen." Political science is therefore narrowed to a science of limits, of mutual defense. And the government deprived of any other mission is to use the force of society to watch that those limits are not overstepped by violence. A religious conception, the law of progress, duty, association, the end assigned to humanity and to each people, collective education, and the office of the press to gradually promote the unity of the human family, everything, in short, that is characteristic of the age we call for, is unknown to the man who inspired the Constituent Assembly.

Montesquieu was neither inspirer nor prophet of an age. He summarized, with singular acumen, the conditions and consequences of political laws as he found them, incomplete or in partial activity, in the period in which he lived. He sketched in outline, not always, but frequently exact, the existing tradition,

but nothing more. When we point to him, at the present time, as the master of future legislation, we commit the same error as when we make poor Machiavelli the guardian of the cradle of reborn Italy — Machiavelli, who anatomized the dead body of old Italy and showed the wounds that caused her death; when we take Adam Smith — who was but the wise exponent of the laws that governed the economic phenomena of his time — and make him the founder of an immutable science, the teacher of an age in which the economic relations between class and class are hastening to an inevitable change.

Rousseau, the inspirer of the Convention, followed another road, but without passing the confines of the age that France was preparing to summarize. A poor plebeian, without deep study of the past, abhorring the times in the consciousness of his own superiority, and for the exaggerated demands of society as he found it, he, on the great political questions of the day, questioned only his own intelligence and the intuitions of the heart. His intelligence was more powerful than that of Montesquieu; his heart was led astray by a leaven of egotism that too often soured his natural inclination to good; and both together drove him to the principle that takes its birth, if not its consecration, from him — the principle of popular sovereignty. A true principle, if considered as the best method of interpreting a supreme moral law which a nation has accepted as its guide, which is solemnly declared in its contract and transmitted by national education; but a false and anarchical principle if proclaimed in the name of force, or in the name of a convention, and abandoned to the caprice of majorities, uneducated, and corrupted by a false conception of life.

For Rousseau, the popular sovereignty remained in these last terms, uncertain, ineffective, shifting. He, too, had no conception of the collective life of humanity, of its tradition, of the law of progress appointed for the generations, of a common end towards which we ought to strive, of association that can alone attain it step by step. Starting from the philosophy of the *ego* end of individual liberty, he robbed that principle of fruit by basing it, not on a duty common to all, not on a definition of man as an essentially social creature, not on the conception of a divine authority and a providential design, not on the bond that unites the individual to humanity of which he is a factor, but on a simple convention, avowed or understood. All Rousseau's teaching pro-

ceeds from the assertion "that social right is not derived from nature, but is based upon conventions." He drives this doctrine so far as to comprehend the family itself within it. "Sons," he says, "do not remain united to their fathers except so long as they have need of them for their preservation. . . . From that time forth the family is only maintained in virtue of a convention."

From the doctrine that recognizes the rights of the contracting individuals as the only source of social life, nothing could result but a political system capable of protecting, within the limits of a narrow possibility, the liberty and equality of each citizen; and Rousseau has no other program. "The aim of every system of legislation" — these are his very words — "reduces itself to two principal objects, liberty and equality; and to find a form of society that shall defend and protect with all the collective forces the person and the property of each associate, and in which each one, uniting himself to all, shall obey only himself and remain as free as he was before; this is the fundamental problem." Stated in these terms, the problem contains neither the elements of normal progress, nor the possibility of solving the social economic question that is so prominently agitating men's minds in our time. An isolated sentence in the book seems to lay down the principle that "no citizen ought to be rich enough to be in a position to buy another; none poor enough to be constrained to sell himself"; this is just, but it does not connect itself with the general bearing of the principles he expounds, nor is there any indication how it may be reduced to fact. It is of little importance that in many particulars he is superior to every other thinker of that period. The Society of Rousseau, like that of Montesquieu, is a mutual insurance society, and nothing more.

That first statement, the key of the whole system, is by now proven to be false; and, because false, fatal to the development of the principle of popular sovereignty. It is not by the force of conventions or of aught else, but by a necessity of our nature, that societies are founded and grow. Each of us is a part of humanity, each of us lives its life, each is called upon to live for it, to aid the attainment of the end assigned to it, to realize, as far as possible in each one of us, the ideal type, the divine thought that guides it. Law is one and the same for individual and collective life, both of which are the expression of a single universal phenomenon, differently modified by space and time.

And life, we know now, is progress. If you throw over moral authority, our natural tendencies, our mission, and substitute the merely human authority of conventions as the source of social development, you risk arresting that development, or subjecting it to arbitrary caprice. And since you need the consent of all the contracting parties to dissolve these conventions and make a change for the better, you are threatened, on the one hand by the power of every minority, logically indeed of every individual, to stop you; on the other hand, inasmuch as the prolonged existence of a fact pre-supposes, at all events, a tacit convention, you are threatened by the necessity of perpetuating rights and powers that are not founded on justice, or conducive to the common good. No "man" has, you say, "natural authority over his fellows; might cannot create right; therefore conventions are left as the only basis of legitimate authority." But is there not an authority higher than any man, in the True, the Just, the end which we have set before us and which we are bound above all things to discover? Is not some of that authority passed on to the people or to that fraction of the people which is its best interpreter? And, to discover that end, do we not possess the double criterion supplied when the tradition of humanity and the conscience of our times both harmonize? And for a method of practical verification, can we not examine whether this item of discovered truth profits or not the common progress? Rousseau believed in God, but in his study of human phenomena he continually forgot him.

Rousseau believed in God. He believed — and it is well to remind of this those republican materialists who venerate the "Contrat Social" — that a State could not be established without having religion for its foundation. And he pushed this belief to the fanaticism of intolerance, declaring that the sovereign power could exile from the State all who disbelieved in God and immortality, and condemn any citizen to death who, after publicly confessing his belief in those dogmas, by his subsequent conduct convicted himself of deliberate falsehood. But he confined himself within a narrow deism that placed God far off in heaven, and never understood his universal, never-dying life manifested in creation; he was ignorant of the law of progress — the sole but potent and living mediator between God and humanity; he was fettered by the individualist's philosophy; he had no glimpse of any religion besides Christianity, and so he was incapable of

deducing and applying the logical consequences of his faith to society.

Like Voltaire and Montesquieu, Rousseau was not the intellectual herald of the age. His conception, though more daring, more explicit, more advanced than theirs, never passes the limits of the individualist world, elaborated by the Pagan-Christian age. The influence of the three schools with which these names are associated could not push the Revolution beyond those limits to the world of progress and association for which we are now fighting.

Complete.

MENCIUS (MENG-TSE)

(*c.* 372–289 B. C.)

MENCIUS, who is generally ranked as the greatest of the disciples of Confucius, is in a most important respect greater than his master. Confucius saw that civilization would develop of itself, if men would merely refrain from oppression, each making his own feelings the test of what he ought not to do to others. Mencius went beyond this to search for the efficient cause through which civilization develops when oppression ceases. He found it in the spirit of mutual helpfulness made operative through love. His definitions, as we have them in Doctor Legge's translation, represent intellect on its highest plane. Plato himself did not reach a higher. Indeed, no higher system of ethics is conceivable by the human intellect than that which would necessarily develop from a genuine attempt to put in practice the principles of the chapters on "Universal Love" by Mencius; but as he says with remarkable insight it is "the most difficult thing in the world" because "the scholars and superior men do not understand the advantageousness of the law, and to conduct their reasonings upon that." Mencius, whose real name was Meng or Mang ("Meng-tse" the Master Meng) was born, according to some authorities, in 372 B. C., while others place his birth in the year 385. He was an ardent admirer and deep student of Confucius, like whom he went from court to court as a political and ethical reformer, hoping to find a ruler who would attempt to base government on right principles. Like Confucius he failed, but after his death his countrymen erected statues and temples to him and they still honor his spirit as that of one of their tutelary demigods. "The great man," he said, "is he who does not lose his child heart," —paralleling in this the Christian Gospels in a most striking way, as he does in making love "the fulfilling of the law" of civilization.

UNIVERSAL LOVE

IT IS the business of the sages to effect the good government of the empire. They must know, therefore, whence disorder and confusion arise, for without this knowledge their object cannot be effected. We may compare them to a physician who

undertakes to cure a man's disease:—he must ascertain whence the disease has arisen, and then he can assail it with effect, while, without such knowledge, his endeavors will be in vain. Why should we except the case of those who have to regulate disorder from this rule? They must know whence it has arisen, and then they can regulate it.

It is the business of the sages to effect the good government of all under heaven. They must examine therefore into the cause of disorder; and when they do so, they will find that it arises from want of mutual love. When a minister and a son are not filial to their sovereign and their father, this is what is called disorder. A son loves himself, and does not love his father;—he therefore wrongs his father and advantages himself: a younger brother loves himself, and does not love his elder brother;—he therefore wrongs his elder brother, and advantages himself: a minister loves himself, and does not love his sovereign;—he therefore wrongs his sovereign, and advantages himself:—all these are cases of what is called disorder. Though it be the father who is not kind to his son, or the elder brother who is not kind to his younger brother, or the sovereign who is not gracious to his minister:—the case comes equally under the general name of disorder. The father loves himself, and does not love his son;—he therefore wrongs his son, and advantages himself: the elder brother loves himself, and does not love his younger brother;—he therefore wrongs his younger brother, and advantages himself: the sovereign loves himself, and does not love his minister;—he therefore wrongs his minister, and advantages himself. How do these things come to pass? They all arise from the want of mutual love. Take the case of any thief or robber:—it is just the same with it. The thief loves his own house, and does not love his neighbor's house;—he therefore steals from his neighbor's house to advantage his own: the robber loves his own person, and does not love his neighbor;—he therefore does violence to his neighbor to advantage himself. How is this? It all arises from the want of mutual love. Come to the case of great officers throwing each other's families into confusion, and of princes attacking one another's States:—it is just the same with them. The great officer loves his own family, and does not love his neighbor's;—he therefore throws his neighbor's family into disorder to advantage his own: the prince loves his own State, and does not love his neighbor's;

— he therefore attacks his neighbor's State to advantage his own. All disorder in the empire has the same explanation. When we examine into the cause of it, it is found to be the want of mutual love.

Suppose that universal mutual love prevailed throughout the kingdom; — if men loved others as they love themselves, disliking to exhibit what was unfilial. . . . would there be those who were unkind? Looking on their sons, younger brothers, and ministers as themselves, and disliking to exhibit what was unkind . . . the want of filial duty would disappear. And would there be thieves and robbers? When every man regarded his neighbor's house as his own, who would be found to steal? When every one regarded his neighbor's person as his own, who would be found to rob? Thieves and robbers would disappear. And would there be great officers throwing one another's families into confusion, and princes attacking one another's States? When officers regarded the families of others as their own, what one would make confusion? When princes regarded other States as their own, what one would begin an attack? Great officers throwing one another's families into confusion, and princes attacking one another's States, would disappear. If, indeed, universal mutual love prevailed throughout the kingdom; one State not attacking another, and one family not throwing another into confusion; thieves and robbers nowhere existing; rulers and ministers, fathers and sons, all being filial and kind: — in such a condition the kingdom would be well governed. On this account, how many sages, whose business it is to effect the good government of the kingdom, do other than prohibit hatred and advise to love? On this account it is affirmed that universal mutual love throughout the kingdom will lead to its happy order, and that mutual hatred leads to confusion. This was what our Master, the philosopher Mih, meant, when he said, "We must not but advise to the love of others."

Chapter iii. of "The Works of Mencius" complete.
Translated by James Legge.

THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN THE WORLD

Our Master, the philosopher Mih, said, "That which benevolent men consider to be incumbent on them as their business is to stimulate and promote all that will be advantageous to the kingdom, and to take away all that is injurious to it. This is what they consider to be their business."

And what are the things advantageous to the kingdom, and the things injurious to it? Our Master said, "The mutual attacks of State on State; the mutual usurpations of family on family; the mutual robberies of man on man; the want of kindness on the part of the sovereign and of loyalty on the part of the minister; the want of tenderness and filial duty between father and son: — these, and such as these, are the things injurious to the empire."

And from what do we find, on examination, that these injurious things are produced? Is it not from the want of mutual love?

Our Master said, "Yes, they are produced by the want of mutual love. Here is a prince who only knows to love his own State, and does not love his neighbor's; — he therefore does not shrink from raising all the power of his State to attack his neighbor. Here is the chief of a family who only knows to love it, and does not love his neighbor's; — he therefore does not shrink from raising all his powers to seize on that other family. Here is a man who only knows to love his own person, and does not love his neighbor's; — he therefore does not shrink from using all his strength to rob his neighbor. Thus it happens that the princes, not loving one another, have their battlefields; and the chiefs of families, not loving one another, have their mutual usurpations; and men, not loving one another, having their mutual robberies; and sovereigns and ministers, not loving one another, become unkind and disloyal; and fathers and sons, not loving one another, lose their affection and filial duty; and brothers, not loving one another, contract irreconcilable enmities. Yea, men in general not loving one another, the strong make prey of the weak; the rich do despite to the poor; the noble are insolent to the mean; and the deceitful impose upon the stupid. All the miseries, usurpations, enmities, and hatreds in the world, when traced to their origin, will be found to arise from the want of mutual love. On this account, the benevolent condemn it."

They may condemn it; but how shall they change it?

Our Master said, "They may change it by universal mutual love, and by the interchange of mutual benefits."

How will this law of universal mutual love and the interchange of mutual benefits accomplish this?

Our Master said, "(It would lead) to the regarding another kingdom as one's own; another family as one's own; another person as one's own. That being the case, the princes, loving one another, would have no battlefields; the chiefs of families, loving one another, would attempt no usurpations; men, loving one another, would commit no robberies; rulers and ministers, loving one another, would be gracious and loyal; fathers and sons, loving one another, would be kind and filial; brothers, loving one another, would be harmonious and easily reconciled. Yea, men in general loving one another, the strong would not make prey of the weak; the many would not plunder the few; the rich would not insult the poor; the noble would not be insolent to the mean; and the deceitful would not impose upon the simple. The way in which all the miseries, usurpations, enmities, and hatreds in the world may be made not to arise, is universal love. On this account, the benevolent value and praise it." Yes; but the scholars of the empire and superior men say, "True; if there were this universal love, it would be good. It is, however, the most difficult thing in the world."

Our Master said, "This is because the scholars and superior men simply do not understand the advantageousness (of the law), and to conduct their reasonings upon that."

From Chapter ii. of "Universal Love."

MOSES MENDELSSOHN

(1729–1786)

MOSES MENDELSSOHN, the prototype of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," was born at Dessau, Germany, September 6th, 1729. His father taught a small school, educating children in the Jewish law to which the family adhered. Moses was of delicate constitution, and he became early in life a victim of the spinal disease which sometimes accompanies, if it does not exaggerate, abnormal intellectual activity. Leaving Dessau at twenty-four to seek his fortune in Berlin, he underwent great hardships while attempting to fit himself for a literary career. Herder, Wieland, Lavater, and Lessing finally found him out and gave him the opportunity he needed. One of his papers won a prize from the Berlin Academy against Kant himself, and he soon came to be known as the "German Socrates." His plea for toleration and moral liberty show that he was above the level of either the eighteenth or the nineteenth century. He died January 4th, 1786, after a life of usefulness so lofty in its simplicity and unselfishness, that the *Judenfresser* of Germany has never since been able to recover the ground from which it forced him to retreat.

THE HISTORICAL ATTITUDE OF JUDAISM

PURSUANT to the principles of my religion, I am not to seek to convert any one who is not born according to our laws. This proneness to conversion, the origin of which some would fain tack on the Jewish religion, is, nevertheless, diametrically opposed to it. Our rabbins unanimously teach that the written and oral laws, which form conjointly our revealed religion, are obligatory on our nation only. "Moses commanded us a law, even the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob." We believe that all other nations of the earth have been directed by God to adhere to the laws of nature and to the religion of the patriarchs. Those who regulate their lives according to the precepts of this religion of nature and of reason are called virtuous men of other nations, and are the children of eternal salvation.

Our rabbins are so remote from Proselytomania, that they enjoin us to dissuade, by forcible remonstrances, every one who comes forward to be converted. We are to lead him to reflect that, by such a step, he is subjecting himself needlessly to a most onerous burthen; that, in his present condition, he has only to observe the precepts of a Noachide, to be saved; but the moment he embraces the religion of the Israelites, he subscribes gratuitously to all the rigid rites of that faith, to which he must then strictly conform, or await the punishment which the legislator has denounced on their infraction. Finally, we are to hold up to him a faithful picture of the misery, tribulation, and obloquy, in which the nation is now living, in order to guard him from a rash act, which he might ultimately repent.

Thus, you see, the religion of my fathers does not wish to be extended. We are not to send missions to both the Indies, or to Greenland, to preach our doctrine to those remote people. The latter, in particular, who, by all accounts, observe the law of nature stricter, alas! than we do, are, in our religious estimation, an enviable race. Whoever is not born conformable to our laws has no occasion to live according to them. We alone consider ourselves bound to acknowledge their authority; and this can give no offense to our neighbors. Let our notions be held ever so absurd, still there is no need to cavil about them, and others are certainly at liberty to question the validity of laws, to which they are, by our own admission, not amenable; but whether they are acting humanely, socially, and charitably, in ridiculing these laws, must be left to their consciences. So long as we do not tamper with their opinions, wrangling serves no purpose whatsoever.

Suppose there were amongst my contemporaries a Confucius or a Solon, I could consistently with my religious principles love and admire the great man, but I should never hit on the extravagant idea of converting a Confucius or a Solon. What should I convert him for? As he does not belong to the congregation of Jacob, my religious laws were not legislated for him; and on doctrines we should soon come to an understanding. Do I think there is a chance of his being saved? I certainly believe that he who leads mankind on to virtue in this world cannot be damned in the next. And I need not now stand in awe of any reverend college, that would call me to account for this opinion, as the Sorbonne did honest Marmontel.

I am so fortunate as to count among my friends many a worthy man who is not of my faith. We love each other sincerely, notwithstanding we presume, or take for granted, that, in matters of belief, we differ widely in opinion. I enjoy the delight of their society, which both improves and solaces me. Never yet has my heart whispered, "Alas! for this excellent man's soul!" He who believes that no salvation is to be found out of the pale of his own church must often feel such sighs rise in his bosom.

It is true, every man is naturally bound to diffuse knowledge and virtue among his follow-creatures, and to eradicate error and prejudice as much as lies in his power. It might therefore be concluded that it is a duty publicly to fling the gauntlet at every religious opinion which one deems erroneous. But all prejudices are not equally noxious. Certainly, there are some which strike directly at the happiness of the human race; their effect on morality is obviously deleterious, and we cannot expect even a casual benefit from them. These must be unhesitatingly assailed by the philanthropist. To grapple with them, at once, is indisputably the best mode, and all delay, from circuitous measures, unwarrantable. Of this kind are those errors and prejudices which disturb man's own, and his fellow-creatures' peace and happiness, and canker, in youth, the germ of benevolence and virtue, before it can shoot forth. Fanaticism, ill-will, and a spirit of persecution, on the one side; levity, epicureanism, and boasting infidelity, on the other.

Yet the opinions of my fellow-creatures, erroneous as they may appear to my conviction, do sometimes belong to the higher order of theoretical principles, and are too remote from practice to become immediately pernicious; they constitute, however, from their generality, the basis on which the people who entertain them have raised their system of morality and social order; and so they have casually become of great importance to that portion of mankind. To attack such dogmas openly, because they appear prejudices, would be like sapping the foundation of an edifice, for the purpose of examining its soundness and stability, without first securing the superstructure against a total downfall. He who values the welfare of mankind more than his own fame will bridle his tongue on prejudices of this description, and beware of seeking to reform them prematurely and precipitately, lest he should overset what he thinks a defective theory of morality

before his fellow-creatures are firm in the perfect one, which he means to substitute.

Therefore, there is nothing inconsistent in my thinking myself bound to remain neutral, under the impression of having detected national prejudices and religious errors amongst my fellow-citizens,—provided these errors and prejudices do not subvert, directly, either their religion or the laws of nature, and that they have a tendency to promote, casually, that which is good and desirable. The morality of our actions, when founded in error, it is true, scarcely deserves that name; and the advancement of virtue will be always more efficaciously and permanently effected through the medium of truth, where truth is known, than through that of prejudice or error. But where truth is not known, where it has not become national, so as to operate as powerfully on the bulk of the people as deep-rooted prejudice — there prejudice will be held almost sacred by every votary of virtue.

How much more imperative, then, does this discretion become, when the nation, which in our opinion fosters such prejudices, has rendered itself otherwise estimable through wisdom and virtue, when it contains numbers of eminent men, who rank with the benefactors of mankind! The human errors of such a noble portion of our species ought to be deferentially overlooked by one, who is liable to the same; he should dwell on its excellences only, and not insidiously prowl to pounce upon it, where he conceives it to be vulnerable.

These are the reasons which my religion and my philosophy suggest to me for scrupulously avoiding polemical controversy.

From a letter to J. C. Lavater.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MASTER OF THE SUBLIME

No one is more happy in taking advantage of the commonest circumstances and making them sublime, by a fortunate turn, than Shakespeare. The effect of this species of the sublime must necessarily be stronger the more unexpectedly it surprises us and the less prepared we are to anticipate such weighty and tragic consequences from such trivial causes. I will give one or two examples of this out of "Hamlet." The King institutes public entertainments in order to dissipate the melancholy of the Prince. Plays are performed. Hamlet has seen the trag-

edy of "Hecuba." He appears to be in good humor. The company leaves him; and now mark with astonishment the tragic consequence which Shakespeare knows how to draw from these trivial common circumstances. The prince soliloquizes:—

"Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?"

What a master trait! Experience teaches that persons afflicted with melancholy find unexpectedly in every occasion, even in entertainments, a transition to the prevailing idea of their grief; and the more it is attempted to divert them from it, the more suddenly they fall back. This experience guided the genius of Shakespeare wherever he had to depict melancholy. His "Hamlet" and his "Lear" are full of these unexpected transitions causing terror to the spectator.

In the third act, Guildenstern, a former confidant of Hamlet, at the instigation of the king endeavors to sound him and to ascertain the secret cause of his melancholy. The prince detects his purpose and resents it.

Guild.— O my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham.— I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guild.— My lord, I cannot.

Ham.— I pray you.

Guild.— Believe me I cannot.

Ham.— I do beseech you.

Guild.— I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham.— 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guild.— But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham.— Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing do you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe! Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me.

None but Shakespeare must venture to introduce such common matters upon the stage, for no one but he possesses the art to use them. Must not the spectator, in this case, be as much amazed as Guildenstern, who feels the superior address of the Prince, and withdraws, covered with shame?

If the artist wishes to give us, in his work, a clear and sensible proof of those perfections which he possesses in the highest degree, he must direct his attention to the highest beauties which can animate his description. The little touches of the pencil, it is true, attest the finishing hand of the master, his diligence and his care to please. But it is not in them, certainly, that we are to look for the sublime which deserves our admiration. Admiration is a tribute which we owe to extraordinary gifts of mind. These are what we call genius in the strictest sense. Accordingly, wherever, in a work of art, there are found sensible marks of genius, there we are ready to accord to the artist the admiration which is his due. But the unimportant adjuncts, the last finish — that which belongs indeed to the picture, but does not constitute an essential part of the picture — exhibits too plainly the diligence and the care which it has cost the artist; and we are accustomed to deduct so much from genius as we ascribe to diligence.

From the essay on the «Sublime and Naïve in Belles-Lettres.»

JULES MICHELET

(1798–1874)

JULES MICHELET, an eminent French historian, was born at Paris, August 21st, 1798. His education began at the case in his father's printing office, and was continued under the direction of a friendly dealer in old books until he had prepared himself for college. Carrying off the highest honors of his university, he began life as professor of History in the Collège Rollin. His first works were chronological studies of history, and he wrote on law, ethics, and philosophy, before giving to the world his great work, "The History of France," which is one of the most interesting histories ever written — made so by the brilliant picturesqueness of the subsidiary essays which develop its most important topics. He died February 9th, 1874.

THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC

THE great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice is pride; a cruel disease, but which is, nevertheless, the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme; they are great sufferers from it, and again make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, Disappointment and Mortification, are peculiar to the English language.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell; the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus": a Frenchman might

write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and sombre literature is skeptical, Judaical, satanic,—in a word, anti-christian. "As regards law," as a jurist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians." A theologian might express himself in the same manner as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part — in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men-at-arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them,—fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear of her still, . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the Devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe and to have it believed so. . . .

It was nine o'clock, she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart to ask her pardon; but for the Earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will kill me," she in reality did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered,—greatly, victoriously delivered." But though

king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints. When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl, they who had so often promished her safety and deliverance?

What then must her thoughts have been when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance? She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market place, the fish market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one was the Episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the Cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood — nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer as he did with others, sparing them the flames. On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burned alive, and that placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burned before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at last be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could be set down as a disavowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, — perhaps low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights of the University of Paris, preached

upon the edifying text: "When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula: "Jeanne, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend thee."

The ecclesiastical judge, the Bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thoughts of so chicaning away life: her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. And all this so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the Bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl softened, and, relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that apparently she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English. Nevertheless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the Bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief! like the dog which returns to his vomit. Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and as such to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence, and to spare you death and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments next to her skin. But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good huissier Massieu and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious; it was now noon at least; the soldiers grumbled and the captains called out, "What's this, priest; do you mean us to dine here?" Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men-at-arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, "O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode?" She said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, did not sin with her lips.

She accused neither her king nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitred with a mitre on which was read: "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. She saw this from above and uttered a cry. Then as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending. . . .

Meanwhile the flames rose. When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy water — this must have been the cry of fear. But soon recovering, she called only on God, on

her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised deliverance; that she no longer understood her salvation in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done; that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her. . . .

"Ten thousand men wept." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him. . . . One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burned a saint."

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne d'Arc was a saint. . . .

There have been many martyrs; history shows us numberless ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its martyrs; so have hate and the spirit of controversy. No age has been without martyrs militant, who no doubt died with a good grace when they could no longer kill. Such fanatics are irrelevant to our subject. The sainted girl is not of them; she had a sign of her own — goodness, charity, sweetness of soul.

She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The first Christians remained gentle and pure only by shunning action, by sparing themselves the struggles and the trials of the world. Jeanne was gentle in the roughest struggle, good amongst the bad, pacific in war itself; she bore into war (that triumph of the devil) the spirit of God.

She took up arms, when she knew "the pity for the kingdom of France." She could not bear to see "French blood flow."

This tenderness of heart she showed towards all men. After a victory she would weep and would attend to the wounded English.

Purity, sweetness, heroic goodness — that this supreme beauty of the soul should have centred in a daughter of France may surprise foreigners who choose to judge of our nation by the levity of its manners alone. We may tell them (and without partiality, as we speak of circumstances so long since past) that under this levity, and in the midst of its follies and its very vices, old France was not styled without reason the most Christian people. They were certainly the people of love and of grace; and whether we understand this humanly or Christianly, in either sense it will ever hold good.

The savior of France could be no other than a woman. France herself was woman; having her nobility, but her amiable sweetness likewise, her prompt and charming pity; at the least, possessing the virtue of quickly-excited sympathies. And though she might take pleasure in vain elegances and external refinements, she remained at bottom closer to nature. The Frenchman, even when vicious, preserved, beyond the man of every other nation, good sense and goodness of heart.

May new France never forget the saying of old France: "Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good!" To be and to keep so, amidst the injuries of man and the severity of Providence, is not the gift of a happy nature alone, but it is strength and heroism. To preserve sweetness and benevolence in the midst of so many bitter disputes, to pass through a life's experiences without suffering them to touch this internal treasure — is divine. They who persevere, and so go on to the end, are the true elect. And though they may even at times have stumbled in the difficult path of the world, amidst their falls, their weaknesses and their infancies, they will not the less remain children of God!

From the "History of France."

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806–1873)

N WHAT he writes of "Liberty," John Stuart Mill is most concerned to demonstrate that the right object of social order is to foster the development of character and to create higher types of individual manhood. With Herbert Spencer he represented during the nineteenth century the evolution of those eighteenth-century ideals of higher freedom and usefulness for the individual, out of which grew the American Constitution. From the time of Alfred the Great to that of John, and from John at Runnymede to Charles I. at the block, England slowly developed the idea of government for the man in opposition to the long-accepted theory that man exists by divine ordinance for government. That men may be, may do, may grow, with no other restriction than the equal right of each to equal opportunity — this is the fundamental principle of liberty as it has grown out of the long struggle of English-speaking peoples against arbitrary power. For this Mill stood with boldness in his generation, and it will be long before succeeding generations cease to feel his influence.

He was born in London, May 20th, 1806. His "Logic," which appeared in 1843, gave him standing as one of the foremost thinkers of England, and his reputation was further increased by his "Political Economy" in 1848. "Liberty," which is perhaps his masterpiece, appeared in 1859. He wrote also "On the Subjection of Women," "Auguste Comte and Positivism," "England and Ireland," "On the Irish Land Question," and on allied topics of philosophy and political economy. He died at Avignon, France, May 8th, 1873.

ON LIBERTY

THE subject of this essay is not the so-called Liberty of the Will, so unfortunately opposed to the misnamed doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; but Civil or Social Liberty: the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated, and hardly ever discussed, in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its

latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future! It is so far from being new, that, in a certain sense, it has divided mankind, almost from the remotest ages; but in the stage of progress into which the more civilized portions of the species have now entered, it presents itself under new conditions, and requires a different and more fundamental treatment.

The struggle between Liberty and Authority is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the government. By liberty, was meant protection against the tyranny of the political rulers. The rulers were conceived (except in some of the popular governments of Greece) as in a necessarily antagonistic position to the people whom they ruled. They consisted of a governing One, or a governing tribe or caste, who derived their authority from inheritance or conquest; who, at all events, did not hold it at the pleasure of the governed, and whose supremacy men did not venture, perhaps did not desire, to contest, whatever precautions might be taken against its oppressive exercise. Their power was regarded as necessary, but also as highly dangerous; as a weapon which they would attempt to use against their subjects, no less than against external enemies. To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the king of the vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defense against his beak and claws. The aim, therefore, of patriots was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty. It was attempted in two ways. First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberties or rights, which it was to be regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which, if he did infringe, specific resistance, or general rebellion, was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally a later expedient, was the establishment of constitutional checks; by which the consent of the community, or of a body of some sort supposed to represent

its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power. To the first of these modes of limitation, the ruling power, in most European countries, was compelled, more or less, to submit. It was not so with the second; and to attain this, or when already in some degree possessed, to attain it more completely, became everywhere the principal object of the lovers of liberty. And so long as mankind were content to combat one enemy by another, and to be ruled by a master, on condition of being guaranteed more or less efficaciously against his tyranny, they did not carry their aspirations beyond this point.

A time, however, came, in the progress of human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the State should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. In that way alone, it seemed, could they have complete security that the powers of government would never be abused to their disadvantage. By degrees, this new demand for elective and temporary rulers became the prominent object of the exertions of the popular party, wherever any such party existed; and superseded, to a considerable extent, the previous efforts to limit the power of rulers. As the struggle proceeded for making the ruling power emanate from the periodical choice of the ruled, some persons began to think that too much importance had been attached to the limitation of the power itself. That (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people. What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. There was no fear of its tyrannizing over itself. Let the rulers be effectually responsible to it, promptly removable by it, and it could afford to trust them with power of which it could itself dictate the use to be made. Their power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This mode of thought, or rather perhaps of feeling, was common among the last generation of European liberalism, in the continental section of which it still apparently predominates. Those who admit any limit to what a government may do, except in the case of such governments as they

think ought not to exist, stand out as brilliant exceptions among the political thinkers of the continent. A similar tone of sentiment might by this time have been prevalent in our own country, if the circumstances which for a time encouraged it had continued unaltered.

But, in political and philosophical theories, as well as in persons, success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation. The notion that the people have no need to limit their power over themselves might seem axiomatic, when popular government was a thing only dreamed about, or read of as having existed at some distant period of the past. Neither was that notion necessarily disturbed by such temporary aberrations as those of the French Revolution, the worst of which were the work of a usurping few, and which, in any case, belonged, not to the permanent working of popular institutions, but to a sudden and convulsive outbreak against monarchical and aristocratic despotism. In time, however, a democratic republic came to occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and made itself felt as one of the most powerful members of the community of nations; and elective and responsible government became subject to the observations and criticisms which wait upon a great existing fact. It was now perceived that such phrases as "self-government" and "the power of the people over themselves" do not express the true state of the case. The "people" who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised, and the "self-government" spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest. The will of the people, moreover, practically means the will of the most numerous or the most active part of the people; the majority, or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority: the people, consequently, may desire to oppress a part of their number; and precautions are as much needed against this as against any other abuse of power. The limitation, therefore, of the power of government over individuals loses none of its importance when the holders of power are regularly accountable to the community, that is, to the strongest party therein. This view of things, recommending itself equally to the intelligence of thinkers and to the inclination of those important classes in European society to whose real or supposed interests democracy is adverse, has had no difficulty in establishing itself; and in political specula-

tions "the tyranny of the majority" is now generally included among the evils against which society requires to be on its guard.

Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant — society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it — its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates; and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough; there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

But though this proposition is not likely to be contested in general terms, the practical question, where to place the limit — how to make the fitting adjustment between individual independence and social control — is a subject on which nearly everything remains to be done. All that makes existence valuable to any one depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people. Some rules of conduct, therefore, must be imposed, by law in the first place, and by opinion on many things which are not fit subjects for the operation of law. What these rules should be is the principal question in human affairs; but if we except a few of the most obvious cases, it is one of those which least progress has been made in resolving. No two ages, and scarcely any two countries, have decided it alike; and

the decision of one age or country is a wonder to another. Yet the people of any given age and country no more suspect any difficulty in it than if it were a subject on which mankind had always been agreed. The rules which obtain among themselves appear to them self-evident and self-justifying. This all but universal illusion is one of the examples of the magical influence of custom, which is not only, as the proverb says, a second nature, but is continually mistaken for the first. The effect of custom in preventing any misgiving respecting the rules of conduct which mankind impose on one another is all the more complete because the subject is one on which it is not generally considered necessary that reasons should be given, either by one person to others, or by each to himself. People are accustomed to believe, and have been encouraged in the belief by some who aspire to the character of philosophers, that their feelings, on subjects of this nature, are better than reasons, and render reasons unnecessary. The practical principle which guides them to their opinions on the regulation of human conduct is the feeling in each person's mind that everybody should be required to act as he, and those with whom he sympathizes, would like them to act. No one, indeed, acknowledges to himself that his standard of judgment is his own liking; but an opinion on a point of conduct, not supported by reasons, can only count as one person's preference; and if the reasons, when given, are a mere appeal to a similar preference felt by other people, it is still only many people's liking instead of one. To an ordinary man, however, his own preference, thus supported, is not only a perfectly satisfactory reason, but the only one he generally has for any of his notions of morality, taste, or propriety, which are not expressly written in his religious creed; and his chief guide in the interpretation even of that. Men's opinions, accordingly, on what is laudable or blamable, are affected by all the multifarious causes which influence their wishes in regard to the conduct of others, and which are as numerous as those which determine their wishes on any other subject. Sometimes their reason — at other times their prejudices or superstitions; often their social affections, not seldom their antisocial ones, their envy or jealousy, their arrogance or contemptuousness; but most commonly, their desires or fears for themselves — their legitimate or illegitimate self-interest. Wherever there is an ascendant class, a large portion of the morality of the country emanates from its class interests, and its

feelings of class superiority. The morality between Spartans and Helots, between planters and negroes, between princes and subjects, between nobles and roturiers, between men and women, has been for the most part the creation of these class interests and feelings: and the sentiments thus generated react in turn upon the moral feelings of the members of the ascendant class, in their relations among themselves. Where, on the other hand, a class, formerly ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, or where its ascendancy is unpopular, the prevailing moral sentiments frequently bear the impress of an impatient dislike of superiority. Another grand determining principle of the rules of conduct, both in act and forbearance, which have been enforced by law or opinion, has been the servility of mankind towards the supposed preferences or aversions of their temporal masters, or of their gods. This servility, though essentially selfish, is not hypocrisy; it gives rise to perfectly genuine sentiments of abhorrence; it made men burn magicians and heretics. Among so many baser influences, the general and obvious interests of society have of course had a share, and a large one, in the direction of the moral sentiments; less, however, as a matter of reason, and on their own account, than as a consequence of the sympathies and antipathies which grew out of them; and sympathies and antipathies which had little or nothing to do with the interests of society, have made themselves felt in the establishment of moralities with quite as great force.

The likings and dislikings of society, or of some powerful portion of it, are thus the main thing which has practically determined the rules laid down for general observance, under the penalties of law or opinion. And in general those who have been in advance of society in thought and feeling have left this condition of things unassailed in principle, however they may have come into conflict with it in some of its details. They have occupied themselves rather in inquiring what things society ought to like or dislike than in questioning whether its likings or dislikings should be a law to individuals. They preferred endeavoring to alter the feelings of mankind on the particular points on which they were themselves heretical rather than make common cause in defense of freedom with heretics generally. The only case in which the higher ground has been taken on principle and maintained with consistency by any but an individual here and there is that of religious belief: a case instructive in many ways,

and not least so as forming a most striking instance of the fallibility of what is called the moral sense; for the *odium theologicum*, in a sincere bigot, is one of the most unequivocal cases of moral feeling. Those who first broke the yoke of what called itself the Universal Church were in general as little willing to permit difference of religious opinion as that Church itself. But when the heat of the conflict was over, without giving a complete victory to any party, and each church or sect was reduced to limit its hopes to retaining possession of the ground it already occupied; minorities seeing that they had no chance of becoming majorities were under the necessity of pleading to those whom they could not convert, for permission to differ. It is accordingly on this battlefield, almost solely, that the rights of the individual against society have been asserted on broad grounds of principle, and the claim of society to exercise authority over dissentients openly controverted. The great writers to whom the world owes what religious liberty it possesses have mostly asserted freedom of conscience as an indefeasible right, and denied absolutely that a human being is accountable to others for his religious belief. Yet so natural to mankind is intolerance in whatever they really care about, that religious freedom has hardly anywhere been practically realized, except where religious indifference, which dislikes to have its peace disturbed by theological quarrels, has added its weight to the scale. In the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody, short of a Papist or a Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little further, but stop at the belief in a God and in a future state. Wherever the sentiment of the majority is still genuine and intense, it is found to have abated little of its claim to be obeyed.

In England, from the peculiar circumstances of our political history, though the yoke of opinion is perhaps heavier, that of law is lighter than in most other countries of Europe; and there is considerable jealousy of direct interference, by the legislative or the executive power with private conduct; not so much from any just regard for the independence of the individual, as from the still subsisting habit of looking on the government as representing an opposite interest to the public. The majority have

not yet learned to feel the power of the government their power, or its opinions their opinions. When they do so, individual liberty will probably be as much exposed to invasion from the government as it already is from public opinion. But, as yet, there is a considerable amount of feeling ready to be called forth against any attempt of the law to control individuals in things in which they have not hitherto been accustomed to be controlled by it; and this with very little discrimination as to whether the matter is, or is not, within the legitimate sphere of legal control; insomuch that the feeling, highly salutary on the whole, is perhaps quite as often misplaced as well grounded in the particular instances of its application. There is, in fact, no recognized principle by which the propriety or impropriety of government interference is customarily tested. People decide according to their personal preferences. Some, whenever they see any good to be done, or evil to be remedied, would willingly instigate the government to undertake the business; while others prefer to bear almost any amount of social evil rather than add one to the departments of human interests amenable to governmental control. And men range themselves on one or the other side in any particular case, according to this general direction of their sentiments; or according to the degree of interest which they feel in the particular thing which it is proposed that the government should do; or according to the belief they entertain that the government would, or would not, do it in the manner they prefer; but very rarely on account of any opinion to which they consistently adhere, as to what things are fit to be done by a government. And it seems to me that, in consequence of this absence of rule or principle, one side is at present as often wrong as the other; the interference of government is, with about equal frequency, improperly invoked and improperly condemned.

The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized

community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil, in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage. The early difficulties in the way of spontaneous progress are so great that there is seldom any choice of means for overcoming them; and a ruler full of the spirit of improvement is warranted in the use of any expedients that will attain an end, perhaps otherwise unattainable. Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one. But as soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion (a period long since reached in all nations with whom we need here concern ourselves), compulsion, either in the direct form or in that of pains and penalties for noncompliance, is no longer admissible as

a means to their own good, and justifiable only for the security of others.

It is proper to state that I forego any advantage which could be derived to my argument from the idea of abstract right, as a thing independent of utility. I regard utility as the ultimate appeal on all ethical questions; but it must be utility in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of man as a progressive being. Those interests, I contend, authorize the subjection of individual spontaneity to external control, only in respect to those actions of each, which concern the interest of other people. If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others, which he may rightfully be compelled to perform: such as, to give evidence in a court of justice; to bear his fair share in the common defense, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection; and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellow-creature's life, or interposing to protect the defenseless against ill usage, things which, whenever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may rightfully be made responsible to society for not doing. A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions, but by his inaction; and in either case he is justly accountable to them for the injury. The latter case, it is true, requires a much more cautious exercise of compulsion than the former. To make any one answerable for doing evil to others is the rule; to make him answerable for not preventing evil is, comparatively speaking, the exception. Yet there are many cases clear enough and grave enough to justify that exception. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and, if need be, to society as their protector. There are often good reasons for not holding him to the responsibility; but these reasons must arise from the special expediencies of the case: either because it is a kind of case in which he is on the whole likely to act better, when left to his own discretion, than when controlled in any way in which society have it in their power to control him; or because the attempt to exercise control would produce other evils greater than those which it would prevent. When such reasons as these preclude the enforcement of responsibility, the

conscience of the agent himself should step into the vacant judgment seat, and protect those interests of others which have no external protection; judging himself all the more rigidly, because the case does not admit of his being made accountable to the judgment of his fellow-creatures.

But there is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or, if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance, for whatever affects himself may affect others through himself, and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow; without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his

own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

Though this doctrine is anything but new, and, to some persons, may have the air of a truism, there is no doctrine which stands more directly opposed to the general tendency of existing opinion and practice. Society has expended fully as much effort in the attempt (according to its lights) to compel people to conform to its notions of personal, as of social excellence. The ancient commonwealths thought themselves entitled to practice, and the ancient philosophers countenanced, the regulation of every part of private conduct by public authority, on the ground that the State had a deep interest in the whole bodily and mental discipline of every one of its citizens; a mode of thinking which may have been admissible in small republics surrounded by powerful enemies, in constant peril of being subverted by foreign attack or internal commotion, and to which even a short interval of relaxed energy and self-command might so easily be fatal, that they could not afford to wait for the salutary permanent effects of freedom. In the modern world, the greater size of political communities, and, above all, the separation between the spiritual and temporal authority (which placed the direction of men's consciences in other hands than those which controlled their wordly affairs), prevented so great an interference by law in the details of private life; but the engines of moral repression have been wielded more strenuously against divergence from the reigning opinion in self-regarding than even in social matters; religion, the most powerful of the elements which have entered into the formation of moral feeling, having almost always been governed either by the ambition of a hierarchy, seeking control over every department of human conduct, or by the spirit of Puritanism. And some of those modern reformers who have placed themselves in strongest opposition to the religions of the past have been no way behind either churches or sects in their assertion of the right of spiritual domination,— M. Comte, in particular, whose social system as unfolded in his "Système de Politique Positive" aims at establishing (though by moral more than by legal appliances) a despotism of society over the individual, surpassing anything contemplated in the political ideal of the most rigid disciplinarian among the ancient philosophers.

Apart from the peculiar tenets of individual thinkers, there is also in the world at large an increasing inclination to stretch unduly the powers of society over the individual, both by the force of opinion and even by that of legislation; and as the tendency of all the changes taking place in the world is to strengthen society, and diminish the power of the individual, this encroachment is not one of the evils which tend spontaneously to disappear, but, on the contrary, to grow more and more formidable. The disposition of mankind, whether as rulers or as fellow-citizens, to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others, is so energetically supported by some of the best and by some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is hardly ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power; and as the power is not declining, but growing, unless a strong barrier of moral conviction can be raised against the mischief, we must expect, in the present circumstances of the world, to see it increase.

It will be convenient for the argument, if, instead of at once entering upon the general thesis, we confine ourselves in the first instance to a single branch of it, on which the principle here stated is, if not fully, yet to a certain point, recognized by the current opinions. This one branch is the Liberty of Thought, from which it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and of writing. Although these liberties, to some considerable amount, form part of the political morality of all countries which profess religious toleration and free institutions, the grounds, both philosophical and practical, on which they rest, are perhaps not so familiar to the general mind, nor so thoroughly appreciated by many even of the leaders of opinions, as might have been expected. Those grounds, when rightly understood, are of much wider application than to only one division of the subject, and a thorough consideration of this part of the question will be found the best introduction to the remainder. Those to whom nothing which I am about to say will be new may, therefore, I hope, excuse me, if on a subject which for now three centuries has been so often discussed, I venture on one discussion more.

From «Liberty.» The introductory essay complete.

JOHN MILTON

(1608–1674)

IF MILTON'S prose is frequently rugged and disconnected, it never loses the essential qualities which distinguish the work of a master; and from time to time it rises above mere dignity to the sublimity he illustrates in his verse. In his verse he is primarily an artist, writing to gratify his sense of beauty through the expression of truth. In his prose he makes the expression of truth the object and art the mere incident of its attainment. His mind was severe, his thoughts weighty, his earnestness intense. His prose expresses all these qualities, and when he is writing on points of politics or theology which have lost their interest, it is hard to follow him with pleasure. When, however, he is dealing with enduring principles, he can at once fire the imagination and convince the judgment. "Eikonoklastes," one of the most famous of his political pamphlets, appeared in 1649 as an answer to the royalist "Eikon Basilike," and until his death, November 8th, 1674, he continued to write in Latin and English against the "divine right of kings" to control Church and State. In his prose he was a pamphleteer rather than an essayist; and although his pamphlets are seldom read except for the sake of the history they made, they were one of the great liberalizing forces of the seventeenth century.

THE STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD

IT HAPPENED once, as we find in Esdras and Josephus, authors not less believed than any under sacred, to be a great and solemn debate in the court of Darius what thing was to be counted strongest of all other. He that could resolve this, in reward of his excellent wisdom, should be clad in purple, drink in gold, sleep on a bed of gold, and sit next Darius. None but they, doubtless, who were reputed wise had the question propounded to them; who after some respite given them by the king to consider, in full assembly of all his lords and gravest counselors, returned severally what they thought. The first held that wine was strongest; another, that the king was strongest; but Zorobabel, prince of the captive Jews, and heir to the crown of Judah, being

JOHN MILTON.

one of them, proved women to be stronger than the king, for that he himself had seen a concubine take his crown from off his head to set it upon her own; and others beside him have likewise seen the like feat done, and not in jest. Yet he proved on, and it was so yielded by the king himself, and all his sages, that neither wine, nor women, nor the king, but truth of all other things was the strongest.

For me, though neither asked, nor in a nation that gives such rewards to wisdom, I shall pronounce my sentence somewhat different from Zorobabel, and shall defend that either truth and justice are all one (for truth is but justice in our knowledge, and justice is but truth in our practice), and he, indeed, so explains himself, in saying that with truth is no accepting of persons, which is the property of justice, or else if there be any odds, that justice, though not stronger than truth, yet by her office, is to put forth and exhibit more strength in the affairs of mankind. For truth is properly no more than contemplation, and her utmost efficiency is but teaching; but justice in her very essence is all strength and activity, and hath a sword put into her hand to use against all violence and oppression on the earth. She it is most truly, who accepts no person, and exempts none from the severity of her stroke. She never suffers injury to prevail, but when falsehood first prevails over truth; and that also is a kind of justice done on them who are so deluded. Though wicked kings and tyrants counterfeit her sword, as some did that buckler fabled to fall from heaven into the capitol, yet she communicates her power to none but such as, like herself, are just, or at least will do justice. For it were extreme partiality and injustice, the flat denial and overthrow of herself, to put her own authentic sword into the hand of an unjust and wicked man, or so far to accept and exalt one mortal person above his equals, that he alone shall have the punishing of all other men transgressing, and not receive like punishment from men, when he himself shall be found the highest transgressor.

We may conclude, therefore, that justice, above all other things, is and ought to be the strongest; she is the strength, the kingdom, the power, and majesty of all ages. Truth herself would subscribe to this, though Darius and all the monarchs of the world should deny. And if by sentence thus written it were my happiness to set free the minds of Englishmen from longing to return poorly under that captivity of kings from which the

strength and supreme sword of justice hath delivered them, I shall have done a work not much inferior to that of Zorobabel; who, by well-praising and extolling the force of truth, in that contemplative strength conquered Darius, and freed his country and the people of God from the captivity of Babylon. Which I shall yet not despair to do, if they in this land, whose minds are yet captive, be but as ingenuous to acknowledge the strength and supremacy of justice as that heathen king was to confess the strength of truth; or let them but, as he did, grant that, and they will soon perceive that truth resigns all her outward strength to justice; justice therefore must needs be strongest, both in her own and in the strength of truth. But if a king may do among men whatsoever is his will and pleasure, and notwithstanding be unaccountable to men, then, contrary to his magnified wisdom of Zorobabel, neither truth nor justice, but the king, is strongest of all other things, which that Persian monarch himself, in the midst of all his pride and glory, durst not assume.

Let us see, therefore, what this king hath to affirm, why the sentence of justice, and the weight of that sword, which she delivers into the hands of men, should be more partial to him offending than to all others of human race. First, he pleads that "no law of God or man gives to subjects any power of judicature without or against him." Which assertion shall be proved in every part to be most untrue. The first express law of God given to mankind was that to Noah, as a law, in general, to all the sons of men. And by that most ancient and universal law, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," we find here no exception. If a king therefore do this, to a king, and that by men also, the same shall be done. This in the law of Moses, which came next, several times is repeated, and in one place remarkably, Numbers xxxv. "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, but he shall surely be put to death: the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it." This is so spoken as that which concerned all Israel, not one man alone, to see performed; and if no satisfaction were to be taken, then certainly no exception. Nay, the king, when they should set up any, was to observe the whole law, and not only to see it done, but to "do it; that his heart might not be lifted up above his brethren"; to dream of vain and useless prerogatives or exemptions, whereby the law itself must needs be founded in unrighteousness.

And were that true, which is most false, that all kings are the Lord's anointed, it were yet absurd to think that the anointment of God should be, as it were, a charm against law, and give them privilege, who punish others, to sin themselves unpunishably. The high-priest was the Lord's anointed as well as any king, and with the same consecrated oil; yet Solomon had put to death Abiathar, had it not been for other respects than that anointment. If God himself say to kings, "Touch not mine anointed," meaning his chosen people, as is evident in that Psalm, yet no man will argue thence that he protects them from civil laws if they offend; then certainly, though David, as a private man, and in his own cause, feared to lift his hand against the Lord's anointed, much less can this forbid the law, or disarm justice from having legal power against any king. No other supreme magistrate, in what kind of government soever, lays claim to any such enormous privilege; wherefore then should any king, who is but one kind of magistrate, and set over the people for no other end than they?

From "Eikonoklastes."

ON HIS READING IN YOUTH

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to salable and unlawful prostitutions.

Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in

the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defense of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

Thus, from the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon: where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love, (I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy — the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about); and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue.

From the «Apology for Smectymnuus.»

ON GIVING DESPOTS A FAIR TRIAL

CERTAINLY if men, not to speak of heathen, both wise and religious, have done justice upon tyrants what way they could soonest, how much more mild and humane then is it to give them fair and open trial; to teach lawless kings, and all who so much adore them, that not mortal man, or his imperious will, but justice, is the only true sovereign and supreme majesty upon earth? Let men cease therefore, out of faction and

hypocrisy, to make outcries and horrid things of things so just and honorable. Though perhaps till now, no protestant state or kingdom can be alleged to have openly put to death their king, which lately some have written, and imputed to their great glory; much mistaking the matter. It is not, neither ought to be, the glory of a protestant state, never to have put their king to death; it is the glory of a protestant king never to have deserved death. And if the parliament and military council do what they do without precedent, if it appear their duty, it argues the more wisdom, virtue, and magnanimity, that they know themselves able to be a precedent to others; who perhaps in future ages, if they prove not too degenerate, will look up with honor, and aspire towards these exemplary and matchless deeds of their ancestors, as to the highest top of their civil glory and emulation; which heretofore, in the pursuance of fame and foreign dominion, spent itself vain-gloriously abroad; but henceforth may learn a better fortitude, to dare execute highest justice on them that shall by force of arms endeavor the oppressing and bereaving of religion and their liberty at home,— that no unbridled potentate or tyrant, but to his sorrow, for the future may presume such high and irresponsible license over mankind, to havoc and turn upside down whole kingdoms of men, as though they were no more in respect of his perverse will than a nation of pismires.

From «Tenure of Kings.»

RAGGED NOTIONS AND BABBLEMENTS IN EDUCATION

SEEING every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesmen competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable

Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were lead to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their pur-

poses not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtshifts, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

From "Tractate of Education."

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

(1822–)

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, better known perhaps as "Ik Marvel," was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in April, 1822. "Reveries of a Bachelor," by which he first became known, appeared serially in 1850, and he followed it in 1851 by "Dream Life," in the same vein. These remain his most popular books, though he has written since: "My Farm at Edgewood"; "Seven Stories with Basement and Attic"; "Wet Days at Edgewood"; "Rural Studies"; and a number of other books, including "Doctor Johns," a novel.

SPRING

THE old chroniclers made the year begin in the season of frosts; and they have launched us upon the current of the months, from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from spring to spring; it seems to me far more cheerful to reckon the year by blossoms than by blight.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cocoa tree, or the growth of the banana, a yearly and a loved monitor of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison would be the icy chronology of the North: So many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliage die!

The budding and blooming of spring seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion, of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy age of the year. The birds sing in chorus in the spring — just as children prattle; the brooks run full — like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily — as young tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

Between tears and smiles the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year, — say what the chronolo-

gists will,—lingers upon the very lap of spring, and is only fairly gone when the blossoms of April have strewn their pall of glory upon his tomb, and the bluebirds have chanted his requiem.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted débris of the old year's decay bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of heaven.

I love to trace the break of spring step by step; I love even those long rain storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snowbanks, shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone, or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of heaven, in a field of graves! Later come those soft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snowdrifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

Then the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell, and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices of white. The sparkling oriole picks string for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dogwood pitches his broad, white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry, growing in all the hedgerows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

Amid all this, come the rich rains of spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly — like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth,— with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright — like so many tears of joy.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly, half reluctantly,— yet lovingly,— like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm clouds of winter, gray and heavy along the horizon, and creep with subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased, as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun; — nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy of those floating clouds had grouped together in a sombre company. But presently you see across the fields the dark gray streaks stretching like lines of mists, from the green bosom of the valley to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm, the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty.

The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain; — or, under the cottage roof, catches with eager ear the patter of its fall.

And with that patter on the roof,— so like to the patter of childish feet,— my story of boyish dreams shall begin.

Complete. Introduction to « Dreams of Boyhood. »

A REVERIE OF HOME

It is a strange force of the mind and of the fancy that can set the objects which are closest to the heart far down the lapse of time. Even now, as the fire fades slightly, and sinks slowly towards the bar, which is the dial of my hours, I seem to see that image of love which has played about the fire-glow of my grate — years hence. It still covers the same warm, trustful, religious heart. Trials have tried it; afflictions have weighed upon it; danger has scared it; and death is coming near to subdue it; but still it is the same.

The fingers are thinner; the face has lines of care and sorrow crossing each other in a web work that makes the golden tissue of humanity. But the heart is fond and steady; it is the same dear heart, the same self-sacrificing heart, warming, like a fire, all around it. Affliction has tempered joy; and joy adorned affliction. Life and all its troubles have become distilled into a holy incense, rising ever from your fireside,—an offering to your household gods.

Your dreams of reputation, your swift determination, your impulsive pride, your deep-uttered vows to win a name, have all sobered into affection—have all blended into that glow of feeling, which finds its centre, and hope, and joy in Home. From my soul I pity him whose soul does not leap at the mere utterance of that name.

A home!—it is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth Life! When shall it be reached? When shall it cease to be a glittering daydream, and become fully and fairly yours?

It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the fields carefully tilled, and streaked with your own footpaths;—nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a great rock in a weary land;—nor yet is it the fireside, with its sweet blaze play;—nor the pictures which tell of loved ones, nor the cherished books,—but more far than all these—it is the Presence. The Lares of your worship are there; the altar of your confidence there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adorning it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction, that there at least you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smiled away; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!

There may be those of coarse mold—and I have seen such even in the disguise of women—who will reckon these feelings puling sentiment. God pity them!—as they have need of pity.

That image by the fireside, calm, loving, joyful, is there still; it goes not, however my spirit tosses, because my wish, and every will, keep it there, unerring.

The fire shows through the screen, yellow and warm, as a harvest sun. It is in its best age, and that age is ripeness.

A ripe heart! — now I know what Wordsworth meant, when he said:—

> "The good die first,
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket!"

The town clock is striking midnight. The cold of the night wind is urging its way in at the door and window-crevice; the fire has sunk almost to the third bar of the grate. Still my dream tires not, but wraps fondly round that image,— now in the far-off, chilling mists of age, growing sainted. Love has blended into reverence; passion has subsided into joyous content.

And what if age comes, said I, in a new flush of excitation,— what else proves the wine? What else gives inner strength, and knowledge, and a steady pilot-hand, to steer your boat out boldly upon that shoreless sea, where the river of life is running? Let the white ashes gather; let the silver hair lie, where lay the auburn; let the eye gleam further back, and dimmer; it is but retreating toward the pure sky-depths, an usher to the land where you will follow after.

From "Reveries of a Bachelor."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(1786–1855)

Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," was born in Hampshire, England, December 16th, 1786. Her father was a physician, liberally educated and wealthy, but he squandered his fortune and finally came to rely for support on the money earned by his daughter's pen. In 1797, when only ten years of age, she drew a lottery prize of £20,000, but in 1820 this, too, had been squandered and the family was virtually destitute. To support herself and her father, she wrote a number of tragedies which were received with favor. "Rienzi," which is described as the best of them, contains passages of great force. In 1819 she began to publish in the Lady's Magazine sketches and essays describing life in a quiet village and in the woods and fields around it. These when republished under the title of "Our Village" have done most for her reputation, but she wrote poems, fiction, and reminiscences, as well as essays and dramas. She died January 10th, 1855.

THE TALKING LADY

Ben Jonson has a play called "The Silent Woman," who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman at all — nothing, as Master Slender said, but "a great lubberly boy"; thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a nonentity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared and predisposed, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loquacity as I have just parted with, he might perhaps have given us a pendant to his picture in the Talking Lady. Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned; too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days' hard listening; four snowy, sleety, rainy days — days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out, — four days chained by "sad civility" to that fireside, once

so quiet, and again — cheering thought! again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visitor's incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visitor in question is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honor to her dancing master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair, and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for anything but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid. She took us in her way from London to the west of England; and being, as she wrote, "not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself" (Ours! as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!)— "and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman." Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter it has been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, law suits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's, and grand-nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality, which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king-at-arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares that in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news too! It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is; like the great pedestrians she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet, "I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a day for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time. Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep

to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favor. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse; she cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerto, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together as silent barbarisms, unworthy of a social and civilized people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and upon the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for serious, till it was discovered that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible meeting in her life. "Such speeches!" quoth she, "I thought the men never meant to have done. People have great need of patience." Plays, of course, she abhors; and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mammas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues. The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of ———shire, may be her strongest point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. Her medical dissertations savor a little of that particular branch of the science called quackery. She has a specific against almost every disease to which the human frame is liable; and is terribly prosy and unmerciful in her symptoms. Her cures kill. In housekeeping, her notions resemble those of other verbal managers; full of economy and retrenchment, with a leaning towards reform, though she loves so well to declaim on the abuses in the cook's department, that I am not sure that she would very heartily thank any radical who should sweep them quite away. For the rest, her system sounds very fine in theory, but rather fails in practice. Her recipes would be capital, only that some way or other they do not eat well; her preserves seldom keep; and her sweet wines are sure to turn sour. These are

certainly her favorite topics; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighborhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there; for though she knows little of books, she has, in the course of an up-and-down life, met with a good many authors, and teases and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear, the maiden names of their wives, and the Christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet-Street courts with greater care than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P., Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts, and long droughts, and high winds, and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them, so that if you happen to remark that clouds are come up, and you fear it may rain, she replies, "Aye, it is just such a morning as three and thirty years ago, when my poor cousin was married — you remember my cousin Barbara — she married so and so, the son of so and so"; and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over night; a description of the wedding dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridemaids and men, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back again at an hour's end to the starting post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic seesaw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach.

With all this intolerable prosing, she is actually reckoned a pleasant woman! Her acquaintance in the great manufacturing town where she usually resides is very large, which may partly account for the misnomer. Her conversation is of a sort to bear dividing. Besides, there is, in all large societies, an instinctive sympathy which directs each individual to the companion most congenial to his humor. Doubtless her associates deserve the old French compliment, "*Ils ont tous un grand talent pour le silence.*" Parceled out amongst some seventy or eighty, there may even be some savor in her talk. It is the tête-à-tête that kills, or the small fireside circle of three or four, where only one can speak and all the rest must seem to listen — seem! did I say? — must listen in good earnest. Hotspur's expedient in a similar situation of crying "Hem! go to," and marking not a word, will not do here; compared to her, Owen Glendower was no conjurer. She has the eye of a hawk, and detects a wandering glance, an incipient yawn, the slightest movement of impatience. The very needle must be quiet. If a pair of scissors do but wag, she is affronted, draws herself up, breaks off in the middle of a story, of a sentence, of a word, and the unlucky culprit must, for civility's sake, summon a more than Spartan fortitude, and beg the torturer to resume her torments — "That that is the unkindest cut of all!" I wonder, if she had happened to have married, how many husbands she would have talked to death. It is certain that none of her relations are long-lived after she comes to reside with them. Father, mother, uncle, sister, brother, two nephews, and one niece, all these have successively passed away, though a healthy race, and with no visible disorder — except — but we must not be uncharitable. They might have died, though she had been born dumb: — "It is an accident that happens every day." Since the decease of her last nephew, she attempted to form an establishment with a widow lady, for the sake, as they both said, of the comfort of society. But — strange miscalculation! she was a talker too! They parted in a week.

And we also have parted. I am just returning from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward; and I have still the murmur of her adieus resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how, almost simultaneously, these mournful adieux shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls! Little does the civil young

lad who made way for her, or the fat lady, his mamma, who with pains and inconvenience made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing box,—little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles! and she never sleeps in a carriage! Well, patience be with them, and comfort and peace! A pleasant journey to them! And to her all happiness! She is a most kind and excellent person, one for whom I would do anything in my poor power—aye, even were it to listen to her another four days.

Complete. From «Our Village.»

ST. GEORGE MIVART

(1827–1900)

PERHAPS the most animated religious controversy of the last quarter of the nineteenth century was precipitated by the appearance of St. George Mivart's article on "Happiness in Hell," published in 1892. Peculiar interest was lent to it by the fact that Dr. Mivart was a pronounced Roman Catholic and also a pronounced evolutionist of the Darwinian school. The ground of the essay is that hell is primarily a moral state developing into an intellectual condition in which those who impose it on themselves find pleasure; and that because of the pleasure it gives them, they seek to realize it, turning thought to action and from the invisible hell within creating a corresponding hell, outward and visible. While Mivart was not strongly attacked on the main point, he found opponents resisting at all points his assumption that those who choose their own hell to suit their peculiar condition can find happiness in it.

He was born in London, November 30th, 1827, and educated for the bar. Giving up law for science, he became a naturalist of great attainment and international reputation. The Pope was pleased with his argument that Catholic "dogma" and scientific truth are not antagonistic, and Mivart is himself authority for the statement that the degree of Doctor conferred on him by the Church was on this account. He was by no means satisfied, however, with the "orthodox" support given him on his theories of future punishment. His worst hell is virtually identical with that described by Plutarch in his wonderful passages on "The Delay of the Deity." Mivart died April 1st, 1900.

HAPPINESS IN HELL

"Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
. . . . .
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate."

"Leave every hope behind, O ye who enter here!"

DANTE'S terrible words truly express what was the almost universal belief of Christians for many centuries. The mental agony of despair, in addition to extreme physical torture, was recognized as the inevitable lot of the multitude of lost souls. It was also of the essence of this belief that the agony should be eternal, and known to be eternal by the wretched inmates — the "*perduta gente*" — of that "*citta dolente*," that city of despair.

But the modern mind has come to feel an abhorrence for beliefs which were viewed with complacency or accepted without difficulty for so many ages. And not only the sentiment of our day, but what we take to be its more highly evolved moral perceptions, are shocked beyond expression at the doctrine that countless multitudes of mankind will burn forever in hell fire, out of which there is no possible redemption. Our experience shows that not a few persons have abandoned Christianity on account of this dogma, which also constitutes the very greatest difficulty for many who desire to obtain a rational religious belief and to accept the Church's teaching.

Is, then, the doctrine against which so strong a repugnance is felt really one essential to Christianity; and, if so, can it be a belief reconcilable with right reason, the highest morality, and the greatest benevolence? . . .

As to the nature of damnatin, there are two affirmations we think it well to quote. One is by an anonymous theologian, who represents it as a necessary result of universal law. He says: —

"Hell is a law. Just as it is a law that pent-up water, when its weight and force have reached a certain point, breaks its barriers and sweeps down upon the region below it, so it is a law that sin, or unrighteousness, or willful aversion from God, if it reach the boundary, death, unreformed, will go on forever so, and will bring

eternal separation from God, and separation in a spiritual nature means misery. Thus punishment is but the necessary effect of the laws which God has instituted. He crushes evil with the absolute calm wherewith an avalanche grinds rocks to dust, and the evil-doer constructs his own Gehenna."

In a similar vein Mr. Oxenham asks: —

"What, then, is meant by the dogma of eternal damnation? It means, in one word, leaving the sinner to himself. 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.' It is no arbitrary infliction of a vengeful Deity!"

Let us now further address ourselves directly to the consideration of what Christian authoritative teaching affirms and permits us to believe with respect to hell. We have already seen how benevolent its teaching is with respect to those who die in a state of mere nature without deliberately committing grave sins the gravity of which they fully recognize.

Let us imagine a man in perfect health of mind and body, intelligent, amiable, and wealthy, enjoying the universal esteem of all who know him, the devoted affection of his family, the peace of a good conscience, and the happiness of a natural love of and union with God. Let us further suppose that all his wishes are gratified, and that he has a full and certain knowledge that this great felicity will exist unimpaired and be unceasingly enjoyed by him for all eternity. Yet such a being will be in hell. Such at least (according to Catholic teaching) will be the lot of the immense multitude of mankind who, from before the formation of the earliest flint implement to the present day, have died unbaptized and free from deliberate mortal sin, understood to be such. They are subjects, indeed, of the *pœna damni*, (penalty of loss), but that is no cause of regret to them. Not having had the "light of glory" (*i. e.*, been raised to the order of grace) they have no aptitude or faculty for the supernatural, without which its possession (were it possible) would rather be torture than happiness. Perfectly happy according to their nature, they could no more desire the supernatural state than fishes can desire to become birds, or oysters sigh because they are not butterflies.

A singular consequence follows from the above consideration. Since the inexpressibly higher condition, according to the Church, carries with it fearful risks and responsibilities, there is, on

Church principles, small reason to regret the late advent and limited diffusion of Christianity or the falling away from the Church of masses of Christians. In consequence thereof, the diminution of risk and responsibility to multitudes of mankind — unfavorably placed to fulfill higher claims — is so great, that God alone can know whether the apparent loss is not a real gain.

As to the nonbaptized who lead abandoned lives knowingly and willingly, their lot must be light indeed, compared with those who, having been called to the higher state, have voluntarily outraged its privileges. And thus we come at last to the one great difficulty, the real crux of the whole matter: what are we to say to the state of baptized Christians who lead bad lives and depart from the world in their sins — what are we to say of them from the Catholic point of view?

Now, in the first place, we must never forget the mitigating circumstances as regards heredity and environment, to which we have before referred. Multitudes of sins which are "mortal" according to the letter of the Christian code are, owing to such circumstances, but "venial" in fact; so that their perpetrators, if condemned by "law," must be absolved by "equity." Secondly, we must also remember what has been already said about the need of advertence and deliberate volition, in order that any sinful act should be a mortal one.

But those who knowingly and with malice sin mortally and so persist till death, obstinately turning a deaf ear to all good influences, are, the Church tells us, really condemned to hell, there to suffer, not only the state of loss, but the *pœna sensus* also.

Nevertheless, their state is declared to be most unequal, and to vary with their demerits. Also the existence of the very worst is felt by him to be preferable to his nonexistence. He does not, like so many poor wretches on earth, even desire the cessation of his being. May we not therefore believe that his suffering is not so great as theirs? It seems also that, in spite of Dante, hope may still be his if a process of evolution does, as some theologians teach, take place in hell.

But we cannot think that right reason demands the belief that no one in hell suffers severely, even compared with life on earth. For although we may judge no man, and although reason tells us how almost impossible it is for us fairly to judge even ourselves, yet men do seem, now and again, to give evidence of extreme malice and of a positive hatred of God; so that it would

ill become us to represent hell as being in no case an object of just fear, nay of prudent, reasonable terror. The poignancy of persistent regret for a misspent past, and for actions to recall which life would be willingly surrendered, are states of mind by no means unknown in our present existence. It may well be that the clearer mental vision of a future day as to what might have been may give rise to a wretchedness which it is beyond our power to imagine.

But for the multitude of even the positively damned, besides the possible consciousness of their state and the also possible consolations of a hoped-for amelioration, we are not, so far as we know, forbidden to think that as they have by their actions constructed their own hell, they may therein find a certain kind of harmony with their own mental condition. It may be they seek and meet with the society of souls like minded with themselves, and, as it were, together hug their chains, esteeming as preferable these lower mental activities and desires which had been their choice and solace upon earth. We read in the New Testament the words: —

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

But to have the will persistently averted from what is best must entail suffering; nor can it be denied that (according to the teaching of the Church) some positive suffering will never cease for those who have voluntarily and deliberately cast away from them their supreme beatitude.

The reader will naturally ask how, if such views as some of those which have been here brought forward be tenable views, can those teachers be pardoned who have represented hell in the uniformly terrible and revolting way they have represented it.

The answer to this reposes upon the joint consideration of God's perfection and man's intellectual limitation.

As to the former, it is simply beyond, infinitely beyond, all our powers of conception, and the same must therefore be said of the supernatural happiness it is in his power to bestow — the happiness of a nature endowed by "the light of glory," with a capacity for the Beatific Vision. This is what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Such being the case, the limitation of our nature necessitates what Cardinal Newman has called "economies" in making known

facts concerning the life hereafter. We are reduced to symbols so inadequate that words cannot adequately express their inadequacy. The result is that in order to convey to the mind as practically serviceable an image as may be of what such bliss and glory are, the only possible course has been to endeavor to depict them by contrast. In order to bring home to men what their loss will be should they by vice and malice forfeit so inconceivable a beatitude, it has been necessary to represent that loss by means of such symbols as may, least inadequately and most effectively, strike the imaginations of the greatest multitude of mankind.

If a painter has to depict, as best he may, a brightness which no pigment can approach, he is reduced to attempt it by deepening shadows as much as his palette will permit — regretting all the time that he has no sables nearly black enough to convey, by contrast, a due appreciation of that unrepresentable brightness.

Just as we saw that the contrast between Christianity and Paganism was only most imperfectly and inadequately represented by its earliest advocates when they spoke of the heathen gods as demons, so the bliss of heaven was only most imperfectly and inadequately represented by those who described hell as a place of all the horrors their imagination could possibly depict.

So to have represented it has not caused the least practical error or misled any one by one jot or tittle.

Thus, on the presumption that heaven is what the Church declares it to be, the author of "Hell Opened to Christians" only speaks the words of truth and soberness when he says: "Do not suppose I have exaggerated anything; I have failed, indeed, in the opposite way."

The horrors of that book multiplied a thousandfold could not give the faintest conception of the real difference which exists between the attainment of heaven and its loss, even though the lost ones had an eternal existence of the most extreme natural beatitude far exceeding all we can possibly imagine on earth.

The loss of heaven is an infinite loss, and therefore no symbols can represent it adequately.

Thus the preachers and writers of the Church, her sculptors and her painters, have barely done their duty in seeking to portray the contrast between such loss and gain by the most practically serviceable symbols which were at their disposal. The teaching of theologians (very unlike that of Rousseau) deals not

with imaginary human beings, but with living men and women with all their vivid passions and keen temptations, seeking to make them apprehend, least inadequately and most forcibly, what it is impossible adequately to express.

The limitation of our faculties, even as regards the natural world, often compels us to make use of different means with respect to one and the same sense, and it is frequently impossible to gain an accurate perception of one object without thereby simultaneously obtaining a quite inaccurate perception of another object.

We shall vainly seek with a field glass to observe Jupiter's satellites or the rings of Saturn; and if when observing with a high power we so adjust a microscope as to bring a deeper stratum of some object into focus, we are, by that very act, presented with an inaccurate image of the higher stratum we may have correctly seen before.

Thus while the most startling symbols are applicable for depicting the difference between the final loss of grace (hell) and life in heaven, they altogether fail if they are taken to depict existence in hell as compared with life on earth. It is, indeed, absolutely certain that in the latter case they are and must be altogether false; for the difference between what is divine and aught else is an infinite difference, and infinitely greater than any other contrast and distinction whatsoever it may be. Therefore, what is most proper approximately to represent the former cannot properly represent the latter also.

Thus it seems that the objections of our own day against the Catholic doctrine of hell altogether fall to the ground.

When it is said that the belief in eternal tortures really comparable with the pains of our present life, and enormously exceeding them is "a horrible doctrine, worse than atheism," the reply that such symbols are not comparable with life on earth appears to us to be a completely satisfactory one.

If our estimate of the value and significance of the most authoritative and dogmatic Christian teaching be correct (and we have sought the most skilled advice), then, while it permits of the most practically effective appeals being truthfully addressed to the multitude, it none the less proclaims nothing which is not reconcilable with the most benevolent ethical conceptions.

Its teaching, as we understand it, may be briefly summed up as follows: God has with infinite benevolence, but with

inscrutable purposes, created human beings, the overwhelming majority of whom, being incapable of grave sin, attain to an eternity of unimaginable natural happiness — the utmost of which their nature is capable and which includes a natural knowledge and love of God. Another multitude undergo a certain probation on earth and attain to a future state exactly proportioned to their merits or demerits, which may equal or fall short of the natural happiness of those incapable of sin.

God has further endowed a certain number of mankind with faculties whereby they are rendered capable of a supernatural union with him — a bliss which, in life, they can neither imagine nor really desire, though they may aspire to it as to a good beyond their power to picture.

This privilege carries with it a dread risk of failure, resulting in the loss of such supernatural happiness. But this failure may be of all degrees, with corresponding divergencies of conditions. Yet for the very worst, in spite of the positive and unceasing suffering before referred to, existence is acceptable and is by them preferred to nonexistence; while we are permitted to believe in an eternal upward progress, though never attaining to the supernatural state which would be most unwelcome and repugnant to such souls. They are left to themselves in those various inferior conditions which they have made theirs by their own choice and which they have led themselves to persist in and prefer. Thus the hell even of the positively damned, who have forfeited grace bestowed, may yet be regarded as a place which God has from all eternity prepared for those who will not accept the higher goods offered by him for their acceptance.

Nevertheless, if we consider how impossible it is for us to understand, on the one hand, our own real responsibility (our full relations with our environment) and, on the other, our knowledge of our own individual demerits, there is plenty of reason for anxiety and apprehension concerning those two final states, one of which must, the Church teaches, be the lot of every one of us. Yet when the variety of conditions of reprobation and their nature, as here put forward, are pondered over, it appears to us that the eternal duration of such a hell may well result from the creative action of God's benevolence and justice combined. In the words of Dante: "*Fecemi la divina Potestate, la somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.*" Nothing, in fact, has been

defined by the Church on the subject of hell which does not accord with right reason, the highest morality, and the greatest benevolence.

According to it no one in the next life suffers the deprivation of any happiness which he can imagine or desire, or which is congruous with his nature and faculties, save by his conscious and deliberate choice. According to it, also, God has refused to no man who fully obeys the voice of conscience, heathen though he be, the full beatitude of the light of glory and the Beatific Vision.

Hell in its widest sense — namely, as including all those blameless souls who do not enjoy that vision — must be considered as, for them, an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man's natural capacity for happiness is there gratified to the very utmost; nor is it even possible for the Catholic theologian of the most severe and rigid school to deny that, thus considered, there is, and there will for all eternity be, a real and true happiness in hell.

From the Nineteenth Century.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689–1762)

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, whose "Letters" have given her an enduring reputation, was born in 1689 (baptized May 26th of that year). Her father was the fifth earl of Kingston, and she was an intimate friend of a number of noble English ladies to whom her "Letters" have given celebrity. The Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline) was fond of her, and in 1716 Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she had privately married in 1712, was sent as embassador to Constantinople. She accompanied him, and during her two years in the East wrote some of the most noted of her "Letters." She died in England, August 21st, 1762. The first series of her "Letters" appeared in 1763; the second in 1767. One of the most celebrated episodes in her life was her quarrel with Pope, who was at one time her warm admirer. He satirized her under the name of "Sappho."

IN PRAISE OF ORIENTAL LIFE

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity [the darling frailty of her (*sic*) mankind] not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapors. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dullness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the viziers, the beglerbegs, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, etc., things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows — I say no more — every-

body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change or some of them escape the observation of travelers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honor him in a much higher degree than any other voyage writer): he says there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake; I was there yesterday, and went across the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have in other matters a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, all their pleasure seats are built on its banks, where they have at the same time the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than anywhere else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pasha not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, it falls to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me that there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain that the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline

glass brought from England; and all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain young luxurious man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartment destined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china; but adjoining to them, two rooms, the upper part of which is divided into a sofa; in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to these delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity), but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing which can be properly called front or wings; and though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscoted with mother-of-pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother-of-pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and colored in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbors, fountains and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life; while they consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if anything is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly

of praise, hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old and decrepid before we can reap the fruit of our labors. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much; but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration that I had rather be a rich effendi with all his ignorance than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

Complete. To the Abbé Conti. Dated from Constantinople, May 19th, 1718.

ON MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary — to be ever beloved one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gayety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation

insensibly falls into dullness and insipidity. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupte*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and out of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are.

From a «Letter» to E. W. Montagu.

ON TRAINING YOUNG GIRLS

PEOPLE commonly educate their children as they build their houses, according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life: but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying I love to speak truth. One of your acquaintance made a ball the day after her

mother died, to show she was sincere. I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction, and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

From a « Letter » to the Countess of Bute.

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

(1533–1592)

MONTAIGNE was the first great essayist of modern times, and, except in Bacon, modern times have scarcely produced a greater. His master was Plutarch, whose amiable discursiveness he reproduces in all its charm as Bacon does the intensity of Aristotle in all its severity. In the great art of digression Montaigne is unrivaled, far surpassing Plutarch, who alone could have suggested to him its possibilities. Although he frequently devotes no inconsiderable attention to what he professes to be talking about, his professions are still more frequently mere pretexts which conceal his real purpose of digressing into a hundred subjects on which he is well assured that he knows something worth saying. His essay on "Certain Verses of Virgil" not only illustrates this habit, but also the attractive egotism which enabled him to put so much of himself into his work. We learn thus, much that is of singular interest concerning him. He was the product of an educational system. His father began experimenting on him from the cradle, intending to make a great man of him. Thus he was taught Latin as one of his "mother tongues" and much of what is usually considered "higher education," and difficult of attainment, he learned as a child without having opportunity to suspect its difficulty. In addition to this home education, he graduated from the college at Bordeaux and studied law. From 1559, when he went to the court of Francis II., until 1580, when his "Essays" appeared at Bordeaux, he amused himself, traveled, or idled, and wrote in retirement on his estate. The second volume of the "Essays" appeared in 1588. In 1581, when in Rome, he was summoned to France by the news of his election as Mayor of Bordeaux. He did not make a bad mayor as appears from the fact that he was elected for a second term, but he made no pretense of being enthusiastic in the public service. He defined the object of his "Essays" as self-expression, without regard to utility or reputation. He wished to express what he had in himself with its flaws unconcealed. His life seems to have had the same purpose as his "Essays," and in this he does not seem to have differed in principle from Goethe, who had much the same theory of the object of existence. Montaigne, however, had nothing of Goethe's concentrated power and intensity.

He went through the world as an inquisitive but well-trained child goes through a strange flower garden, examining every flower with earnest curiosity, but plucking none. Emerson chooses him as the type of the "skeptic," but his was not the skepticism of mere negation and unfaith. He examined all things for the pleasure the examination gave him, but he was not an agnostic and he had a singularly clear conception of the difference between the rational and the absurd. In him is drawn for the first time a clearly defined line between the mediæval and the modern. He may be called with justice the first great writer of modern prose, and he might be called the first great modern thinker but for his persistent habit of avoiding conclusions. He meditates, studies, reflects, and reasons, but think he does not,—that is, if we are to understand by "thought" that concentrated and determined effort in which every faculty of the mind co-operates to co-ordinate its knowledge and through co-ordination to reach a conclusion. Montaigne's knowledge was vast, uncoördinated, vague, centrifugal, tending always to lose itself in the Infinite to which he so manifestly belongs. If any one else had written much of what is his, we might wish it changed for the better! Yet who could change Montaigne except for the worse?

W. V. B.

OF BOOKS*

I MAKE no doubt, but that I oft happen to speak of things that are much better, and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. This here is purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquir'd: and whoever shall take me tripping in my ignorance will not in any sort displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to my self, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open my self: they may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as my fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgot them: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention: so that I can promise no certainty, if not to make known to what certain

* In using Cotton's translation his spelling has been retained as far as possible.

mark the knowledge I now have does rise. Therefore let no body insist upon the matter I write, but my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to chuse what is proper to raise, or relieve the invention, which is always my own: for I make others say for me, what, either for want of language, or want of sense, I cannot my self well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them. And had I design'd to raise their estimate by their number, I had made them twice as many. They are all, or within a very few, so fam'd and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author to awe the temerity of those precipitous censures, that fall upon all sorts of writings; particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue, which put every one into a capacity of censuring, and which seem to convince the authors themselves of vulgar conception and design. I will have them wound Plutarch through my sides, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. I must shelter my own weakness under these great reputations; I shall love any one that can plume me, that is, by clearness of understanding and judgment, and by the sole distinction of the force and beauty of discourse. For I, who, for want of memory, am at every turn at a loss to pick them out of their national livery, am yet wise enough to know, by the measure of my own abilities, that my soil is incapable of producing any of those rich flowers, that I there find set, and growing; and that all the fruits of my own growth are not worth any one of them. For this, indeed, I hold my self very responsible, tho' the confession makes against me; if there be any vanity and vice in my writings, which I do not of my self perceive, nor can discern, when pointed out to me by another; for many faults escape the eye, but the infirmity of judgment consists in not being able to discern them, when, by another, laid open to us. Knowledge and truth may be in us without judgment, and judgment also without them; but the confession of ignorance is one of the fairest and surest testimonies of judgment that I know; I have no other officer to put my writings in rank and file, but only fortune. As things come into my head, I heap them one upon another, which sometimes advance in whole bodies, sometimes

in single files: I am content that every one should see my natural and ordinary pace as ill as it is. I suffer my self to jog on at my own rate and ease. Neither are these subjects, which a man is not permitted to be ignorant in, or casually, and at a venture, to discourse of. I could wish to have a more perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass over easily, and not laboriously, the remainder of my life. There is nothing that I will cudgel my brains about; no, not knowledge, of what price soever. I seek, in the reading of books, only to please my self by an irreproachable diversion: or if I study, it is for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of my self, and instructs me how to die, and live well. I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose my self, and time; for I have an impatient understanding that must be satisfied at first: what I do not discern at first is, by persistency, rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gayety; continuation, and a too obstinate endeavour, darkens, stupefies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded, and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and refer my discovery to new attempts: just, as to judge rightly of the lustre scarlet, we are taught to pass it lightly with the eye, in running it over at several suddain and reiterated views and glances. If one book do not please me, I take another, and never meddle with any, but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing. I care not much for new ones, because the old seem fuller, and of stronger reason; neither do I much tamper with Greek authors, my knowledge in that language being too little to read them with any delight. Amongst those that are simply pleasant, of the Moderns, Boccace his "Decamerone," Rabelais, and the "Basia" of Johannes Secundus (if those may be ranged under that title) are worth reading. As to "Amadis de Gaul," and such kind of stuff, they had not the credit to take me, so much as in my childish years. And I will moreover say (whether boldly, or rashly) that this old, heavy soul of mine is now no longer delighted with Ariosto; no, nor with Ovid; and that his facility and invention, with which I was formerly so ravished, are now of no more relish, and I can hardly have the patience to read him. I speak my opinion freely of all things, even of those that, perhaps, exceed my capacity, and that I do not conceive

to be in any wise under my jurisdiction. And, accordingly, the judgment I deliver is to show the measure of my own sight, and not of the things I make so bold to censure: when I find myself disgusted with Plato's "Axiochus," as with a work (with due respect to such an author be it spoken) without force my judgment does not believe it self: it is not so arrogant as to oppose the authority of so many other famous judgments of antiquity, which it considers as its regents and masters, and with whom it is rather content to err. In such a case it condemns it self, either for stopping at the outward bark, nor being able to penetrate to the heart, or for considering it by some false light, and is content with securing it self from trouble and error only; and, as to its own weakness, does frankly acknowledge and confess it. It thinks it gives a just interpretation, according to the appearances, by its conceptions presented to it; but they are weak and imperfect. Most of the fables of Æsop have in them several senses and meanings, of which the mythologists chose some one that quadrates well to the fable; but, for the most part, 'tis but the first face that presents it self, and is superficial only, there yet remain others more lively, essential, and profound, into which they have not been able to penetrate; and just so I do.

But, to pursue the business of this essay, I have always thought that in poesie, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace do many degrees excel the rest; and signally, Virgil in his "Georgics," which I look upon for the most accomplished piece of poetry; and, in comparison of which, a man may easily discern that there are some places in his "Æneids" to which the author would have given a little more of the file had he had leisure: and the fifth book of his "Æneids" seems to me the most perfect. I also love Lucan, and willingly read him; not so much for his stile, as for his own worth, and the truth and solidity of his opinions and judgments. As for Terence, I find the quaintness and eloquencies of the Latin tongue so admirable lively to represent our manners, and the movements of the soul, that our actions throw me, at every turn, upon him; and cannot read him so oft, that I do not still discover some new grace and beauty. Such as lived near Virgil's time were scandaliz'd that some should compare him with Lucretius. I am, I confess, of opinion that the comparison is, in truth, very unequal; a belief that, nevertheless, I have much ado to assure my self in, when I meet

with some excellent passages in Lucretius: but if they were so angry at this comparison, what would they have said of the brutish and barbarous stupidity of those who, at this hour, compare him with Ariosto? Or would not Ariosto himself say?—

O Sæclum insipiens, et infacetum! — *Catul.* Epig. 40.

I think the Ancients had more reason to be angry with those who compared Plautus with Terence, than Lucretius with Virgil. It makes much for the estimation and preference of Terence, that the father of the Roman eloquence has him so often in his mouth; and the sentence that the best judge of Roman poets has passed upon the other. I have often observed that those of our times who take upon them to write comedies (in imitation of the Italians, who are happy enough in that way of writing) take in three or four arguments of those of Plautus, or Terence, to make one of theirs, and crowd five or six of Boccace his novels, into one single comedy. And that which makes them so load themselves with matter is the diffidence they have of being able to support themselves with their own strength. They must find out something to lean to; and having not of their own wherewith to entertain the audience, bring in the story, to supply the defect of language. It is quite otherwise with my author; the elegancy and perfection of his way of speaking makes us lose the appetite of his plot. His fine expression, elegancy, and quaintness is every where taking: he is so pleasant throughout.

Liquidus, puroque simillimus amni. — *Hor.* Lib. II., Epis. 2.

"Liquid, and like a crystal running stream."

And does so possess the soul with his graces, that we forget those of his fable. This very consideration carries me further: I observe that the best and most ancient poets have avoided the affectation, and hunting after, not only of fantastick Spanish, and Petrarchick elevations, but even the softest, and most gentle touches, which are the only ornaments of succeeding poesie. And yet there is no good judgment that will condemn this in the Ancients, and that does not incomparably more admire the equal politeness, and that perpetual sweetness, and flourishing beauty, that appears in Catullus his epigrams, than all the stings with which Martial arms the tails of his. This is by the same reason that I gave before, and as Martial says of himself: "*Minus illi*

ingenio laborandum fuit, in cujus locum materia successerat.»— *Mart.* Prœlib. 8. These first, without being mov'd, or making themselves angry, make themselves sufficiently felt; they have matter enough of laughter throughout, they need not tickle themselves: the others have need of foreign assistance, as they have the less wit, they must have the more body; they mount on horseback, because they are not able to stand on their own legs. As in our balls, those mean fellows that teach to dance, not being able to represent the presence and decency of our nobleness, are fain to supply it with dangerous leaps and other strange motions, and fantastick tricks. And the ladies are less put to it in dances, where there are several coupees, changes, and quick motions of body, than in some other of a more solemn kind, where they are only to move a natural pace, and to represent their ordinary grace and presence. And, as I have also seen good tumblers, when in their own every-day-cloaths, and with the same face they always wear, give us all the pleasure of their art, when their apprentices, not yet arrived to such a pitch of perfection, are fain to meal their faces, put themselves into ridiculous disguises, and make a hundred mimick faces, to prepare us for laughter. This conception of mine is no where more demonstrable than in comparing the "Æneid" with "Orlando Furioso"; of which, we see the first, by dint of wing, flying in a brave and lofty place, and always following his point; the latter, fluttering and hopping from tale to tale, as from branch to branch, not daring to trust his wings but in very short flights, and perching at every turn, lest his breath and force should fail.

Excursusque breves tentat.— *Virg.* Georg. 4.

These then, as to this sort of subjects, are the authors that best please me. As to what concerns my other reading that mixes a little more profit with the pleasure, and from whence I learn how to marshal my opinions and qualities, the books that serve me to this purpose are Plutarch (since translated into French) and Seneca: both of which have this great convenience suited to my humor, that the knowledge I there seek is discoursed in loose pieces, that do not engage me in any great trouble of reading long, of which I am impatient. Such are the "Opusculums" of the first, and the "Epistles" of the latter, which are also the best, and most profiting of all their writings. 'Tis no great attempt to take one of them in hand, and I give over at pleasure;

for they have no sequel or dependance upon one another. These authors, for the most part, concur in useful and true opinions; and there is this parallel betwixt them, that fortune brought them into the world about the same age; they were both tutors to two Roman emperours; both sought out from foreign countries; both rich, and both great men. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and deliver'd after a plain and pertinent manner. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more various and waving. The last toil'd, set himself, and bent his whole force to fortifie vertue against frailty, fear, and vicious appetites; the other seems more to slight their power, and to disdain to alter his pace, and to stand upon his guard. Plutarch's opinions are Platonick, sweet, and accommodated to civil society; those of the other are stoical and epicurean, more remote from the common usance, but, in my opinion, more especially proper, and more firm. Seneca seems to lean a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, and only seems; for I take it for granted that he spake against his judgment, when he condemns the generous action of those who assassinated Cæsar. Plutarch is frank throughout. Seneca abounds with brisk touches and sallies; Plutarch with things that heat and move you more; this contents and pays you better. This guides us, the other pushes us on. As to Cicero, those of his works that are more useful to my design are they that treat of philosophy, especially moral: but boldly to confess the truth, his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious: for his prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work: whatever there is of life and marrow is smother'd and lost in the preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him (which is a great deal for me) and recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance; for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and the reasons that should properly help to loose the knot I would untie. For me, who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical or Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use. I would have a man begin with the main proposition; and that wherein the force of the argument lies: I know well enough what death and pleasure are; let no man give himself the trouble to anatomize them to me; I look for good and solid reasons at the first dash to instruct me how to stand the shock, and resist them; to which

purpose, neither grammatical subtleties, nor the quaint contexture of words and argumentations are of any use at all: I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the doubt; his languish about his subjects, and delay our expectation. Those are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design, right or wrong, to incline to favor his cause, to children and common people; to whom a man must say all he can, and try what effects his eloquence can produce. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive. Or that he should cry out fifty times, "Oh, yes," as the clerks and heralds do. The Romans, in their religious exercises, began with "*hoc age*," as we in ours do with "*sursum corda*," which are so many words lost to me; I come thither already fully prepared for my chamber; I need no allurement, no invitation, no sauce; I eat the meat raw, so that, instead of whetting my appetite by these preparatives, they tire and pall it. Will the license of the time excuse the sacrilegious boldness to censure the dialogisms of Plato himself, for as dull and heavy as the other before nam'd, whilst he too much stifles his matter? And to lament so much time lost by a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions? My ignorance will better excuse me in that I understand not Greek so well, as to discern the beauty of his language. I would generally chuse books that use sciences not such as only lead to them. The two first, and Pliny, and their like, have nothing of this *hoc age*; they will have to do with men already instructed; or if they have, 'tis a substantial *hoc age*, and that has a body by it self. I also delight in reading his Epistles, *ad Atticum;* not only because they contain a great deal of history, and the affairs of his time, but much more because I therein discover much of his own private humour; for I have a singular curiosity (as I have said elsewhere) to pry into the souls, and the natural and true judgments of the authors with whom I converse. A man may, indeed, judge of their parts, but not of their manners, nor of themselves, by the writings they expose upon the theatre of the world. I have a thousand times lamented the loss of the treatise Brutus writ upon Vertue; for it is best learning the theory of those who best know the practick. But seeing the thing

preached, and the preacher are different things, I would as willingly see Brutus in Plutarch as in a book of his own. I would rather choose to be certainly inform'd of the conference he had in his tent with some particular friend of his the night before a battle than of the harangue he made the next day to his army; and of what he did in his closet and his chamber than what he did in the publick place and in the senate. As to Cicero, I am of the common opinion that (learning excepted) he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an affable nature, as all fat, heavy men, such as he was, usually are; but given to ease, and had a mighty share of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuse him for thinking his poetry fit to be publish'd. 'Tis no great imperfection to make ill verses; but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his verses were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of comparison, and I believe it will never be equall'd. The younger Cicero, who resembled his father in nothing but in name, whilst commanding in Asia, had several strangers one day at his table, and amongst the rest, Cæstius seated at the lower end, as men often intrude to the open tables of the great: Cicero ask'd one of the waiters who that man was, who presently told him his name; but he, as one that had his thoughts taken up with something else, and that had forgot the answer made him, asking three or four times, over, and over again, the same question, the fellow, to deliver himself from so many questions, and to make him know him by some particular circumstance: "'Tis that Cæstius," said he, "of whom it was told you that he makes no great account of your father's eloquence in comparison of his own." At which, Cicero being suddenly nettled, commanded poor Cæstius presently to be seiz'd, and caus'd him to be very well whipt in his own presence: a very discourteous entertainer! Yet even amongst those, who, all things considered, have reputed his eloquence incomparable, there have been some, however, who have not stuck to observe some faults in his writing: as that great Brutus, his friend for example, who said 'twas a broken and feeble eloquence, "*fractam et elumbem.*" The orators also nearest to the age wherein he liv'd, reprehended in him the care he had of a certain long cadence in his periods, and particularly took notice of these words, *esse videatur*, which he there so oft makes use of. For my part, I better approve of a shorter stile, and that comes more roundly

off. He does, though sometimes, shuffle his parts more briskly together, but 'tis very seldom. I have myself taken notice of this one passage, "*Ego vero me minus diu senem mallem, quam esse senem, antequam essem.*" The historians are my true province, for they are pleasant and easie; where immediately man in general, the knowledge of whom I hunt after, does there appear more lively and intire than any where besides: the variety and truth of his internal qualities, in gross and piecemeal, the diversity of means by which he is united and knit, and the accidents that threaten him. Now, those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within than upon that which happens without, are the most proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, Plutarch is the man for me. I am very sorry we have not a dozen Laertii, or that he was not further extended, and better understood; for I am equally curious to know the lives and fortunes of these great instructors of the world, as to know the diversities of their doctrines and opinions. In this kind of study (the reading of histories) a man must tumble over, without distinction, all sorts of authors, both antique and modern; as well barbarous and obsolete, as those of current language, there to know the things of which they variously treat: but Cæsar, in my opinion, particularly deserves to be studied, not for the knowledge of the history only, but for himself, so great an excellence and perfection he has above all the rest, though Sallust be one of the number. In earnest, I read this author with more reverence and respect than is usually allow'd to human writings; one while considering him in his person, by his actions and miraculous greatness, and another in the purity and inimitable neatness of his language and stile, wherein he not only excels all other historians, as Cicero confesses, but, peradventure, even Cicero himself; speaking of his enemies with so much sincerity in his judgment, that the false colors with which he strives to palliate his ill cause, and the ordure of his pestilent ambition excepted, I think there is no fault to be objected against him, saving this, that he speaks too sparingly of himself, seeing so many great things could not have been perform'd under his conduct, but that his own personal valor must necessarily have had a greater share in the execution than he attributes to himself. I love historians, who are either very sincere, or very excellent. The sincere who have nothing of their own to mix with it, and who

only make it their business to make a faithful collection of all that comes to their knowledge, and faithfully to record all things without choice or prejudice, leaving to us the entire judgment of discerning the truth of things. Such, for example amongst others, as honest Froissart, who has proceeded in his undertaking with so frank a plainness, that having committed an error, he is not asham'd to confess, and correct it in the place where the finger has been laid, and who represents to us even the variety of rumors that were then spread abroad, and the different reports that were made to him; which is the naked and unaffected matter of history, and of which every one may make his profit, according to his proportion of understanding. The more excellent sort of historians have judgment to pick out what is most worthy to be known; and of two reports, to examine which is the most likely to be true: from the condition of princes, and their humors, they conclude the counsels, and attribute to them words proper for the occasion; and such have title to assume the authority of regulating our belief to what they themselves believe; but, certainly, this privilege belongs not to every one. For the middle sort of historians (of which the most part are) they spoil all; they will chew our meat for us, they take upon them to judge of, and, consequently, to incline the history to their own liking; for if the judgment partially lean to one side, a man cannot avoid wresting and writhing his narrative to that byass. They undertake to chuse things worthy to be known, and yet very oft conceal from us such a word, such a private action, as would much better instruct us; omit, as incredible, such things as they do not understand, and peradventure some, because they cannot express them well in good French or Latin. Let them, in God's name, display their eloquence, and judge according to their own fancy; but let them, withal, leave us something to judge of after them, and neither alter, nor disguise, by their abridgments, and at their own choice, any thing of the substance of the matter; but deliver it to us pure and entire in all its dimensions. For the most part, and especially in these latter ages, persons are cull'd out for this work, from amongst the common people, upon the sole consideration of well-speaking, as if we were to learn grammar from thence; and the men so chosen have also reason, being hired for no other end, and pretending to nothing but babble, not to be very solicitous of any part but that, and so, with a fine jingle of

words, prepare us a pretty contexture of reports, they pick up in the streets. The only good histories are those that have been writ by the persons themselves who commanded in the affairs whereof they write, or who have participated in the conduct of them, or, at least, who have had the conduct of others of the same nature. Such almost are all the Greek and Roman: for several eyewitnesses having writ of the same subject (in the time when grandeur and learning frequently met in the same person) if there happen to be an errour, it must of necessity be a very slight one, and upon a very doubtful accident. What can a man expect from a physician, who will undertake to write of war; or from a meer scholar, treating upon the designs of princes? If we could take notice how religious the Romans were in this, there would need but this example: Asinius Pollio found in the history of Cæsar himself, something misreported; a mistake occasioned, either by reason he could not have his eye in all parts of his army at once, and had given credit to some particular person, who had not delivered him a very true account; or else, for not having had too perfect notice given him by his lieutenants, of what they had done in his absence. By which we may see, whether the inquisition after truth be not very delicate, when a man cannot believe the report of a battle from the knowledge of him who there commanded, nor from the soldiers who were engaged in it, unless, after the method of a judicatory information, the witnesses be confronted, and the challenges received upon the proof of the punctilios of every accident. In good earnest, the knowledge we have of our own private affairs is much more obscure; but that has been sufficiently handled by Bodin, and according to my own sentiment. A little to relieve the weakness of my memory (so extream, that it has happen'd to me more than once, to take books again into my hand for new, and unseen, that I had carefully read over a few years before, and scribled with my notes) I have taken a custom of late, to fix at the end of every book (that is, of those I never intended to read again) the time when I made an end on't, and the judgment I had made of it, to the end that that might, at least, represent to me the air and general idea I had conceived of the author in reading it; and I will here transcribe some of those annotations. I writ this, some ten years agoe, in my Guicciardin (of what language soever my books speak to me in, I always speak to them in my own):

"He is a diligent historiographer, and from whom, in my opinion, a man may learn the truth of affairs of his time, as exactly as from any other; in the most of which he was himself also a personal actor, and in honorable command. 'Tis not to be imagined that he should have disguised any thing, either upon the account of hatred, favor, or vanity; of which, the liberal censures he passes upon the great ones; and particularly, those by whom he was advanced, and employed in commands of great trust and honor (as Pope Clement VII.), give ample testimony. As to that part, which he thinks himself the best at, namely, his digressions and discourses, he has, indeed, very good ones, and enriched with fine expressions; but he is too fond of them: for to leave nothing unsaid, having a subject so plain, ample, and almost infinite, he degenerates into pedantry, and relishes a little of the scholastick prattle. I have also observed this in him, that of so many souls, and so many effects; so many motives, and so many counsels as he judges of, he never attributes any one to vertue, religion, or conscience; as if all those were utterly extinct in the world: and of all the actions how brave in outward shew soever they appear in themselves, he always throws the cause and motive upon some vicious occasion, or some prospect of profit. It is impossible to imagine but that amongst such an infinite number of actions as he makes mention of, there must be some one produced by the way of reason. No corruption could so universally have infected men, that some one would not have escaped the contagion: which makes me suspect that his own taste was vicious; from whence it might happen that he judged other men by himself." In my "Philip de Comines," there is this written: "You will here find the language sweet and delightful, of a native simplicity, the narration pure, and wherein the veracity of the author does evidently shine; free from vanity, when speaking of himself; and from affection or envy, when speaking of others: his discourses and exhortations more accompanied with zeal and truth than with any exquisite sufficiency; and throughout, with authority and gravity, which speak him a man of extraction, and nourished up in great affairs." Upon the "Memoirs" of Monsieur du Bellay, I find this: "'Tis always pleasant to read things writ by those that have experimented how they ought to be carried on; but withal, it cannot be deny'd but there is a manifest decadence in these two lords from the freedom and liberty of writing, that shines in the

ancient historians: such as the Sire de Joinville, a domestick to St. Louis; Eginard, chancellor to Charlemain; and, of latter date, in "Philip de Comines." This here is rather an apology for King Francis against the Emperor Charles V. than a history. I will not believe that they have falsified any thing, as to matter of fact; but they make a common practice of wresting the judgment of events (very often contrary to reason) to our advantage, and of omitting whatsoever is nice to be handl'd in the life of their master; witness the relation of Messieurs de Montmorency and De Brion, which were here omitted: nay, so much as the very name of Madame d'Estampes is not here to be found. Secret actions an historian may conceal; but to pass over in silence what all the world knows, and things that have drawn after them publick consequences, is an inexcusable defect. In fine, whoever has a mind to have a perfect knowledge of King Francis, and the revolutions of his reign, let him seek it elsewhere, if my advice may prevail. The only profit a man can reap from hence is, from the particular narrative of battels, and other exploits of war, wherein these gentlemen were personally engaged; some words and private actions of the princes of their time, and the practices and negotiations carried on by the Seigneur de Lancay; where, indeed, there are, every where, things worthy to be known, and discourses above the vulgar strain."

Complete.

THAT MEN ARE NOT TO JUDGE OF OUR HAPPINESS TILL AFTER DEATH

——— scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.
— *Ovid.* Met., l. 3.

EVERY one is acquainted with the story of King Crœsus to this purpose, who being taken prisoner by Cyrus, and by him condemn'd to die, as he was going to execution, cry'd out, O Solon, Solon! which being presently reported to Cyrus, and he sending to enquire what it meant, Crœsus gave him to understand that he now found the advertisement Solon had formerly given him true to his cost, which was, "That men, however fortune may smile upon them, could never be said to be happy, till

they had been seen to pass over the last day of their lives, by reason of the uncertainty and mutability of human things, which upon very light and trivial occasions are subject to be totally chang'd into a quite contrary condition." And therefore it was, that Agesilaus made answer to one that was saying, "What a happy young man the king of Persia was, to come so young to so mighty a kingdom"; "'Tis true [said he], but neither was Priam unhappy at his years." In a short time, of kings of Macedon, successors to that mighty Alexander, were made joyners and scriveners at Rome; of a tyrant of Sicily, a pedant at Corinth; of a conqueror of one-half of the world, and general of so many armies, a miserable suppliant to the rascally officers of a king of Ægypt. So much the prolongation of five or six months of life cost the great and noble Pompey, and no longer since than our fathers' days, Ludovico Forza, the tenth duke of Milan, whom all Italy had so long truckled under, was seen to die a wretched prisoner at Loches, but not till he had lived ten years in captivity, which was the worst part of his fortune. The fairest of all queens, (Mary, Queen of Scots) widow to the greatest king in Europe, did she not come to die by the hand of an executioner? Unworthy and barbarous cruelty! and a thousand more examples there are of the same kind; for it seems that as storms and tempests have a malice to the proud, and overtow'ring heights of our lofty buildings, there are also spirits above that are envious of the grandeurs here below.

Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit, et pulchros fasces, sævasque secures
Proculcare, ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur.
—*Lucret.*, l. 5.

And it should seem also that Fortune sometimes lies in wait to surprise the last hour of our lives, to shew the power she has in a moment to overthrow what she was so many years in building, making us cry out with Laborius, "*Nimirum hac die una plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.*" — Macrob., l. 2., c. 2. "I have liv'd longer by this one day than I ought to have done." And in this sense, this good advice of Solon may reasonably be taken; but he being a philosopher, with which sort of men the favors and disgraces of fortune stand for nothing, either to the making a man happy or unhappy, and with whom grandeurs and powers, accidents of quality, are upon the matter indifferent: I am apt

to think that he had some further aim, and that his meaning was that the very felicity of life it self, which depends upon the tranquillity and contentment of a well-descended spirit, and the resolution and assurance of a well-order'd soul, ought never to be attributed to any man, till he has first been seen to play the last, and doubtless the hardest act of his part, because there may be disguise and dissimulation in all the rest, where these fine philosophical discourses are only put on; and where accidents do not touch us to the quick, they give us leisure to maintain the same sober gravity; but in this last scene of death, there is no more counterfeiting, we must speak plain, and must discover what there is of pure and clean in the bottom.

Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res.
—*Lucret.*, l. 3.

"Then that at last truth issues from the heart,
The vizor's gone, we act our own true part."

Wherefore at this last all the other actions of our life ought to be try'd and sifted. 'Tis the master-day, 'tis the day that is judge of all the rest, 'tis the day (says one of the Ancients) that ought to judge of all my foregoing years. To death do I refer the essay of the fruit of all my studies. We shall then see whether my discourses came only from my mouth or from my heart. I have seen many by their death give a good or an ill repute to their whole life. Scipio, the father-in-law of Pompey the Great, in dying well, wip'd away the ill opinion that till then every one had conceiv'd of him. Epaminondas being ask'd which of the three he had in the greatest esteem, Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself; "You must first see us die (said he) before that question can be resolv'd": and, in truth, he would infinitely wrong that great man, who would weigh him without the honor and grandeur of his end. God Almighty has order'd all things as it has best pleased him; but I have in my time seen three of the most execrable persons that ever I knew in all manners of abominable living, and the most infamous to boot, who all dy'd a very regular death, and in all circumstances compos'd even to perfection. There are brave, and fortunate deaths. I have seen death cut the thread of the progress of a prodigious advancement, and in the height and flower of its encrease of a certain person, with so glorious an end, that in my opinion his ambitious and gener-

ous designs had nothing in them so high and great as their interruption; and he arrived without compleating his course, at the place to which his ambition pretended with greater glory than he could himself either hope or desire, and anticipated by his fall the name and power to which he aspir'd, by perfecting his career. In the judgment I make of another man's life, I always observe how he carried himself at his death; and the principal concern I have for my own is that I may die handsomely, that is patiently and without noise.

Complete.

OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

'Tis usual to see good intentions, if carried on without moderation, push men on to very vicious effects. In this dispute, which has at this time engag'd France in a civil war, the better and the soundest cause, no doubt, is that which maintains the ancient religion and government of the kingdom. Nevertheless, amongst the good men of that party (for I do not speak of those that only make a pretence, either to execute their own particular revenges, or to gratifie their avarice, or to pursue the favor of princes; but of those who engage in the quarrel out of true zeal to religion, and a vertuous affection to maintain the peace and government of their country) of these, I say, we see many whom passion transports beyond the bounds of reason, and sometimes inspires them with counsels that are unjust and violent, and moreover inconsiderate and rash. It is true, that in those first times when our religion began to gain authority with the laws, zeal arm'd many against all sorts of Pagan books, by which the learned suffer'd an exceeding great loss. A disorder that I conceive did more prejudice to letters than all the flames of the barbarians. Of this Cornelius Tacitus is a very good testimony; for though the Emperour Tacitus, his kinsman, had by express order furnish'd all the libraries in the world with it, nevertheless one entire copy could not escape the curious examination of those who desir'd to abolish it, for only five or six idle clauses that were contrary to our belief. They had also the trick easily to lend undue praises to all the emperours who did any thing for us, and universally to condemn all the actions of those who were our adversaries, as is evidently manifest in the Emperour Julian, surnamed the Apostate; who was in truth a very great

and rare man, a man in whose soul philosophy was imprinted in the best characters, by which he profess'd to govern all his actions; and in truth there is no sort of vertue of which he has not left behind him very notable examples. In chastity (of which the whole course of his life has given manifest proof) we read the same of him, that was said of Alexander and Scipio, that being in the flower of his age, for he was slain by the Parthians at one and thirty, of a great many very beautiful captives, he would not so much as look upon one. As to his justice, he took himself the pains to hear the parties, and although he would out of curiosity enquire what religion they were of, nevertheless the hatred he had to ours never gave any counterpoise to the balance. He made himself several good laws, and cut off a great part of the subsidies and taxes impos'd and levied by his predecessors. We have two good historians who were eyewitnesses of his actions; one of which, Marcellinus, in several places of his "History," sharply reproves an edict of his whereby he interdicted all Christian rhetoricians and grammarians to keep school, or to teach, and says he could wish that act of his had been buried in silence. It is very likely that had he done any more severe things against us, he, so affectionate as he was to our party, would not have pass'd it over in silence. He was, indeed, sharp against us, but yet no cruel enemy: for our own people tell this story of him, that one day, walking about the city of Chalcedon, Maris, bishop of the place, was so bold as to tell him that he was impious, and an enemy to Christ, at which, say they, therein affecting a philosophical patience, he was no further mov'd, than to reply, "Go wretch, and lament the loss of thy eyes," to which the bishop reply'd again, "I thank Jesus Christ for taking away my sight, that I may not see thy impudent face." So it is that this action of his savours nothing of the cruelty that he is said to have exercis'd towards us. "He was" (says Eutropius, my other witness) "an enemy to Christianity, but without putting his hand to blood." And to return to his justice, there is nothing in that whereof he can be accus'd, the severity excepted he practis'd in the beginning of his reign against those who had follow'd the party of Constantius, his predecessor. As to his sobriety, he liv'd always a souldier's kind of life; and kept a table in the most profound peace, like one that prepar'd and inur'd himself to the austerities of war. His vigilancy was such, that he divided the night into three or four parts, of which, always the least was dedicated to sleep, the

rest was spent either in visiting the estate of his army and guards, in person, or in study, for, amongst other rare qualities, he was very excellent in all sorts of learning. 'Tis said of Alexander the Great, that being in bed, for fear lest sleep should divert him from his thoughts and studies, he had always a basin set by his bedside, and held one of his hands out with a ball of copper in it, to the end, that beginning to fall asleep, and his fingers leaving their hold, the ball by falling into the basin might awake him. But the other had his mind so bent upon what he had a mind to do, and so little disturb'd with fumes, by reason of his singular abstinence, that he had no need of any such invention. As to his military experience, he was excellent in all the qualities of a great captain, as it was likely he should, being almost all his life in a continual exercise of war, and most of that time with us in France, against the Germans and Francks: we hardly read of any man that ever saw more dangers, or that made more frequent proofs of his personal valour. His death has something in it parallel with that of Epaminondas, for he was wounded with an arrow, and try'd to pull it out, and had done it, but that being edg'd, it cut and disabl'd his hand. He incessantly call'd out, that they would carry him again in this condition into the heat of the battel to encourage his souldiers, who very bravely disputed the battel without him, till night parted the armies. We stood oblig'd to his philosophy for the singular contempt he had for his life, and all human things. He had a firm belief of the immortality of the soul. In matter of religion, he was vicious throughout, and was surnam'd the Apostate, for having relinquish'd ours; though, methinks, 'tis more likely that he had never thoroughly embrac'd it, but had dissembled out of obedience to the laws, till he came to the empire. He was in his own so superstitious, that he was laugh'd at for it by those of the same opinion of his own time, who jeeringly said that had he got the victory over the Parthians, he had destroy'd the breed of oxen in the world to supply his sacrifices: he was more over besotted with the art of divination, and gave authority to all sorts of predictions. He said, amongst other things, at his death, that he was oblig'd to the gods, and thank'd them, in that they would not cut him off by surprise, having long before advertis'd him of the place and hour of his death, nor by a mean and unmanly death, more becoming lazy and delicate people, nor by a death that was languishing, long, and painful; and that they had thought him worthy to die after that noble manner, in the progress of his

victories, in the flower of his age, and in the height of his glory. He had a vision like that of Marcus Brutus, that first threatened him in Gaul, and afterward appear'd to him in Persia just before his death. These words, that some make him say when he felt himself wounded, "Thou hast overcome, Nazarene," or as others, "Content thyself, Nazarene," would hardly have been omitted, had they been believ'd by my witnesses, who, being present in the army, have set down to the least motions and words of his end, no more than certain other miracles that are recorded of him. And to return to my subject, he long nourish'd, says Marcellinus, paganism in his heart; but all his army being Christians, he durst not own it. But in the end, seeing himself strong enough to dare to discover himself, he caus'd the temples of the gods to be thrown open, and did his utmost to set on foot and to encourage idolatry: which the better to effect, having at Constantinople found the people disunited, and also the prelates of the Church divided amongst themselves, having conven'd them all before him, he gravely and earnestly admonish'd them to calm those civil dissensions, and that every one might freely and without fear follow his own religion. Which he did the more sedulously solicit, in hope that this license would augment the schisms and faction of their division, and hinder the people from reuniting, and consequently fortifying themselves against him by their unanimous intelligence and concord; having experimented by the cruelty of some Christians, that there is no beast in the world so much to be fear'd by man, as man. These are very near his words, wherein this is very worthy of consideration, that the Emperour Julian made use of the same receipt of liberty of conscience to inflame the civil dissensions, that our kings do to extinguish them. So that a man may say on one side, that to give the people the reins to entertain every man his own opinion is to scatter and sow division, and, as it were, to lend a hand to augment it, there being no sence nor correction of law to stop and hinder their career; but, on the other side, a man may also say that to give the people the reins to entertain every man his own opinion is to mollifie and appease them by facility and toleration, and dull the point which is whetted and made sharper by variety, novelty, and difficulty. And I think it is better for the honour of the devotion of our kings, that not having been able to do what they would, they have made a shew of being willing to do what they could.

Complete.

THAT WE TASTE NOTHING PURE

THE imbecility of our condition is such, that things cannot in their natural simplicity and purity fall into our use; the elements that we enjoy are chang'd, even metals themselves, and gold must in some sort be debas'd to fit it for our service. Neither has vertue, so simple as that which Aristo, Pyrrho, and also the Stoicks have made the principal end of life; nor the Cerenaick and Aristippick pleasure been without mixture useful to it. Of the pleasure and goods that we enjoy, there is not one exempt from some mixture of ill and inconvenience. Our extreamest pleasure has some air of groaning and complaining in't. Would you not say that it is dying of pain? Nay, when we forge the image of it, we stuff it with sickly and painful epithets, languor, softness, feebleness, faintness, morbidezza, a great testimony of their consanguinity and consubstantiality. The most profound joy has more of severity than gayety in it. The most extream and most full contentment more of the grave and temperate than of the wanton. "*Ipsa fælicitas, sc nisi temperat premit.*" — *Sen.* Ep. 74. "Even felicity, unless it moderate it self, oppresseth." Delight chews and grinds us; according to the old Greek verse, which says that "the gods sell us all the goods they give us," that is to say, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do not purchase them but at the price of some evil. Labour and pleasure, very unlike in nature, associate, nevertheless, by I know not what natural conjunction. Socrates says that "some god try'd to mix in one mass, and confound pain and pleasure, but not being able to do it, he unbethought him, at least to couple them by the tail." Metrodorus said that: "In sorrow there is some mixture of pleasure." I know not whether or no he intended any thing else by that saying; but for my part, I am of opinion that there is design, consent, and complacency in giving a man's self up to melancholy. I say, that besides ambition, which may also have a stroke in the business, there is some shadow of delight and delicacy which smiles upon and flatters us even in the very lap of melancholy. Are there not some complexions that feed upon it?

We find apples that have a sweet tartness. Nature discovers this confusion to us. Painters hold that the same motions and screwings of the face that serve for weeping serve for laughter

too; and, indeed, before the one or the other be finish'd, do but observe the painter's manner of handling, as you will be in doubt to which of the two the design does tend. And the extremity of laughter does at last bring tears. "*Nullum sine auctore mente malum est.*"—*Sen.* Ep. 70. "No evil is without its compensation." When I the most strictly and religiously confess my self, I find that the best vertue I have has in it some tincture of vice; and am afraid that Plato, in his purest vertue (I who am as sincere and perfect a lover of vertue of that stamp as any other whatever), if he had listen'd, and laid his ear close to himself (and he did so), he would have heard some jarring sound of human mixture; but faint and remote, and only to be perceiv'd by himself. Man is wholly and throughout but patcht and motly. Even the laws of justice themselves cannot subsist without mixture of injustice; insomuch that Plato says, "They undertake to cut off the Hydra's head, who pretend to clear the law of all inconvenience." "*Omne magnum exemplum habet aliquid ex iniquo, quod contra singulos utilitate publica rependitur.*"—*Tac.* Annal., Lib. XIV. "Every great example has in it some mixture of injustice, which recompenses the wrong done to particular men by the publick utility." It is likewise true, that for the usage of life, and the service of publick commerce, there may be some excesses in the purity and perspicacity of our minds; that penetrating light has in it too much of subtlety and curiosity; we must a little stupefy and blunt and abate them, to render them more obedient to example and practice; and a little veil and obscure them, the better to proportion them to this dark and earthy life. And yet common and less speculative souls are found to be more proper and more successful in the management of affairs; and the elevated and exquisite opinions of philosophy more unfit for business. This sharp vivacity of soul, and the supple and restless volubility attending it, disturb our negotiations. We are to manage human enterprises more superficially and rudely, and leave a great part to fortune. It is not necessary to examine affairs with so much subtlety, and so deep; a man loses himself in the consideration of so many contrary lustres, and so many various forms. "*Voluntatibus res inter se pugnantes, obturbaverant animi.*"—*Livy.* "Whilst they consider'd of things so indifferent in themselves, they were astonish'd and knew not what to do." 'Tis what the Ancients say of Simonides, that by reason his imagination suggested to him, upon the question King Hiero had put to him (to answer which

he had had many days to meditate in), several witty and subtle considerations, whilst he doubted which was the most likely, he totally despair'd of the truth. Who dives into, and in his inquisition comprehends all circumstances and consequences, hinders his election; a little engine well handled is sufficient for executions of less or greater weight and moment. The best husbands are those who can worst give account how they are so; and the greatest talkers for the most part do nothing to purpose. I know one of this sort of men, and the most excellent director in all sorts of good husbandry, who has miserably let an hundred thousand livres yearly revenue slip through his hands. I know another, who says that he is able to give better advice than any of his counsel; and there is not in the world a fairer show of a soul, and of greater understanding, than he has; nevertheless, when he comes to the test, his servants find him quite another thing.

Complete.

OF THUMBS AND POLTROONS

TACITUS reports that amongst certain barbarian kings, their manner was, when they would make a firm obligation, to joyn their hands close to one another, and twist their thumbs, and when by force of straining the blood it appear'd in the ends, they lightly pricked them with some sharp instrument, and mutually suck'd them. Physicians say that the thumbs are the master fingers of the hand, and that their Latin etymology is derived from *pollere*. The Greeks call'd them ἀντιχεῖρ, as who should say, another hand. And it seems that the Latins also sometimes take it in this sense for the whole hand. It was at Rome a signification of favor to depress and clap in the thumbs, and of disfavor to elevate and thrust them outward.

The Romans exempted from war all such as were maim'd in the thumbs, as having no more sufficient strength to hold their arms. Augustus confiscated the estate of a Roman knight, who had maliciously cut off the thumbs of two young children he had, to excuse them from going into the armies: and before him, the Senate, in the time of the Italick war, had condemn'd Cajus Valienus to perpetual imprisonment, and confiscated all his goods, for having purposely cut off the thumb of his left hand, to exempt himself from that expedition. Some one, I have forgot who, having won a naval battel, cut off the thumbs of all his

vanquish'd enemies, to render them incapable of fighting, and of handling the oar. And in Lacedæmonia, pedagogues chastis'd their scholars by biting their thumbs.

Complete.

OF THE VANITY OF WORDS

A RHETORICIAN of times past said that to make little things appear great was his profession. This is a shooe-maker, who can make a great shooe for a little foot. They would in Sparta have sent such a fellow to be whipp'd, for making profession of a lying and deceitful art: and I fancie that Archidamus, who was king of that country, was a little surpris'd at the answer of Thucydides, when enquiring of him, which was the better wrestler, Pericles, or he, he reply'd that it was hard to affirm; "for when I have thrown him," said he, "he always perswades the spectators that he had no fall, and carries away the prize." They who paint, pounce, and plaister up the ruins of women, filling up their wrinckles and deformities, are less to blame; because it is no great matter, whether we see them in their natural complexions, or no. Whereas these make it their business to deceive not our sight only, but our judgments, and to adulterate and corrupt the very essence of things. The republicks that have maintain'd themselves in a regular and well modell'd government, such as those of Lacedæmon and Crete, had orators in no very great esteem. Aristo did wisely define Rhetorick to be a science to perswade the people; Socrates and Plato, an art to flatter and deceive. And those who deny it in the general description, verifie it throughout in their precepts. The Mahometans will not suffer their children to be instructed in it, as being useless, and the Athenians perceiving of how pernicious consequence the practice of it was, it being in their city of universal esteem, order'd the principal part, which is to move affections, with their exordiums and perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an engine invented, to manage and govern a disorderly and tumultuous rabble, and that never is made use of, but like physick to the sick, in the paroxysms of a discompos'd estate. In those, where the vulgar, or the ignorant, or both together, have been all-powerful, and able to give the law, as in those of Athens, Rhodes, and Rome, and where the publick affairs have been in a continual tempest of commotion, to such places

have the orators always repair'd. And in truth, we shall find few persons in those republicks, who have push'd their fortunes to any great degree of eminence, without the assistance of elocution: Pompey, Cæsar, Crassus, Lucullus, Lentulus, and Metellus, have thence taken their chiefest spring to mount to that degree of authority to which they did at last arrive: making it of greater use to them, than arms, contrary to the opinion of better times. For L. Volumnius speaking publickly in favour of the election of Q. Fabius, and Pub. Decius, to the consular dignity: "These are men," said he, "born for war, and great in execution, in the combat of the tongue altogether to seek; spirits truly consular. The subtle, eloquent, and learned are only good for the city, to make pretors of, to administer justice." Eloquence flourished most at Rome, when the publick affairs were in the worst condition, and the republick most disquieted with intestine commotions, as a rank and untill'd soil bears the worst weeds. By which it should seem that a monarchical government has less need of it than any other; for the brutality, and facility, natural to the common people, and that render them subject to be turn'd and twin'd, and led by the ears, by this charming harmony of words, without weighing or considering the truth and reality of things by the force of reason: this facility, I say, is not easily found in a single person, and it is also more easie by good education and advice, to secure him from the impression of this poison. There was never any famous orator known to come out of Persia or Macedon.

I have enter'd into this discourse upon the occasion of an Italian I lately receiv'd into my service and who was clerk of the kitchen to the late Cardinal Caraffa till his death. I put this fellow upon an account of his office: where he fell to discourse of this palate science, with such a settled countenance, and magisterial gravity, as if he had been handling some profound point of divinity. He made a learned distinction of the several sorts of appetites, of that a man has before he begins to eat, and of those after the second and third service: the means simply to satisfie the first, and then to raise and actuate the other two: the ordering of the sauces, first in general, and then proceeded to the qualities of the ingredients, and their effects: the differences of sallets according to their seasons, which aught to be serv'd up hot, and which cold: the manner of their garnishment and decoration, to render them yet more acceptable to the eye.

After which he enter'd upon the order of the whole service, full of weighty and important considerations.

And all this set out with lofty and magnifick words; the very same we make use of, when we discourse of the regiment of an empire.

And yet even the Greeks themselves did very much admire, and highly applaud the order and disposition that Paulus Æmilius observ'd in the feast he made them at his return from Macedon; but I do not here speak of effects, I speak of words only. I do not know whether it may have the same operation upon other men that it has upon me; but when I hear our architects thunder out their bombast words of pilasters, architraves, and cornices, of the Corinthian and Dorick orders, and such like stuff, my imagination is presently possess'd with the palace of Apollidonius in "Amadis de Gaul"; when after all, I find them but the paltry pieces of my own kitchen door. And to hear men talk of metonymies, metaphors, and allegories, and other grammar words, would not a man think they signified some rare and exotick form of speaking? And this other is a gullery of the same stamp, to call the offices of our kingdom by the lofty titles of the Romans, though they have no similitude of function, and yet less authority and power. And this also, which I doubt will one day turn to the reproach of this age of ours, unworthily and indifferently to confer upon any we think fit the most glorious sirnames with which antiquity honor'd but one or two persons in several ages. Plato carried away the sirname of Divine, by so universal a consent, that never any one repin'd at it, or attempted to take it from him; and yet the Italians, who pretend, and with good reason, to more sprightly wits, and sounder discourses, than the other nations of their times, have lately honour'd Aretine with the same title; in whose writings, save a tumid phrase, set out with smart periods,—ingenious indeed, but far fetch'd and fantastick,—and eloquence (be it what it will) I see nothing above the ordinary writers of his time,—so far is he from approaching the ancient divinity. And we make nothing of giving the sirname of Great to princes, that have nothing in them above a popular grandeur.

Complete.

THAT THE INTENTION IS JUDGE OF OUR ACTIONS

'Tis a saying, "that death discharges us of all our obligations." However, I know some who have taken it in another sense. Henry VII., king of England, articled with Don Philip, son to Maximilian the Emperour, and father to the Emperour Charles V., when he had him upon English ground, that the said Philip should deliver up the Duke of Suffolk of the White Rose, his mortal enemy, who was fled into the Low Countries, into his hands; which Philip (not knowing how to evade it) accordingly promis'd to do, but upon condition, nevertheless, that Henry should attempt nothing against the life of the said duke, which during his own life he perform'd; but coming to die, in his last will, commanded his son to put him to death immediately after his decease. And lately, in the tragedy, that the Duke of Alva presented to us in the persons of the two counts, Egmont and Horne, at Brussels, there were very remarkable passages, and one amongst the rest, that the said Count Egmont (upon the security of whose word and faith Count Horne had come and surrendered himself to the Duke of Alva) earnestly entreated that he might first mount the scaffold, to the end that death might disengage him from the obligation he had pass'd to the other. In which case, methinks death did not acquit the former of his promise, and the second was satisfied in the good intention of the other, even though he had not died with him; for we cannot be oblig'd beyond what we are able to perform, by reason that the effects and intentions of what we promise are not at all in our power, and that, indeed, we are masters of nothing but the will, in which, by necessity, all the rules and whole duty of mankind is founded and establish'd. And therefore Count Egmont, conceiving his soul and will bound and indebted to the promise, although he had not the power to make it good, had doubtless been absolv'd of his duty, even though he had outliv'd the other; but the king of England willfully and premeditately breaking his faith was no more to be excused for deferring the execution of his infidelity till after his death, than Herodotus his mason, who having inviolably, during the time of his life, kept the secret of the treasure of the king of Ægypt his master, at his death discover'd it to his children. I have taken notice of several in my time, who, convinc'd by their consciences of unjustly detaining

the goods of another, have endeavour'd to make amends by their will, and after their decease; but they had as good do nothing as delude themselves both in taking so much time in so pressing an affair, and also in going about to repair an injury with so little demonstration of resentment and concern. They owe over and above something of their own, and by how much their payment is more strict and incommodious to themselves, by so much is their restitution more perfect, just, and meritorious; for penitency requires penance: but they yet do worse than these, who reserve the declaration of a mortal animosity against their neighbour to the last gasp, having conceal'd it all the time of their lives before, wherein they declare to have little regard of their own honour whilst they irritate the party offended against their memory; and less to their conscience, not having the power, even out of respect to death it self, to make their malice die with them; but extending the life of their hatred even beyond their own. Unjust judges, who defer judgment to a time wherein they can have no knowledge of the cause! For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death discover nothing that my life has not first openly manifested and publickly declar'd.

Complete.

OF IDLENESS

As we see some grounds that have long lain idle, and untill'd, when grown rank and fertile by rest, to abound with, and spend their vertue in the product of innumerable sorts of weeds, and wild herbs, that are unprofitable, and of no wholesome use, and that to make them perform their true office we are to cultivate and prepare them for such seeds as are proper for our service. And as we see women that without the knowledge of men do sometimes of themselves bring forth inanimate and formless lumps of flesh, but that to cause a natural and perfect generation they are to be husbanded with another kind of seed; even so it is with wits, which if not apply'd to some certain study that may fix and restrain them, run into a thousand extravagancies, and are eternally roving here and there in the inextricable labyrinth of restless imagination.

> Like as the quivering reflection
> Of fountain waters, when the morning sun

Darts on the bason, or the moon's pale beam
Gives light and colour to the captive stream,
Whips with fantastick motion round the place,
And walls and roof strikes with its trembling rays.
—Æn., l. 8.

In which wild and irregular agitation, there is no folly nor idle fancy they do not light upon: —

« Like sick men's dreams, that from a troubled brain
Phantasms create, ridiculous and vain.
—*Hor.* Arts Poet.

The soul that has no establish'd limit to circumscribe it loses it self, as the epigrammatist says: —

« He that lives every where does no where live.»

When I lately retir'd my self to my own house, with a resolution, as much as possibly I could, to avoid all manner of concern in affairs, and to spend in privacy and repose the little remainder of time I have to live, I fancy'd I could not more oblige my mind than to suffer it at full leisure to entertain and divert it-self, which I also now hop'd it might the better be entrusted to do, as being by time and observation become more settled and mature; but I find,

« ——— Even in the most retir'd estate
Leisure it self does various thoughts create.
—*Lucan.*, l. 4.

that, quite contrary, it is like a horse that has broke from his rider, who voluntarily runs into a much more violent career than any horseman would put him to, and creates me so many chimæra's and fantastick monsters one upon another, without order or design, that, the better at leisure to contemplate their strangeness and absurdity, I have begun to commit them to writing, hoping in time to make them asham'd of themselves.

Complete.

OF «LYARS»

THERE is not a man living, whom it would so little become to speak of memory as my self, for I have none at all; and do not think that the world has again another so treacherous as mine. My other faculties are all very ordinary and mean;

but in this I think my self very singular, and to such a degree of excellence, that (besides the inconvenience I suffer by it, which merits something) I deserve methinks, to be famous for it, and to have more than a common reputation: though, in truth, the necessary use of memory consider'd, Plato had reason when he call'd it a great and powerful goddess. In my country, when they would decypher a man that has no sense, they say, such a one has no memory; and when I complain of mine, they seem not to believe I am in earnest, and presently reprove me, as tho I accus'd myself for a fool, not discerning the difference betwixt memory and understanding; wherein they are very wide of my intention, and do me wrong: experience rather daily shewing us, on the contrary, that a strong memory is commonly coupled with infirm judgment; and they do me, moreover (who am so perfect in nothing as the good friend), at the same time a greater wrong in this, that they make the same words which accuse my infirmity represent me for an ingrateful person; wherein they bring my integrity and good-nature into question upon the account of my memory, and from a natural imperfection unjustly derive a defect of conscience. He has forgot, says one, this request, or that promise; he no more remembers his friends, he has forgot, to say or do, or to conceal such and such a thing for my sake. And truly, I am apt enough to forget many things, but to neglect any thing my friend has given me in charge I never do it. And it should be enough, methinks, that I feel the misery and inconvenience of it, without branding me with malice, a vice so much a stranger, and so contrary to my nature. However, I derive these comforts from my infirmity; first, that it is an evil from which principally I have found reason to correct a worse, that would easily enough have grown upon me,—namely, ambition; this defect being intolerable in those who take upon them the negotiations of the world, an employment of the greatest honor and trust among men. Secondly, that (as several like examples in the progress of nature demonstrate to us) she has fortify'd me in my other faculties, proportionably as she has unfurnish'd me in this: I should otherwise have been apt implicitly to have repos'd my wit and judgment upon the bare report of other men, without ever setting them to work upon any inquisition whatever, had the strange inventions and opinions of the authors I have read been ever present with me by the benefit of memory; thirdly, that by this means I am not so talkative, for the magazine of the

memory is ever better furnish'd with matter than that of the invention; and had mine been faithful to me, I had ere this, deaf'd all my friends with my eternal babble, the subjects themselves rousing and stirring up the little faculty I have of handling, and applying them, heating and extending my discourse. 'Tis a great imperfection, and what I have observ'd in several of my intimate friends, who, as their memories supply them with a present and entire review of things, derive their narratives from so remote a fountain, and crowd them with so many impertinent circumstances, that though the story be good in itself, they make a shift to spoil it; and if otherwise, you are either to curse the strength of their memory, or the weakness of their judgment: And it is a hard thing to close up a discourse, and to cut it short, when you are once in, and have a great deal more to say. Neither is there anything wherein the force and readiness of a horse is so much seen, as in a round, graceful, and sudden stop; and I see even those who are pertinent enough, who would, but cannot stop short in their career; for whilst they are seeking out a handsome period to conclude the sense, they talk at random, and are so perplex'd, and entangl'd in their own eloquence, that they know not what they say. But above all, old men, who yet retain the memory of things past, and forget how often they have told them, are the most dangerous company for this fault; and I have known stories from the mouth of a man of very great quality, otherwise very pleasant in themselves, becoming very troublesome, by being a hundred times repeated over and over again. The fourth obligation I have to this infirm memory of mine is, that by this means I less remember the injuries I have receiv'd; insomuch, that (as the Ancient said) I should have a protocol, a register of injuries, or a prompter, like Darius, who, that he might not forget the offence he had receiv'd from those of Athens, so oft as he sat down to dinner, order'd one of his pages three times to whoop in his ear, "Sir, remember the Athenians": and also, the places which I revisit, and the books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh novelty. It is not without good reason said that he who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying. I know very well that the grammarians distinguish betwixt an untruth and a lye, and say that to tell an untruth is to tell a thing that is false, but that we our selves believe to be true; and that to lye is to tell a thing that we know in our conscience to be utterly false and untrue; and it is of this

last sort of lyars only that I now speak. Now these do either wholly contrive and invent the untruths they utter, or so alter and disguise a true story, that it always ends in a lye; and when they disguise and often alter the same story according to their own fancy, 'tis very hard for them at one time or another to escape being trapp'd by reason that the real truth of the thing having first taken possession of the memory, and being there lodg'd, and imprinted by the way of knowledge and science, it will be ever ready to present it self to the imagination, and to shoulder out any falsehood of their own contriving, which cannot there have so sure and settled a footing as the other; and the circumstances of the first true knowledge evermore running in their minds will be apt to make them forget those that are illegitimate, and only forg'd by their own fancy. In what they wholly invent, forasmuch as there is no contrary impression to justle their invention, there seems to be less danger of tripping; and yet even this also, by reason it is a vain body, and without any other foundation than fancy only, is very apt to escape the memory, if they be not careful to make themselves very perfect in their tale. Of which I have had very pleasant experience, at the expense of such as profess only to form, and accommodate their speech to the affair they have in hand, or to the humour of the person with whom they have to do; for the circumstances to which these men stick not to enslave their consciences, and their faith being subject to several changes, their language must accordingly vary; from whence it happens that of the same thing they tell one man, that it is this, and another that it is that, giving it several forms, and colours; which men, if they once come to confer notes, and find out the cheat, what becomes of this fine art? To which may be added, that they must of necessity very often ridiculously trap themselves; for what memory can be sufficient to retain so many different shapes as they have forg'd upon one and the same subject? I have known many in my time, very ambitious of the repute of this fine piece of discretion; but they do not see that if there be a reputation of being wise, there is really no prudence in it. In plain truth, lying is a hateful and an accursed vice. We are not men, nor have other tye upon one another, but our word. If we did but discover the horror and ill consequences of it, we should pursue it with fire and sword, and more justly than other crimes. I see that parents commonly, and with indiscretion enough, correct their children

for little innocent faults, and torment them for wanton childish tricks, that have neither impression, nor tend to any consequence; whereas, in my opinion, lying only, and (what is of something a lower form) stomach, are the faults which are to be severely whipp'd out of them, both in the infancy and progress of the vices, which will otherwise grow up and increase with them; and after a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagin'd how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some, who are otherwise very honest men, so subject to this vice. I have an honest lad to my taylor, whom I never knew guilty of one truth, no not when it had been to his advantage. If falsehood had, like truth, but one face only, we should be upon better terms; for we should then take the contrary to what the lyar says for certain truth; but the reverse of truth has an hundred thousand figures, and a field indefinite without bound or limit. The Pythagoreans make good to be certain and finite, and evil infinite and uncertain; there are a thousand ways to miss the white, there is only one to hit it. For my own part, I have this vice in so great horror, that I am not sure I could prevail with my conscience to secure myself from the most manifest and extream danger, by an impudent and solemn lye. An ancient father says, "that a dog we know is better company than a man whose language we do not understand."—*Plin.* Nat. Hist., Lib. VII., Cap. i. *Ut externus non alieno sit hominis vice.* As a foreigner, to one that understands not what he says, cannot be said to supply the place of a man, because he can be no company. And how much less sociable is false speaking than silence. King Francis I. bragg'd that he had, by this means, nonpluss'd Francisco Taverna, the embassadour of Francisco Sforza, Duke of Milan, a man very famous for his eloquence in those days. This gentleman had been sent to excuse his master to his Majesty about a thing of very great consequence; which was this: King Francis, to maintain ever more some intelligence in Italy, out of which he had lately been driven, and particularly in the dutchy of Milan, had thought it (to that end) convenient to have evermore a gentleman on his behalf to lie leiger in the court of that duke: an embassadour in effect, but in outward appearance no other than a private person who pretended to reside there upon the single account of his own particular affairs; which was so carried, by reason that the duke, much more depending upon the emperour, especially at a time when he was in a treaty of a mar-

riage with his neece, daughter to the king of Denmark, and since dowager of Lorrain, could not own any friendship or intelligence with us, but very much to his own prejudice. For this commission then one Merveille, a Milanois gentleman, and equerry to the king, being thought very fit, he was accordingly dispatch'd thither with private letters of credence, his instructions of embassadour, and other letters of recommendation to the duke about his own private concerns, the better to colour the business; and so long continued in that court, that the emperour at last had some inkling of his real employment there, and complain'd of it to the duke, which was the occasion of what follow'd after, as we suppose; which was, that under pretence of a murther by him committed, his tryal was in two days dispatch'd, and his head in the night struck off in prison. Signior Francisco then being upon this account come to the court of France, and prepared with a long counterfeit story to excuse a thing of so dangerous example, (for the king had apply'd himself to all the princes of Christendom, as well as to the duke himself, to demand satisfaction for this outrage upon the person of his minister) had his audience at the morning council; where, after he had for the support of his cause, in a long-premeditated oration, laid open several plausible justifications of the fact, he concluded that the duke his master had never look'd upon this Merveille for other than a private gentleman, and his own subject, who was there only in order to his own business, neither had he ever liv'd after any other manner; absolutely disowning that he had ever heard he was one of the king's domestic servants, or that his Majesty so much as knew him, so far was he from taking him for an embassadour. When having made an end, and the king pressing him with several objections and demands, and sifting him on all hands, gravell'd him at last, by asking, why then the execution was perform'd by night, and, as it were, by stealth. At which the poor confounded embassadour, the more handsomely to disengage himself, made answer, that the duke would have been very loath, out of respect to his Majesty, that such an execution should have been perform'd in the face of the sun. Any one may guess if he was not well schooled when he came home, for having so grossly tripp'd in the presence of a prince of so delicate a nostril as King Francis. Pope Julius II., having sent an embassadour to the king of England to animate him against King Francis, the embassadour having had his audience, and the king, before he would give a positive

answer, insisting upon the difficulties he found in setting on foot so great a preparation as would be necessary to attack so potent a king, and urging some reasons to that effect, the embassadour very unseasonably reply'd, that he had also himself consider'd the same difficulties, and had represented as much to the pope. From which saying of his, so directly opposite to the thing propounded, and the business he came about, which was immediately to incite him to war, the king first deriv'd argument (which also he afterwards found to be true) that this embassadour, in his own private bosom, was a friend to the French; of which having advertis'd the pope, his estate at his return home was confiscate, and himself very narrowly escap'd the losing of his head.

Complete.

OF QUICK OR SLOW SPEECH

"*Onc ne fut à tous toutes graces donnees.*"

"All graces by all-liberal heaven
Were never yet to all men given."

As we see in the gift of eloquence, wherein some have such a facility and promptness, and that which we call a present wit, so easie, that they are ever ready upon all occasions, and never to be surpris'd: and others more heavy and slow, never venture to utter any thing but what they have long premeditated, and taken great care and pains to fit and prepare. Now, as we teach young ladies those sports and exercises which are most proper to set out the grace and beauty of those parts wherein their chiefest ornament and perfection lie; so in these two advantages of eloquence, to which the lawyers and preachers of our age seem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to advise, the slow speaker, methinks, should be more proper for the pulpit, and the other for the bar; and that because the employment of the first does naturally allow him all the leisure he can desire to prepare himself, and besides his career is perform'd in an even and unintermitted line, without stop or interruption; whereas, the pleader's business and interest compels him to enter the lists upon all occasions, and the unexpected objections and replies of his adverse party justle him out of his course, and put him upon the instant, to pump for new and extempore answers and defences. Yet, at the interview betwixt Pope Clement and

King Francis at Marseilles, it happen'd quite contrary, that Monsieur de Poyet, a man bred up all his life at the bar, and in the highest repute for eloquence, having the charge of making the harangue to the pope committed to him, and having so long meditated on it beforehand, as (it was said) to have brought it ready made along with him from Paris; the very day it was to have been pronounc'd, the pope, fearing some thing might be said that might give offence to the other princes' embassadours who were there attending on him, sent to acquaint the king with the argument which he conceiv'd most suiting to the time and place, but by chance quite another thing to that Monsieur de Poyet had taken so much pains about: so that the fine speech he had prepared was of no use, and he was upon the instant to contrive another; which finding himself unable to do, Cardinal Bellay was constrain'd to perform that office. The pleader's part is, doubtless, much harder than that of the preacher; and yet in my opinion we see more passable lawyers than preachers. It should seem that the nature of wit is, to have its operation prompt and sudden, and that of judgment to have it more deliberate and more slow; but he who remains totally silent for want of leisure to prepare himself to speak well, and he also whom leisure does no ways benefit to better speaking, are equally unhappy. 'Tis said of Severus (Cassius) that he spoke best extempore, that he stood more oblig'd to fortune, than his own diligence, that it was an advantage to him to be interrupted in speaking, and that his adversaries were afraid to nettle him, lest his anger should redouble his eloquence. I know experimentally, a disposition so impatient of a tedious and elaborate premeditation, that if it do not go frankly and gayly to work, can perform nothing to purpose. We say of some compositions, that they stink of oyl, and smell of the lamp, by reason of a certain rough harshness that the laborious handling imprints upon those where great force has been employ'd: but besides this, the solicitude of doing well, and a certain striving and contending of a mind too far strain'd, and over-bent upon its undertaking, breaks, and hinders it self, like water, that, by force of its own pressing violence and abundance, cannot find a ready issue through the neck of a bottle, or a narrow sluice. In this condition of nature, of which I was now speaking, there is this also, that it would not be disorder'd, and stimulated with such a passion as the fury of Cassius; for such a motion would be too violent and rude: it would not be justled,

but solicited, and would be rouz'd and heated by unexpected, sudden, and accidental occasions. If it be left to itself, it flags and languishes, agitation only gives it grace and vigour. I am always worst in my own possession, and when wholly at my own disposal. Accident has more title to any thing that comes from me, than I; occasion, company, and even the very rising and falling of my own voice, extract more from my fancy than I can find when I examine and employ it by my self; by which means, the things I say are better than those I write, if either were to be preferr'd where neither are worth any thing. This also befalls me, that I am at a loss, when I seek, and light upon things more by chance, than by any inquisition of my own judgment. I perhaps sometimes hit upon some thing when I write that seems quaint and spritely to me, but will appear dull and heavy to another. But let us leave this subject. Every one talks thus of himself according to his talent. For my part, I am already so lost in it, that I know not what I was about to say, and in such cases a stranger often finds it out before me. If I should always carry my razor about me, to use so oft as this inconvenience befalls me, I should make clean work; but some occurrence or other may at some other time lay it as visible to me as the light, and make me wonder what I should stick at.

Complete.

THAT THE SOUL DISCHARGES HER PASSIONS UPON FALSE OBJECTS WHERE THE TRUE ARE WANTING

A GENTLEMAN of my country, who was very often tormented with the gout, being importun'd by his physicians totally to reclaim his appetite from all manner of salt meats, was wont presently to reply that he must needs have some thing to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits, and that he fancy'd that railing at and cursing one while the Bolognia sawsages, and another the dry'd tongues and the hams, was some mitigation to his pain. And in good earnest, as the arm when it is advanced to strike, if it fail of meeting with that upon which it was design'd to discharge the blow, and spends it self in vain, does offend the striker himself; and as also, that to make a pleasant prospect the sight should not be lost and dilated in a vast extent of empty air, but have some bounds to limit and circumscribe it at a reasonable distance: —

"As winds do lose their strength, unless withstood
By some dark grove of strong opposing wood."

So it appears that the soul being transported and discompos'd, turns its violence upon it self, if not supply'd with some thing to oppose it, and therefore always requires an enemy as an object on which to discharge its fury and resentment. Plutarch says very well of those who are delighted with little dogs and monkeys, that the amorous part which is in us, for want of a legitimate object, rather than lie idle, does after that manner forge, and create one frivolous and false; as we see that the soul in the exercise of its passions inclines rather to deceive itself, by creating a false and fantastical subject, even contrary to its own relief, than not to have something to work upon. And after this manner brute beasts direct their fury to fall upon the stone or weapon that has hurt them, and with their teeth even execute their revenge upon themselves, for the injury they have receiv'd from another.

So the fierce bear, made fiercer by the smart
Of the bold Lybian's mortal guided dart,
Turns round upon the wound, and the tough spear
Contorted o'er her breast does flying bear
Down. . . . — *Claudian.*

What causes of the misadventures that befall us do we not invent? What is it that we do not lay the fault to right or wrong, that we may have something to quarrel with? Those beautiful tresses, young lady, you may so liberally tear off, are no way guilty, nor is it the whiteness of those delicate breasts you so unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky bullet has slain your beloved brother: quarrel with something else. Livy, Dec. 3, l. 5., speaking of the Roman army in Spain, says that for the loss of two brothers, who were both great captains, "*Flere omnes repente, et offensare capita,*" that they all wept, and tore their hair. 'Tis the common practice of affliction. And the philosopher Bion said pleasantly of the king, who by handfuls pull'd his hair off his head for sorrow, "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?" Who has not seen peevish gamesters worry the cards with their teeth, and swallow whole bales of dice in revenge for the loss of their money? Xerxes whipp'd the sea, and writ a challenge to Mount Athos; Cyrus employ'd a whole army several days at work, to revenge himself of the river Gnidus, for the fright it had put him into in passing over; and Caligula demolish'd a

very beautiful palace for the pleasure his mother had once enjoy'd there. I remember there was a story current, when I was a boy, that one of our neighbouring kings having receiv'd a blow from the hand of God, swore he would be reveng'd, and in order to it, made proclamation that for ten years to come no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him throughout his dominions; by which we are not so much to take measure of the folly, as the vainglory of the nation of which this tale was told. They are vices that, indeed, always go together; but such actions as these have in them more of presumption than want of wit. Augustus Cæsar, having been tost with a tempest at sea, fell to defying Neptune, and in the pomp of the Circensian games, to be reveng'd, depos'd his statue from the place it had amongst the other deities. Wherein he was less excusable than the former, and less than he was afterwards, when having lost a battle under Quintilius Varus in Germany, in rage and despair he went running his head against the walls, and crying out, O Varus! give me my men again! for this exceeds all folly, forasmuch as impiety is joined with it, invading God himself, or at least Fortune, as if she had ears that were subject to our batteries; like the Thracians, who, when it thunders, or lightens, fall to shooting against heaven with Titanian madness, as if by flights of arrows they intended to reduce God Almighty to reason. Though the ancient poet in Plutarch tells us,

"We must not quarrel heaven in our affairs."

But we can never enough decry nor sufficiently condemn the senseless and ridiculous sallies of our unruly passions.

Complete.

OF THE INEQUALITY AMONGST US

PLUTARCH says somewhere, that he does not find so great a difference betwixt beast and beast as he does betwixt man and man. Which is said in reference to the internal qualities and perfections of the soul. And, in truth, I find (according to my poor judgment) so vast a distance betwixt Epaminondas, and some that I know (who are yet men of common sense), that I could willingly enhance upon Plutarch, and say that there is more difference betwixt such and such a man, than there is betwixt such a man and such a beast: —

Heu vir viro quid præstat!—*Ter.* For. Act. ix., Sc. 3.

———How much alas,
One man another doth surpass!

And that there are as many and innumerable degree of wits, as there are cubits betwixt this and heaven. But as touching the estimate of men, 'tis strange that, our selves excepted, no other creature is esteem'd beyond its proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength, and sureness of foot,

————*volucrem*
Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palm.
Fervet, et exultat rauco victoria circo.
—*Juv.* Sat. 8.

"So we commend the horse for being fleet,
Who many palms by breath and speed does get,
And which the trumpets in the circle grace,
With their hoarse clangours for his well-run race."

and not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her gesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a pig in a poke; if you cheapen a horse, you will see him stripp'd of his housing-cloaths, you will see him naked and open to your eye; or if he be cloath'd, as they anciently were wont to present them to princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important parts, that you may not so much consider the beauty of his color, or the breadth of his crupper, as principally to examine his limbs, eyes, and feet, which are the members of greatest use:—

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Suspiciunt, ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
—*Hor.* Lib. I., Sat. 2.

"When kings' steeds cloath'd, as 'tis their manner, buy,
They straight examine very curiously,
Lest a short head, a thin and well-rais'd crest,
A broad-spread buttock, and an ample chest,
Should all be propt with an old beaten hoof,
To gull the buyer, when they come to proof."

Why, in giving your estimate of a man, do you prize him wrapp'd and muffled up in cloaths? He then discovers nothing to you but such parts as are not in the least his own; and conceals those by which alone one may rightly judge of his value. 'Tis the price of the blade that you inquire into, and not of the scabbard; you would not, peradventure, bid a farthing for him, if you saw him stripp'd. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears. And as one of the Ancients very pleasantly said, "Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the height of his chepines, whereas the pedestal is no part of the statue." Measure him without his stilts, let him lay aside his revenues, and his titles, let him present himself in his shirt, then examine if his body be sound and spritely, active and dispos'd to perform its functions? What soul has he? Is she beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has fortune no hand in the affair? Can she, without winking, stand the lightning of swords; is she indifferent, whether her life expire by the mouth, or through the throat? Is she settled, even, and content? This is what is to be examin'd, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences betwixt man and man. Is he —

> ———— *sapiens, sibique imperiosus*
> *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,*
> *Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores*
> *Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,*
> *Externi nequid valeat per læve morari,*
> *In quem manca ruit semper fortuna?*
>
> —*Hor.* Lib. II., Sat. 7.

> "Wise, and commanding o'er his appetite,
> One whom, nor want, nor death, nor bonds, can fright,
> To check his lusts, and honours scorn, so stout,
> And in himself so round and clear throughout,
> That no external thing can stop his course,
> And on whom fortune vainly tries her force,"—

such a man is rais'd five hundred fathoms above kingdoms and dutchies, he is an absolute monarch in and to himself.

> *Sapiens pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi.*
> —*Plaut.* Tri., Act. ii., Sc. 2.

> "The wise man his own fortune makes.
> What remains for him to covet, or desire?"

Compare with such a one the common rabble of mankind, stupid and mean spirited, servile, instable, and continually floating with the tempest of various passions, that tosses and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater distance than betwixt heaven and earth; and yet the blindness of common usage is such, that we make little or no account of it. Whereas, if we consider a peasant, and a king, a nobleman, and a villain, a magistrate, and a private man, a rich man, and a poor, there appears a vast disparity, though they differ no more (as a man may say) than in their breeches. In Thrace, the king was distinguish'd from his people, after a very pleasant manner; he had a religion by himself, a god of his own, and which his subjects were not to presume to adore, which was Mercury, whilst, on the other side, he disdain'd to have any thing to do with theirs, Mars, Bacchus, and Diana. And yet they are no other than pictures, that make no essential dissimilitude; for as you see actors in a play, representing the person of a duke, or an emperour, upon the stage, and immediately after, in the tiring room, return to their true and original condition, so the emperour, whose pomp and lustre, does so dazzle you in publick,—

Silicet, et grandes viridi cum luce smaragdi
Auro includuntur, teriturque Thalassina vestis
Assidue, et veneris sudorem exercita potat.
—*Luc.*, l. 4.

"Great emeralds richly are in gold enchast,
To dart green lustre, and the sea-green vest
Continually is worn and rubb'd to frets,
Whilst it imbibes the juice that Venus sweats."

do but peep behind the curtain, and you'll see nothing more than an ordinary man and, peradventure, more contemptible than the meanest of his subjects. "*Ille beatus introrsum est, istius bracteata felicitas est.*"—*Sen.* Ep. 115. "True happiness lies within, the other is but a counterfeit felicity." Cowardice, irresolution, ambition, spite, and envy are as predominant in him as in another.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Tecta volantes.
—*Hor.* Lib. II., Ode 16.

"For neither wealth, honours, nor offices,
Can the wild tumults of the mind appease,
Nor chase those cares, that with unweary'd wings
Hover about the palaces of kings."

Nay, solitude and fear attack him even in the centre of his battalions. Do fevers, gouts, and apoplexies, spare them any more than one of us? When old age hangs heavy upon a prince's shoulders, can the yeomen of his guard ease him of the burthen? When he is astonish'd with the apprehension of death, can the gentlemen of his bedchamber comfort and assure him? When jealousie, or any other capricio swims in his brain, can our compliments and ceremonies restore him to his good-humour? The canopy embroider'd with pearl and gold, he lies under, has no vertue against a violent fit of the stone or cholick. . . .

In Anacharsis his opinion, the happiest estate of government would be, where all other things being equal, precedency should be measur'd out by the vertues, and repulses by the vices of men. When King Pyrrhus prepar'd for his expedition into Italy, his wise counsellor Cyneas, to make him sensible of the vanity of his ambition; "Well, sir, (said he), to what end do you make all this mighty preparation?" "To make myself master of Italy," (reply'd the king). "And what after that is done?" (said Cyneas.) "I will pass over into Gaul and Spain," said the other. "And what then?" "I will then go to subdue Africk; and lastly, when I have brought the whole world to my subjection, I will sit down and rest content at my own ease." For God's sake, sir, (reply'd Cyneas), tell me what hinders, that you may not, if you please, be now in the condition you speak of? Why do you not now at this instant, settle yourself in the state you seem to aim at, and spare the labour and hazard you interpose?"

Nimirum quia non bene norat quæ esset habendi
Finis, et omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas.
—*Lucret.*, l. 5.

"The end of being rich he did not know;
Nor to what pitch felicity should grow."

I will conclude with an old versicle, that I think very pat to the purpose:—

Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam.
—*Corn.* Nep. in vit. A. Hici.

"Himself, not fortune, ev'ry one must blame,
Since men's own manners do their fortunes frame."

OF GLORY AND THE LOVE OF PRAISE

Is it reasonable that the life of a wise man should depend upon the judgment of fools? "*An quidquam stultius, quam quos singulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare esse universos?*" — *Elian. Varro.* "Can any thing be more foolish than to think that those you despise single, can be any other when join'd together?" He that makes it his business to please them will have enough to do, and never have done: 'tis a mark that never is to be reach'd or hit. "*Nil tam inæstimabile est, quam animi multitudinis.*" "Nothing is to be so little esteem'd as the minds of the multitude." Demetrius pleasantly said of the voice of the people, that he made no more account of that which came from above than of that which fum'd from below. Cicero says more, "*Ego hoc judico, si quando turpe non sit, tamen non esse non turpe, quum id à multitudine laudatur.*"— *Cic.* de Fin. "I am of opinion, that though a thing be not foul in itself, yet it cannot but become so when commended by the multitude." No art, no activity of wit could conduct our steps so as to follow so wandering and so irregular a guide. In this windy confusion of the noise of vulgar reports and opinions that drive us on, no way worth any thing can be chosen. Let us not purpose to ourselves so floating and wavering an end; let us follow constantly after reason, let the publick approbation follow us there, if it will, and it wholly depending upon fortune, we have no reason sooner to expect it by any other way than that. Though I would not follow the right way because it is right, I should, however, follow it for having experimentally found that at the end of the reckoning 'tis commonly the most happy, and of greatest utility. "*Dedit hoc providentia hominibus munus, ut honesta magis juvarent.*" "This gift providence has given to man, that honest things should be the most delightful." The mariner said thus to Neptune, "O god, thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but, however, I will steer my rudder true." I have seen a thousand men of ambiguous natures, and that no one doubted but they were more worldly wise than I, throw themselves away, where I have sav'd one.

Risi successus posse carere dolos.
— *Ovid.* Ep. Penult.

"I have laught, I must confess,
To see cunning want success."

Paulus Æmylius, going in the glorious expedition of Macedonia, above all things charg'd the people of Rome not to speak of his actions during his absence. Oh, the license of judgments is a great disturbance to great affairs! Forasmuch as every one has not the constancy of Fabius against common, adverse, and injurious ways: who rather suffer'd his authority to be dissected by the vain fancies of man than to go less in his charge with a favourable reputation and the popular applause. There is, I know not what natural sweetness in hearing a man's self commended; but we are a great deal too fond of it.

I care not so much what I am in the opinions of others, as what I am in my own. I would be rich of myself, and not by borrowing. Strangers see nothing but events and outward apparences; every body can set a good face on the matter, when they have trembling and terror within. They do not see my heart, they see but by my countenance. 'Tis with good reason that men decry the hypocrite that is in war; for what is more easie to an old souldier than to shift in a time of danger, and to counterfeit the brave when he has no more heart than a chicken? There are so many ways to avoid hazarding a man's own person that we have deceiv'd the world a thousand times before we come to be engag'd in a real danger; and even then, finding ourselves in an inevitable necessity of doing some thing, we can make shift for that time to conceal our apprehensions with setting a good face on the business, though the heart beats within; and whoever had the use of the Platonick ring, which renders those invisible that wear it, if turn'd inward towards the palm of the hand, a great many would hide themselves when they ought most to appear, and would repent being plac'd in so honourable a post, where necessity must make them brave.

Thus we see how all the judgments that are founded upon external apparences are marvellously incertain and doubtful; and that there is no certain testimony as every one is to himself. In these other, how many powder monkeys are made companions of our glory? He that stands firm in an open trench, what does he in that do more than fifty poor pioneers, who open him the way, and cover it with their own bodies for five pence a day pay, have done before him?

The dispersing and scattering our names into many mouths, we call making them more great; we will have them there well receiv'd, and that this increase turn to their advantage, which

is all that can be excusable in this design; but the excess of this disease proceeds so far, that many covet to have a name, be it what it will. Trogus Pompeius says of Herostratus, and Titus Livius of Manlius Capitolinus, "that they were more ambitious of a great reputation than a good one." This vice is very common. We are more solicitous that men speak of us, than how they speak; and 'tis enough for us that our names are often mention'd, be it after what manner it will. It should seem that to be known is in some sort to have a man's life and its duration in another's keeping. I for my part hold that I am not but in my self, and of that other life of mine which lies in the knowledge of my friends, to consider it naked and simply in it self. I know very well that I am sensible of no fruit nor enjoyment, but by the vanity of a fantastick opinion; and when I shall be dead, I shall be much less sensible of it; and shall withal absolutely lose the use of those real advantages that sometimes accidently follow it; I shall have no more handle whereby to take hold of reputation: neither shall it have any whereby to take hold of, or to cleave to me. For, to expect that my name should be advanc'd by it, in the first place, I have no name that is enough my own; of two that I have, one is common to all my race, and even to others also. There are two families at Paris and Montpellier, whose sirname is Montaigne, another in Brittany, and another Montaigne in Xaintonge. The transposition of one syllable only is enough to ravel our affairs, so that I shall, peradventure, share in their glory, and they shall partake of my shame; and, moreover, my ancestors have formerly been sirnam'd Eyquem, a name wherein a family well known in England is at this day concern'd. As to my other name, every one may take it that will. And so perhaps I may honour a porter in my own stead. And besides, though I had a particular distinction by my self, what can it distinguish when I am no more? Can it favour inanity? But of this I have spoken else where. As to what remains, in a great battel where ten thousand men are maim'd or kill'd, there are not fifteen that are taken notice of. It must be some very eminent greatness, or some consequence of great importance, that fortune has added to it, that must signalize a private action, not of a harquebuser only, but of a great captain; for to kill a man, or two, or ten, to expose a man's self bravely to the utmost peril of death, is, indeed, something in every one of us, because we there

hazard all; but for the world's concern they are things so ordinary, and so many of them are every day seen, and there must of necessity be so many of the same kind to produce any notable effect, that we cannot expect any particular renown.

Of so many thousands of valiant men that have died within these fifteen years in France, with their swords in their hands, not a hundred have come to our knowledge. The memory, not of the commanders only, but of battels and victories, is buried and gone. The fortunes of above half of the world, for want of a record, stir not from their place, and vanish without duration. If I had unknown events in my possession, I should think with great ease to outdo those that are recorded in all sorts of examples. Is it not strange, that even of the Greeks and Romans, amongst so many writers and witnesses, and so many rare and noble exploits, so few are arriv'd at our knowledge?

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.—Æn., l. 7.

"An obscure rumor scarce is hither come."

From the essay on "Glory."

OF PRESUMPTION AND MONTAIGNE'S OWN MODESTY

THERE is another sort of glory, which is the having too good an opinion of our own worth. 'Tis an inconsiderate affection with which we flatter our selves, and that represents us to our selves other than we truly are. Like the passion of love, that lends beauties and graces to the person it does embrace; and that makes those who are caught with it, with a deprav'd and corrupt judgment, consider the thing they love, other and more perfect than it is. I would not, nevertheless, for fear of failing on the other side, that a man should not know him self aright, or think him self less than he is, the judgment ought in all things to keep it self upright and just: 'tis all the reason in the world he should discern in him self, as well as in others, what truth sets before him; if he be Cæsar, let him boldly think him self the greatest captain in the world. We are nothing but ceremony; ceremony carries us away, and we leave the substance of things; we hold by the branches and quit the trunk. Ceremony forbids us to express by words things that are lawful and natural, and we obey it; reason forbids us to do things unlawful and ill, and no

body obeys it. I find my self here fetter'd by the laws of ceremony; for it neither permits a man to speak well of him self nor ill. We will leave it there for this time. They whom Fortune (call it good or ill) has made to pass their lives in some eminent degree may by their publick actions manifest what they are; but they whom she has only employed in the crowd, and of whom nobody will say a word unless they speak them selves, are to be excus'd, if they take the boldness to speak of them selves to such whose interest it is to know them. . . .

Methinks philosophy has never so fair a game to play as when it falls upon our vanity and presumption; when it most lays open their irresolution, weakness, and ignorance. I look upon the too good opinion that man has of him self to be the nursing mother of all the most false, both publick and private opinions. Those people who ride astride upon the Epicycle of Mercury, who see so far into the heavens, are worse to me than a tooth drawer that comes to draw my teeth: for in my study, the subject of which is man, finding so great a variety of judgments, so great a labyrinth of difficulties one upon another; so great diversity and uncertainty, even in the school of wisdom it self, you may judge, seeing those people could not resolve upon the knowledge of them selves, and their own condition, which is continually before their eyes, and within them, seeing they do not know, how that moves which they them selves move, nor how to give us a description of the springs they them selves govern and make use of; how can I believe them about the ebbing and flowing of the Nile. The curiosity of knowing things has been given to man for a scourge, says the Holy Scripture. But to return to what concerns my self: I think it very hard that any other should have a meaner opinion of him self, nay, that any other should have a meaner opinion of me, than I have of my self. I look upon my self as one of the common sort, saving in this, that I have no better an opinion of my self; guilty of the meanest and most popular defects, but not disown'd or excus'd, and do not value my self upon any other account than because I know my own value. If there be any glory in the case, 'tis superficially infus'd into me by the treachery of my complexion, and has no body that my judgment can discern. I am sprinkled, but not tincted. For in truth, as to the effects of the mind, there is no part of me, be it what it will, with which I am satisfied; and the approbation of others makes me not think the bet-

ter of my self; my judgment is tender and fickle, especially in things that concern my self; I feel my self float and waver by reason of my weakness. I have nothing of my own that satisfies my judgment; my sight is clear and regular enough, but in opening it, it is apt to dazzle; as I most manifestly find in poesie. I love it infinitely, and am able to give a tolerable judgment of other men's works; but in good earnest, when I apply my self to it, I play the child, and am not able to endure my self. A man may play the fool in every thing else, but not in poetry. I would to God the sentence was writ over the doors of all our printers, to forbid the entrance of so many rhymers.

Why have not we such people? Dionysius the father valu'd him self so much upon nothing as his poetry. At the Olympick games, with chariots surpassing the others in magnificence, he sent also poets and musicians to present his verses with tents and pavilions royally gilt and hung with tapistry. When his verses came to be recited, the excellency of the pronunciation did at first attract the attention of the people; but when they afterwards came to poise the meanness of the composition, they first enter'd in to disdain, and continuing to nettle their judgments, presently proceeded to fury, and ran to pull down, and tear to pieces all his pavilions; and in that his chariots neither perform'd any thing to purpose in the course; and that the ship which brought back his people fail'd of making Sicily, and was by the tempest driven and wrack'd upon the coast of Tarentum, they did certainly believe, was through the anger of the gods, incens'd, as they them selves were, against that paltry poem; and even the mariners who escap'd from the wrack seconded this opinion of the people. To which also the Oracle, that foretold his death, seem'd to subscribe; which was, "That Dionysius should be near his end when he should have overcome those who were better than him self," which he interpreted of the Carthaginians, who surpass'd him in power; and having war with them, often declin'd the victory, not to incur the sense of this perdition. But he understood it ill; for the god pointed at the time of the advantage that by favour and injustice he obtain'd at Athens over the tragick poets, better than him self, having caus'd his own play call'd the "Leineicus" to be acted in emulation. Presently after which victory he died, and partly of the excessive joy he conceiv'd at the success. What I find tolerable of mine is not so really, and in it self; but in comparison of other worse things,

that I see are well enough receiv'd. I envy the happiness of those that can please and hug them selves in what they do, for 'tis a very easie thing to be so pleas'd, because a man extracts that pleasure from him self, especially if he be constant in his self-conceit. I know a poet, against whom both the intelligent in poetry, and the ignorant, abroad and at home, both heaven and earth, exclaim, that he understands very little in it; and yet for all that, he has never a whit the worse opinion of him self; but is always falling upon some new piece, always contriving some new invention, and still persists; by so much the more obstinate, as it only concerns him to stand up in his own defence. My works are so far from pleasing me, that as oft as I review them they disgust me.

I have always an idea in my soul, which presents me a better form than that I have made use of; but I cannot catch it, nor fit it to my purpose; and yet even that idea is but of the meaner sort, by which I conclude that the productions of those great souls of former times, as very much beyond the utmost stretch of my imagination, or my wish; their writings do not only satisfie and fill me, but they astonish me, and ravish me with admiration. I judge of their beauty, I see it, if not to the utmost, yet so far at least as 'tis possible for me to aspire. Whatever I undertake, I owe a sacrifice to the Graces, as Plutarch says of some one, to make a return for their favour.

From the essay on «Presumption.»

OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

We are not here to bring the love we bear to women, though it be an act of our own choice, into comparison; nor rank it with the others; the fire of which I confess —

Neque enim est Dea nescia nostri
Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.
—*Catullus.*

«Nor is my goddess ign'rant what I am,
Who pleasing sorrows mixes with my flame.»

is more active, more eager, and more sharp; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving, and inconstant: a fever subject to intermission, and paroxysms, that has seiz'd but on one part, one cor-

ner of the building; whereas in friendship, 'tis a general and universal fire, but temperate, and equal, a constant establish'd heat, all easie, and smooth, without poignancy or roughness. Moreover, in love, 'tis no other than frantick desire, to that which flies from us.

«*Com segue la lepre il cacciatore*
Al fredo, al caldo, alla montagna, al litto:
Ne piu l'estima poi, che presa vede,
Et sol dietro a chi fugge affretta il piede.»

«Like hunters, that the flying hare pursue
O'er hill, and dale, through heat, and morning dew,
Which being ta'en, the quarry they despise,
Being only pleas'd in following that which flies.»

So soon as ever they enter into terms of friendship, that is to say, into a concurrence of desires, it vanishes, and is gone, fruition destroys it. Friendship, on the contrary, is enjoy'd proportionably, as it is desir'd, and only grows up, is nourish'd and improves by enjoyment, as being of it self spiritual, and the soul growing still more perfect by practice. Under, and subsellious to this perfect friendship, I cannot deny but that the other vain affections, have, in my younger years, found some place in my thoughts that I may say nothing of him, who him self confesses but too much in his verses; so that I had both these passions, but always so, that I could myself well enough distinguish them, and never in any degree of comparison with one another. The first maintaining its flight in so lofty and so brave a place, as with disdain to look down, and see the other flying at a far humbler pitch below. As concerning marriage, besides, that it is a covenant, the entrance into which, is only free, but the continuance in it, forc'd and compell'd, having another dependance than that of our own free will, and a bargain commonly contracted to other ends, there almost always happens a thousand intricacies in it, to unravel enough to break the thread, and to divert the current of a lively affection: whereas friendship has no manner of business or traffick with any but it self.

From the essay on «Friendship.»

OF PRAYERS AND THE JUSTICE OF GOD

I KNOW not if, or no, I am deceiv'd; but since by a particular favour of the divine bounty, a certain form of prayer has been prescrib'd and dictated to us, word by word, from the mouth of God him self, I have ever been of opinion that we ought to have it in more frequent use than we yet have, and if I were worthy to advise, at the sitting down to, and rising from our tables, at our rising, and going to bed, and in every particular action wherein prayer is requir'd, I would that Christians always make use of the Lord's Prayer, if not alone, yet at least always. The church may lengthen, or alter prayers, according to the necessity of our instruction, for I know very well that it is always the same in substance, and the same thing; but yet such a preference ought to be given to that prayer, that the people should have it continually in their mouths; for it is most certain, that all necessary petitions are comprehended in it, and that it is infinitely proper for all occasions. 'Tis the only prayer I use in all places and conditions, and what I still repeat instead of changing; whence it also happens, that I have no other by heart, but that only. It just now comes into my mind, from whence we should derive that errour of having recourse to God in all our designs and enterprises, to call him to our assistance in all sorts of affairs, and in all places where our weakness stands in need of support without considering whether the occasion be just, or otherwise, and to invoke his name and power, in what estate soever we are, or action we are engag'd in, how vicious soever: he is, indeed, our sole and only protector, and can do all things for us: but though he is pleas'd to honour us with his paternal care, he is, notwithstanding, as just as he is good and mighty, and does ofter exercise his justice than his power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our petitions. Plato, in his laws, makes three sorts of belief injurious to the gods; that there is none; that they concern not them selves about human affairs; and that they never reject or deny any thing to our vows, offerings, and sacrifices. The first of these errours (according to his opinion) did never continue rooted in any man, from his infancy to his old age; the other two, he confesses, men might be obstinate in. God's justice and his power are inseparable, and therefore in vain we invoke his power in an unjust cause: we are to have

our souls pure and clean, at that moment at least, wherein we pray to him, and purified from all vicious passions, otherwise we our selves present him the rods wherewith to chastise us. Instead of repairing any thing we have done amiss, we double the wickedness and the offence, whilst we offer to him to whom we are to sue for pardon an affection full of irreverence and hatred. Which makes me not very apt to applaud those whom I observe to be so frequent on their knees, if the actions nearest of kin to prayer do not give me some evidence of reformation. . . .

A man whose whole meditation is continually working upon nothing but impurity, which he knows to be so odious to Almighty God, what can he say when he comes to speak to him? He reforms, but immediately falls into a relapse. If the object of the divine justice, and the presence of his maker, did, as he pretends, strike and chastise his soul, how short soever the repentance might be, the very fear of offending that infinite majesty would so often present itself to his imagination, that he would soon see himself master of those vices that are most natural and habitual in him. But what shall we say of those who settle their whole course of life upon the profit and emolument of sins, which they know to be mortal? How many trades of vocations have we admitted and countenanc'd amongst us, whose very essence is vicious? And he that confessing himself to me, voluntarily told me that he had all his lifetime profess'd and practis'd a religion, in his opinion damnable, and contrary to that he had in his heart, only to preserve his credit, and the honor of his employments, how could his courage suffer so infamous a confession? What can men say to the divine justice upon this subject? Their repentance consisting in a visible and manifest reformation and restitution, they lose the colour of alleging it both to God and man. Are they so impudent as to sue for remission, without satisfaction, and without penitency or remorse?

From the essay on «Prayers.»

MONTESQUIEU

(CHARLES LOUIS DE SECONDAT, BARON DE LA BREDE ET DE MONTESQUIEU)

(1689–1755)

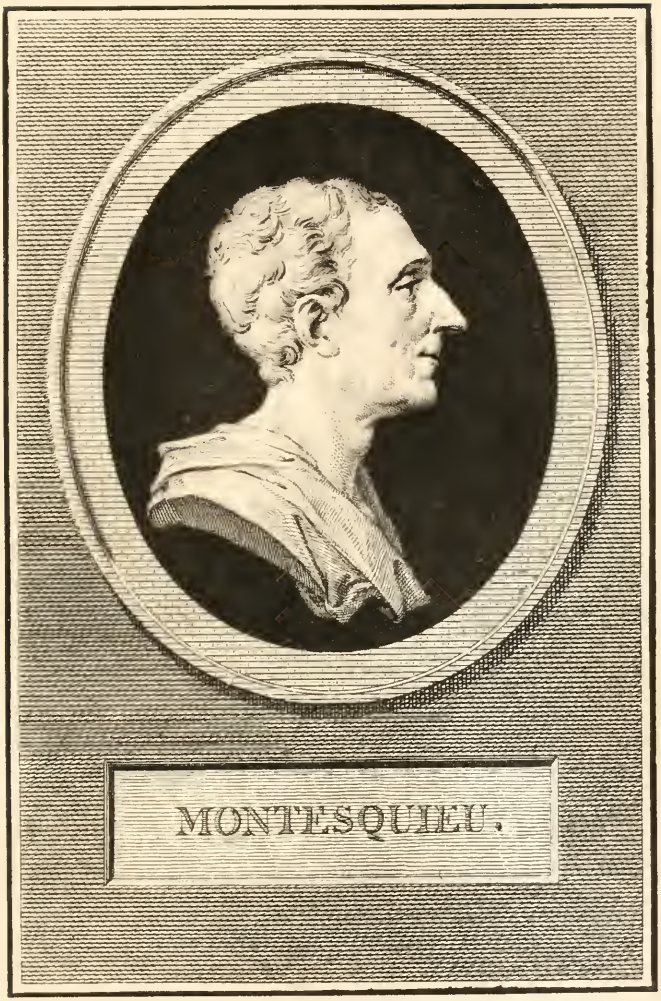
MONTESQUIEU'S "Spirit of the Laws," which appeared in 1748, is one of the most remarkable books of the eighteenth century, and perhaps no other book written during the century has equaled it in influence. It inspired Beccaria in Italy and Bentham in England, and it has helped in so many ways to make history, that its importance to the student of history can hardly be overestimated. The style in which it is written is much more nearly Attic than Parisian. Montesquieu deals point by point with every subordinate phase of his subject. As if each were of primary importance, he makes his treatment of it a complete essay, while at the same time he keeps it within an allotted limit and subordinates it to the whole. The lack of ability to do this is the worst of the negative faults of the prose of the nineteenth century, and on this account Montesquieu would be worth serious study even if he were not a great thinker. Of the status of the book in literature, Professor Saintsbury writes: "It is an assemblage of the most fertile, original, and inspiriting views on legal and political subjects put in language of singular suggestiveness and vigor, illustrated by examples which are always apt and luminous, permeated by the spirit of temperate and tolerant desire for human improvement and happiness, and almost unique in its entire freedom at once from doctrinairism, from visionary enthusiasm, from egotism, and from an undue spirit of system."

Though Montesquieu is chiefly remembered by this great work, he was already famous when it appeared, as it was preceded by his "Persian Letters" (1721) and his "Considerations on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans."

He was born from a patrician family at the Château de la Brède, near Bordeaux, France, January 18th, 1689. He was educated carefully in literature and law; and when his hereditary position made him president of the Bordeaux parliament, he was well fitted for the place. Knowing himself better fitted for literature, however, he withdrew from public life, and devoted himself to a life of study, relieved chiefly by travel. When he died, February 10th, 1755, his generation had recognized him as one of its greatest men, and posterity has sustained its judgment.

MONTESQUIEU

After a Portrait Drawn and Engraved on Copper by Augustus St. Aubin.


MONTESQUIEU.

OF THE LIBERTIES AND PRIVILEGES OF EUROPEAN WOMEN

("Rica to Ibben at Smyrna." Dated "Paris 26th of the Moon 1713.")

WHETHER it is better to deprive women of their liberty or to permit it them, is a great question among men: it appears to me that there are good reasons for and against this practice. If the Europeans urge that there is a want of generosity in rendering those persons miserable whom we love, our Asiatics answer that it is meanness in men to renounce the empire which nature has given them over women. If they are told that a great number of women, shut up, are troublesome, they reply that ten women in subjection are less troublesome than one who is refractory. But they object, in their turn, that the Europeans cannot be happy who are faithless to them, they reply that this fidelity, of which they boast so much, does not hinder that disgust which always follows the gratification of the passions; that our women are too much ours; that a possession so easily obtained leaves nothing to be wished or feared; that a little coquetry provokes desire, and prevents disgust. Perhaps a man wiser than myself would be puzzled to decide this question; for if the Asiatics do find out proper means to calm their uneasiness, the Europeans also do as well to have uneasiness. After all, say they, though we should be unhappy as husbands, we should always find means to recompense ourselves as lovers. For that a man might have reason to complain of the infidelity of his wife, it must be that there should be but three persons in the world; they will always be at even hands when there are four. Another question among the learned is, whether the law of nature subjects the women to the men. No, said a gallant philosophers to me the other day, nature never dictated such a law. The empire we have over them is real tyranny, which they only suffer us to assume, because they have more good-nature than we, and, in consequence, more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority, had we acted reasonably, have made them lose it, because we have not the same advantages. But if it is true that the power we have over women is only tyrannical, it is no less so that they have over us a natural empire, that of beauty, which nothing can resist. Our power extends not to all countries; but that of beauty is universal. Wherefore then do we hear of this privilege? Is

it because we are strongest? But this is really injustice. We employ every kind of means to reduce their spirits. Their abilities would be equal with ours, if their education was the same. Let us examine them in those talents which education hath not enfeebled, and we shall see if ours are as great. It must be acknowledged, though it is contrary to our custom, that among the most polite people the women have always had the authority over their husbands; it was established among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It is said of the Romans, that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I say nothing of the Sauromates, who were in perfect slavery to their sex; they were too barbarous to be brought for an example. Thou seest, my dear Ibben, that I have contracted the fashion of this country, where they are fond of defending extraordinary opinions, and reducing everything to a paradox. The prophet hath determined the question, and settled the rights of each sex; the women, says he, must honor their husbands, and the men their wives; but the husbands are allowed one degree of honor more.

Complete. Number 38 of the "Persian Letters."

RELATION OF LAWS TO DIFFERENT BEINGS

Laws, in their most general signification, are the necessary relations arising from the nature of things. In this sense all beings have their laws; the Deity his laws, the material world its laws, the intelligences superior to man their laws, the beasts their laws, man his laws.

They who assert that a blind fatality produced the various effects we behold in this world talk very absurdly; for can any thing be more unreasonable than to pretend that a blind fatality could be productive of intelligent beings?

There is, then, a primitive reason; and laws are the relations subsisting between it and different beings, and the relations of these to one another.

God is related to the universe, as Creator and Preserver; the laws by which he created all things are those by which he preserves them. He acts according to these rules, because he knows them; he knows them, because he made them; and he made them, because they are relative to his wisdom and power.

Since we observe that the world, though formed by the motion of matter, and void of understanding, subsists through so long a succession of ages, its motions must certainly be directed by invariable laws; and could we imagine another world, it must also have constant rules, or it would inevitably perish.

Thus the creation, which seems an arbitrary act, supposes laws as invariable as those of the fatality of the Atheists. It would be absurd to say that the Creator might govern the world without those rules, since without them it could not subsist.

These rules are a fixed and variable relation. In bodies moved, the motion is received, increased, diminished, lost, according to the relations of the quantity of matter and velocity; each diversity is uniformity, each change is constancy.

Particular intelligent beings may have laws of their own making, but they have some likewise which they never made. Before they were intelligent beings, they were possible; they had therefore possible relations, and consequently possible laws. Before laws were made, there were relations of possible justice. To say that there is nothing just or unjust but what is commanded or forbidden by positive laws is the same as saying that before the describing of a circle all the radii were not equal.

We must therefore acknowledge relations of justice antecedent to the positive law by which they are established: as for instance, that if human societies existed it would be right to conform to their laws; if there were intelligent beings that had received a benefit of another being, they ought to show their gratitude; if one intelligent being had created another intelligent being, the latter ought to continue in its original state of dependence; if one intelligent being injures another, it deserves a retaliation; and so on.

But the intelligent world is far from being so well governed as the physical. For though the former has also its laws, which of their own nature are invariable, it does not conform to them so exactly as the physical world. This is, because, on the one hand, particular intelligent beings are of a finite nature, and consequently liable to error; and on the other, their nature requires them to be free agents. Hence they do not steadily conform to their primitive laws; and even those of their own instituting they frequently infringe.

Whether brutes be governed by the general laws of motion, or by a particular movement, we cannot determine. Be that as it may, they have not a more intimate relation to God than the rest of the material world; and sensation is of no other use to them than in the relation they have either to other particular beings or to themselves.

By the allurements of pleasure they preserve the individual, and by the same allurements they preserve their species. They have natural laws, because they are united by sensation; positive laws they have none, because they are not connected by knowledge. And yet they do not invariably conform to their natural laws; these are better observed by vegetables, that have neither understanding nor sense.

Brutes are deprived of the high advantages which we have; but they have some which we have not. They have not our hopes, but they are without our fears; they are subject like us to death, but without knowing it; even most of them are more attentive than we to self-preservation, and do not make so bad a use of their passions.

Man, as a physical being, is like other bodies, governed by invariable laws. As an intelligent being, he incessantly transgresses the laws established by God, and changes those of his own instituting. He is left to his private direction, though a limited being, and subject, like all finite intelligencies, to ignorance and error; even his imperfect knowledge he loses; and as a sensible creature, he is hurried away by a thousand impetuous passions. Such a being might every instant forget his Creator; God has therefore reminded him of his duty by the laws of religion. Such a being is liable every moment to forget himself; philosophy has provided against this by the laws of morality. Formed to live in society, he might forget his fellow-creatures; legislators have therefore by political and civil laws confined him to his duty

Complete. «The Spirit of Laws,» Chap. i.

EDUCATION IN A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

It is in a republican government that the whole power of education is required. The fear of despotic governments naturally arises of itself amidst threats and punishments; the honor of monarchies is favored by the passions, and favors them in its turn;

but virtue is a self-renunciation, which is ever arduous and painful.

This virtue may be defined, the love of the laws and of our country. As such love requires a constant preference of public to private interest, it is the source of all private virtues; for they are nothing more than this very preference itself.

This love is peculiar to democracies. In these alone the government is intrusted to private citizens. Now government is like everything else; to preserve it, we must love it.

Has it ever been heard that kings were not fond of monarchy, or that despotic princes hated arbitrary power?

Everything therefore depends on establishing this love in a republic; and to inspire it ought to be the principle of education: but the surest way of instilling it into children is, for parents to set them an example. People have it generally in their power to communicate their ideas to their children; but they are still better able to transfuse their passions.

If it happens otherwise, it is because the impressions made at home are effaced by those they have received abroad.

It is not the young people that degenerate; they are not spoiled till those of maturer age are already sunk into corruption.

Complete. «The Spirit of Laws,» Book IV., Chap. v.

CONQUESTS MADE BY A REPUBLIC

It is contrary to the nature of things that in a confederate government one state should make any conquest over another, as in our days we have seen in Switzerland. In mixed confederate republics, where the association is between petty republics and monarchies, of a small extent, this is not so absurd.

Contrary it is also to the nature of things, that a democratical republic should conquer towns, which cannot enter into the sphere of its democracy. It is necessary that the conquered people should be capable of enjoying the privileges of sovereignty, as was settled in the very beginning among the Romans. The conquest ought to be limited to the number of citizens fixed for the democracy.

If a democratical republic subdues a nation in order to govern them as subjects, it exposes its own liberty; because it intrusts

too great a power to those who are appointed to the command of the conquered provinces.

How dangerous would have been the situation of the republic of Carthage, had Hannibal made himself master of Rome? What would not he have done in his own country, had he been victorious,—he who caused so many revolutions in it after his defeat?

Hanno could never have dissuaded the senate from sending succors to Hannibal had he used no other arguments than his own jealousy. The Carthaginian senate, whose wisdom is so highly extolled by Aristotle (and which has been evidently proved by the prosperity of that republic), could never have been determined by other than solid reasons. They must have been stupid not to see that an army at the distance of three hundred leagues would necessarily be exposed to losses which required reparation.

Hanno's party insisted that Hannibal should be delivered up to the Romans. They could not at that time be afraid of the Romans; they were therefore apprehensive of Hannibal.

It was impossible, some will say, for them to imagine that Hannibal had been so successful. But how was it possible for them to doubt of it? Could the Carthaginians, a people spread over all the earth, be ignorant of what was transacting in Italy? No; they were sufficiently acquainted with it, and for that reason they did not care to send supplies to Hannibal.

Hanno became more resolute after the battle of Trebia, after the battle of Thrasimenus, after that of Cannæ; it was not his incredulity that increased, but his fear.

Complete. "The Spirit of Laws," Book X., Chap. vi.

OF PUBLIC DEBTS

Some have imagined that it was for the advantage of a state to be indebted to itself; they thought that this multiplied riches, by increasing the circulation.

Those who are of this opinion have, I believe, confounded a circulating paper which represents money, or a circulating paper which is the sign of the profits that a company has, or will make by commerce, with a paper which represents a debt. The two first are extremely advantageous to the state; the last can never

be so; and all that we can expect from it is, that individuals have a good security from the government for their money. But let us see the inconveniences which result from it: —

1. If foreigners possess much paper which represents a debt, they annually draw out of the nation a considerable sum for interest.

2. A nation that is thus perpetually in debt ought to have the exchange very low.

3. The taxes raised for the payment of the interest of the debt are a hurt to the manufacturers, by raising the price of the artificer's labor.

4. It takes the true revenue of the state from those who have activity and industry, to convey it to the indolent; that is, it gives the conveniences for labor to those who do not labor, and clogs with difficulties the industrious artist.

These are its inconveniences; I know of no advantages. Ten persons have each a yearly income of a thousand crowns, either in land or trade; this raises to the nation, at five per cent., a capital of two hundred thousand crowns. If these ten persons employed the half of their income, that is, five thousand crowns, in paying the interest of a hundred thousand crowns, which they had borrowed of others, that would be only to the state, as two hundred thousand crowns; that is, in the language of the Algebraists, 200,000 crowns — 100,000 crowns + 100,000 crowns = 200,000.

People are thrown, perhaps, into this error, by reflecting that the paper which represents the debt of a nation is the sign of riches; for none but a rich state can support such paper without falling into decay. And if it does not fall, it is a proof that the state has other riches besides. They say that it is not an evil, because there are resources against it; and that it is an advantage, since these resources surpass the evil.

Complete. From "The Spirit of Laws."

A PARADOX OF MR. BAYLE

MR. BAYLE has pretended to prove that it is better to be an Atheist than an Idolater; that is, in other words, that it is less dangerous to have no religion at all, than a bad one. "I had rather," said he, "it should be said of me that I had no existence, than that I am a villain." This is only a sophism

founded on this, that it is of no importance to the human race to believe that a certain man exists; whereas it is extremely useful for them to believe the existence of a God. From the idea of his nonexistence immediately follows that of our independence; or, if we cannot conceive this idea, that of disobedience. To say that religion is not a restraining motive, because it does not always restrain, is equally absurd as to say that the civil laws are not a restraining motive. It is a false way of reasoning against religion to collect, in a large work, a long detail of the evils it has produced, if we do not give, at the same time, an enumeration of the advantages which have flowed from it. Were I to relate all the evils that have arisen in the world from civil laws, from monarchy, and from republican government, I might tell of frightful things. Were it of no advantage for subjects to have religion, it would still be of some, if princes had it, and if they whitened with foam the only rein which can restrain those who fear not human laws.

A prince who loves and fears religion is a lion, who stoops to the hand that strokes, or to the voice that appeases him. He who fears and hates religion is like the savage beast that growls and bites the chain, which prevents his flying on the passenger. He who has no religion at all is that terrible animal, who perceives his liberty only when he tears in pieces, and when he devours.

The question is not to know whether it would be better that a certain man, or a certain people, had no religion, than to abuse what they have; but to know what is the least evil, that religion be sometimes abused, or that there be no such restraint as religion on mankind.

To diminish the horror of atheism, they lay too much to the charge of idolatry. It is far from being true that when the Ancients raised altars to a particular vice they intended to show that they loved the vice; this signified, on the contrary, that they hated it. When the Lacedæmonians erected a temple to Fear, it was not to show that this warlike nation desired that he would in the midst of battle possess the hearts of the Lacedæmonians. They had deities to whom they prayed not to inspire them with guilt; and others whom they besought to shield them from it.

Complete. «The Spirit of Laws,»
Book XXIV., Chap. ii.

SUMPTUARY LAWS IN A DEMOCRACY

We have observed that in a republic, where riches are equally divided, there can be no such thing as luxury; and as we have shown in the fifth book, that this equal distribution constitutes the excellency of a republican government: hence it follows that the less luxury there is in a republic, the more it is perfect. There was none among the old Romans, none among the Lacedæmonians; and in republics where this equality is not quite lost, the spirit of commerce, industry, and virtue renders every man able and willing to live on his own property, and consequently prevents the growth of luxury.

The laws concerning the new division of lands, insisted upon so eagerly in some republics, were of the most salutary nature. They are dangerous, only as they are subitaneous. By reducing instantly the wealth of some, and increasing that of others, they form a revolution in each family, and must produce a general one in the state.

In proportion as luxury gains ground in a republic, the minds of the people are turned towards their particular interests. Those who are allowed only what is necessary have nothing but their own reputation and their country's glory in view. But a soul depraved by luxury has many other desires, and soon becomes an enemy to the laws that confine it. The luxury in which the garrison of Rhegio began to live was the cause of their massacring the inhabitants.

No sooner were the Romans corrupted, than their desires became boundless and immense. Of this we may judge by the price they set on things. A pitcher of Falernian wine was sold for a hundred denarii; a barrel of salt meat from the kingdom of Pontus cost four hundred; a good cook four talents; and for boys, no price was reckoned too great. When the whole world, impelled by the force of corruption, is immersed in voluptuousness, what must then become of virtue?

Complete. «The Spirit of Laws,» Book VII., Chap. vii.

PARTICULAR CAUSE OF THE CORRUPTION OF THE PEOPLE

GREAT success, especially when chiefly owing to the people, intoxicates them to such a degree that it is impossible to contain them within bounds. Jealous of their magistrates, they soon become jealous likewise of the magistracy; enemies to those who govern, they soon prove enemies also to the constitution. Thus it was that the victory over the Persians in the straits of Salamis corrupted the republic of Athens; and thus the defeat of the Athenians ruined the republic of Syracuse.

Marseilles never experienced those great transitions from lowness to grandeur; this was owing to the prudent conduct of that republic, who always preserved her principles.

Complete. "The Spirit of Laws," Book VIII., Chap. iv.

IESVS
HOMINVM
SALVATOR

THE FIRST PREACHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN.

After a Design by G. W. Cope, R. A., in the South Kensington Museum.

HANNAH MORE

(1745–1833)

HANNAH MORE, perhaps the most influential of all female moralists, was born in Gloucestershire, England, February 2d, 1745. Her father, Jacob More, was a schoolmaster, who educated her carefully, and she began life as a teacher in a boarding school for young ladies, established by herself and sisters, at Bristol, in 1757. It was for the young ladies of this school that her first play, "The Search for Happiness," was written. Her writings attracted the attention of Garrick and she became a favorite with him and his friends, including Doctor Johnson himself. After writing plays, poems, essays, and tales, she began (1795–98) writing "tracts" for circulation among the working classes. By this work she hoped to check the growth of infidelity, and she so far succeeded that she may be called one of the chief inventors of the modern tract society's system of work. It is said that two million of her sketches written for this purpose were circulated in a single year.

She lived to be eighty-seven years old, dying at Clifton, September 7th, 1833. Among the most noted of her stories are "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" and "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." Her "Moriana" is a series of short essays and epigrammatic sayings arranged alphabetically by title. They represent her at her best as an essayist.

"MORIANA"

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

IT IS superfluous to decorate woman highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period, when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intenseness, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be, to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve, or transfer to the mind, that affection which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a

form which has ceased to please, to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.

Let such women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments look up with admiration to those two contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. I knew them both, and to know was to revere them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, chastised by true Christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished in a university, meekly softened and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, by the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment.

Complete.

Applause

Human applause is, by a worldly man, reckoned not only among the luxuries of life, but among articles of the first necessity. An undue desire to obtain it has certainly its foundation in vanity, and it is one of our grand errors to reckon vanity a trivial fault. An over-estimation of character, and an anxious wish to conciliate all suffrages, is an infirmity from which even worthy men are not exempt; nay, it is a weakness from which, if they are not governed by a strict religious principle, worthy men are in most danger. Reputation being in itself so very desirable a good, those who actually possess it, and in some sense deserve to possess it, are apt to make it their standard, and to rest in it as their supreme aim and end.

We are as fond of the applauses even of the upper gallery as the dramatic poet. Like him, we affect to despise the mob, considered as individual judges, yet, as a mass, we court their applause. Like him, we feel strengthened by the number of voices in our favor, and are less anxious about the goodness of the work than about the loudness of the acclamation. Success is merit in the eyes of both.

Complete.

Authors

If we resolve never to read a work of instruction because the author had faults, Lord Bacon's inexhaustible mine of intellectual wealth might still have been unexplored. Luther, the man to whom the Protestant world owes more than to any other uninspired being, might remain unread, because he is said to have wanted the meekness of Melanchthon. Even the divine instructions in the book of Ecclesiastes would have been written in vain.

Evil in the man would not invalidate the truths he has been teaching. Balaam, though a bad man, prophesied truly. Erasmus, whose piety is almost as doubtful as his wit and learning were unquestionable, yet, by throwing both into the right scale, was a valuable instrument in effecting the great work in which he was concerned. Erasmus powerfully assisted the Reformation, though it is not quite so clear that the Reformation essentially benefited Erasmus.

If, then, the writer advances unanswerable arguments in the cause of truth, if he impressively enforces its practical importance, his character, even if defective, should not invalidate his reasoning. Though we allow that even to the reader it is far more satisfactory when the life illustrates the writing, yet we must never bring the conduct of the man as any infallible test of the truth of his doctrine. Allow this, and the reverse of the proposition will be pleaded against us. Take the opposite case. Do we ever produce certain moral qualities which Hobbes, Bayle, Hume, and other sober skeptics possessed, as arguments for adopting their opinions? Do we infer, as a necessary consequence, that their sentiments are sound, because their lives were not flagitious?

It would be the highest degree of unfairness to prefer a charge of injustice, hypocrisy, or inconsistency against an author, because his life, in some respects, falls short of the strictness of his writings. It is a disparity almost inseparable from this state of frail mortality. He may have fallen into errors, and yet deserve to have no heavier charges brought against him than he has brought against others. Infirmity of temper, inequality of mind, a heart, though fearing to offend God, yet not sufficiently dead to the world,—these are the lingering effects of sin imperfectly subdued, in a heart which yet longs, prays, and labors, for a complete deliverance from all its corruptions.

Of two evils, had not an author better be tedious than superficial? From an overflowing vessel you may gather more, indeed, than you want, but from an empty one you can gather nothing.

Complete.

The Bible

The sacred volume was composed by a vast variety of writers, men of every different rank and condition, of every diversity of character and turn of mind; the monarch and the plebeian, the illiterate and the learned, the foremost in talent and the moderately gifted in natural advantages, the historian and the legislator, the orator and the poet,—each had his immediate vocation, each his peculiar province: some prophets, some apostles, some evangelists, living in ages remote from each other, under different modes of civil government, under different dispensations of the Divine economy, filling a period of time which reached from the first dawn of heavenly light to its meridian radiance.

The Old Testament and the New, the Law and the Gospel; the prophets predicting events, and the evangelists recording them; the doctrinal yet didactic epistolary writers, and he who closed the sacred canon in the apocalyptic vision;—all these furnished their respective portions, and yet all tally with a dovetailed correspondence: all the different materials are joined with a completeness the most satisfactory, with an agreement the most incontrovertible.

This instance of uniformity without design, of agreement without contrivance; this consistency maintained through a long series of ages, without a possibility of the ordinary methods for conducting such a plan; these unparalleled congruities, these unexampled coincidences—form altogether a species of evidence, of which there is no other instance in the history of all the other books in the world.

Our Divine Teacher does not say Read, but Search the Scriptures. The doctrines of the Bible are of everlasting interest. All the great objects of history lose their value, as through the lapse of time they recede further from us; but those of the book of God are commensurate with the immortality of our nature. All existing circumstances, as they relate to this world merely, lose their importance as they lose their novelty; they even melt in air, as they pass before us.

While we are discussing events, they cease to be; while we are criticizing customs, they become obsolete; while we are adopting fashions, they vanish; while we are condemning or defending parties, they change sides. While we are contemplating feuds, opposing factions, or deploring revolutions, they are extinct. Of created things, mutability is their character at the best, brevity their duration at the longest. But "the word of the Lord endureth forever."

The Bible never warns us against imaginary evils, nor courts us to imaginary good.

Young persons should read the Scriptures, unaltered, unmutilated, unabridged. If parents do not make a point of this, the peculiarities of sacred language will become really obsolete to the next generation.

Complete.

Books

For those who have much business and little time, it is a great and necessary art to learn to extract the essential spirit of an author from the body of his work; to know how to seize on the vital parts; to discern where his strength lies; and to separate it from those portions of the work which are superfluous, collateral, or merely ornamental.

In avoiding books which excite the passions, it would seem strange to include even some devotional works. Yet such as merely kindle warm feelings are not always the safest. Let us rather prefer those which, while they tend to raise a devotional spirit, awaken the affections without disordering them; which, while they elevate the desires, purify them; which show us our own nature, and lay open its corruptions. Such as show us the malignity of sin, the deceitfulness of our hearts, the feebleness of our best resolutions; such as teach us to pull off the mask from the fairest appearance, and discover every hiding place where some lurking evil would conceal itself; such as show us not what we appear to others, but what we really are; such as, co-operating with our interior feelings, and showing us our natural state, point out our absolute need of a Redeemer, lead us to seek to him for pardon from a conviction that there is no other refuge, no other salvation. Let us be conversant with such writings as teach us that while we long to obtain the

remission of our transgressions, we must not desire the remission of our duties. Let us seek for such a Savior as will not only deliver us from the punishment of sin, but from the domination also.

The "Arabian Nights" and other Oriental books of fable, though loose and faulty in many respects, yet have always a reference to the religion of the country. Nothing is introduced against the law of Mahomet; nothing subversive of the opinions of a Mussulman. I do not quarrel with books for having no religion, but for having a false religion. A book which in nothing opposes the principles of the Bible I would be far from calling a bad book, though the Bible was never named in it.

It is not sufficient to avoid reading pernicious books, care should be taken to prevent their circulation. This duty, however, it is to be feared, is too little regarded even by those who are sincere in religious profession.

When the French Revolution had brought to light the fatal consequences of some of Voltaire's writings, some half-scrupulous persons, no longer willing to afford his fourscore volumes a place in their library, sold them at a low price. This measure, though it "stayed the plague" in their own houses, caused the infection to spread wider. The Ephesian magicians made no such compromise; they burned theirs.

We have too many elementary books. They are read too much and too long. The youthful mind, which was formerly sick from inanition, is now in danger from a plethora. Much, however, will depend on capacity and disposition. A child of slower parts may be indulged till nine years old with books which a lively genius will look down upon at seven. A girl of talents will read. To her, no excitement is wanting. The natural appetite is a sufficient incentive. The less brilliant child requires the allurement of lighter books. She wants encouragement as much as the other requires restraint.

Complete.

Calamities

Most of the calamities of human life originate with ourselves. Even sickness, shame, pain, and death were not originally the infliction of God. But out of many evils, whether sent us by his immediate hand, or brought on us by our own

faults, much eventual good is educed by him who, by turning our suffering to our benefit, repairs by grace the evils produced by sin. Without being the author of evil, the bare suggestion of which is blasphemy, he converts it to his own glory, by causing the effects of it to promote our good. If the virtuous suffer from the crimes of the wicked, it is because their imperfect goodness stood in need of chastisement. Even the wicked, who are suffering by their own sins, or the sins of each other, are sometimes brought back to God by mutual injuries, the sense of which awakens them to compunction for their own offenses. God makes use of the faults even of good men to show them their own insufficiency, to abase them in their own eyes, to cure them of vanity and self-dependence. He makes use of their smaller failings to set them on the watch against great ones; of their imperfections, to put them on their guard against sins; of their faults of inadvertence, to increase their dread of such as are willful. This superinduced vigilance teaches them to fear all the resemblances, and to shun all the approaches to sin. It is a salutary fear, which keeps them from using all the liberty they have; it leads them to avoid, not only whatever is decidedly wrong, but to stop short of what is doubtful, to keep clear of what is suspicious; well knowing the thin partitions which separate danger from destruction. It teaches them to watch the buddings and germinations of evil, to anticipate the pernicious fruit in the opening blossom.

As no calamity is too great for the power of Christianity to mitigate, so none is too small to experience its beneficial results.

Complete.

Christianity

Christianity is not merely a religion of authority; the soundest reason embraces most confidently what the most explicit revelation has taught, and the deepest inquirer is usually the most convinced Christian. The reason of philosophy is a disputing reason, that of Christianity an obeying reason. The glory of the pagan religion consisted in virtuous sentiments; the glory of the Christian in the pardon and the subjugation of sin. The humble Christian may say with one of the ancient fathers, "I will not glory because I am righteous, but because I am redeemed."

Christianity has no by-laws, no particular exemptions, no individual immunities. That there is no appropriate way of attaining salvation for a prince or a philosopher is probably one reason why greatness and wisdom have so often rejected it. But if rank cannot plead its privileges, genius cannot claim its distinctions. That Christianity did not owe its success to the arts of rhetoric, or the sophistry of the schools, but that God intended by it "to make foolish the wisdom of this world," actually explains why the "disputers of this world" have always been its enemies.

Christianity was a second creation. It completed the first order of things, and introduced a new one of its own, not subversive, but perfective of the original. It produced an entire revolution in the condition of men, and accomplished a change in the state of the world, which all its confederated power, wit, and philosophy, not only could not effect, but could not even conceive. It threw such a preponderating weight into the scale of morals, by the superinduction of the new principle of faith in a Redeemer, as rendered the hitherto insupportable trials of the afflicted comparatively light. It gave strength to weakness, spirit to action, motive to virtue, certainty to doubt, patience to suffering, light to darkness, life to death.

Complete.

Duty

Business must have its period as well as devotion. We were sent into this world to act as well as to pray; active duties must be performed as well as devout exercises. Even relaxation must have its interval: only let us be careful that the indulgence of the one does not destroy the effect of the other; that our pleasures do not encroach on the time, or deaden the spirit of our devotions; let us be careful that our cares, occupations, and amusements, may be always such that we may not be afraid to implore the divine blessings on them; this is the criterion of their safety, and of our duty. Let us endeavor that in each, in all, one continually growing sentiment and feeling of loving, serving, and pleasing God maintain its predominant station in the heart.

Complete.

Education

We often hear of the necessity of being qualified for the world; and this is the grand object in the education of our children, overlooking the difficult duty of qualifying them for retirement. But if part of the immense pains which are taken to fit them for the company of others were employed in fitting them for their own company, in teaching them the duties of solitude as well as of society, this earth would be a happier place than it is; a training suitable to a world of such brief duration would be a better preparatory study for a world which will have no end.

 Complete.

SIR THOMAS MORE

(1478–1535)

IR THOMAS MORE, one of the best men and best writers of his age, was born in London, February 7th, 1478. He was the son of Sir John More, a London barrister; but his education was influenced perhaps more by Thomas Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, than by his father. He entered the Archbishop's service at the age of thirteen, and, after studying at Oxford, thought seriously of becoming a monk. Changing his mind, he devoted himself to politics, entering Parliament in 1504 and increasing in reputation until 1518, when he was made Master of Bequests and Privy Councilor to Henry VIII. That arbitrary despot knighted him, and promoted him from one position to another, until on October 25th, 1829, he succeeded Wolsey as Chancellor. After six years of this precarious greatness, he was decapitated on Tower Hill (July 6th, 1535) for refusing to coincide in the matrimonial and theological views of his master. More was the friend of Erasmus and the opponent of Luther's innovations. He is credited with suggesting to Henry VIII. the defense of the Papacy which won for English royalty the title of "Defender of the Faith" it has not yet abandoned. He wrote dialogues, epigrams, meditations, and controversial treatises, but the work by which he will always be remembered is his "Utopia," — a semi-romantic treatise, dealing with what he looked upon as the ideal commonwealth.

OF THEIR TRADES AND MANNER OF LIFE IN UTOPIA

AGRICULTURE is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it; they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice, they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself; such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them. Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes,

without any other distinction except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters, and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is, by adoption, translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined, and when that is to be done, care is taken, not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man; and if, after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief, and almost the only, business of the Syphogrants is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently; yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is, indeed, a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians: but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work, three of which are before dinner and three after; they then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours: the rest of their time, besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping, is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise, according to their various inclinations, which is, for the most part, reading. It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women, of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that

take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games. They have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess: the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another; the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented, together with the special opposition between the particular virtues and vices, as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue, on the other hand, resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions: but it is so far from being true that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient, that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined: then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service, for we, who measure all things by money, give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury: for if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness (every one of whom

consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work) were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds: this appears very plainly in Utopia; for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, by their age and strength capable of labor, that are not engaged in it. Even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people; the like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are, by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants, privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work; and sometimes a mechanic that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning is eased from being a tradesman and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their embassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself, anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses among us employs many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge; it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture, and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground, and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay, so that their buildings are preserved very long with but very little labor, and thus the

builders, to whom that care belongs, are often without employment, except the hewing of timber and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly where there is any occasion for it. As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent on them; while they are at labor they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years, and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woolen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly; they use linen cloth more, but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen or the cleanness of the wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread. While in other places four or five upper garments of woolen cloth of different colors, and as many vests of silk, will scarce serve one man, and while those that are nicer think ten too few, every man there is content with one, which very often serves him two years; nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more, for if he had them he would neither be the warmer nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them; so that it frequently happens that, for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways; but when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.

From Morley's text.

JOHN MORLEY

(1838–)

JOHN MORLEY, one of the leading English prose writers of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, was born in Lancashire, England, December 24th, 1838. He was graduated from Oxford in 1859 and called to the bar in the same year, but his life has been devoted chiefly to literature, diversified by politics. He has been editor of the Fortnightly, of the Pall Mall Gazette, and of Macmillan's Magazine, as well as of various "series" of sketches and biographies of celebrated men. Among his own best-known works are biographies or character studies of Machiavelli, Cobden, Voltaire, Rousseau, Emerson, and Diderot. Since 1883 he has been a member of Parliament and one of the chief props of the Liberal party.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER TIMES

THE period of George Eliot's productions was from 1856, the date of her first stories, down to 1876, when she wrote, not under her brightest star, her last novel of "Daniel Deronda." During this time the great literary influences of the epoch immediately preceding had not, indeed, fallen silent, but the most fruitful seed had been sown. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" (1833–34), and his "Miscellaneous Essays" (collected 1839), were in all hands; but he had fallen into the terrible slough of his Prussian history (1858–65), and the last word of his evangel had gone forth to all whom it concerned. "In Memoriam," whose noble music and deep-browed thought awoke such new and wide response in men's hearts, was published in 1850. The second volume of "Modern Painters," of which I have heard George Eliot say, as of "In Memoriam" too, that she owed much and very much to it, belongs to an earlier date still (1846), and when it appeared, though George Eliot was born in the same year as its author, she was still translating Strauss at Coventry. Mr. Browning, for whose genius she had such admiration, and who was always so good a friend, did indeed produce during this period some work which

the adepts find as full of power and beauty as any that ever came from his pen. But Mr. Browning's genius has moved rather apart from the general currents of his time, creating character and working out motives from within, undisturbed by transient shadows from the passing questions and answers of the day.

The romantic movement was then upon its fall. The great Oxford movement, which besides its purely ecclesiastical effects, had linked English religion once more to human history, and which was itself one of the unexpected outcomes of the romantic movement, had spent its original force, and no longer interested the stronger minds among the rising generation. The hour had sounded for the scientific movement. In 1859 was published the "Origin of Species," undoubtedly the most far-reaching agency of the time, supported, as it was, by a volume of new knowledge which came pouring in from many sides. The same period saw the important speculations of Mr. Spencer, whose influence on George Eliot had from their first acquaintance been of a very decisive kind. Two years after the "Origin of Species" came Maine's "Ancient Law," and that was followed by the accumulations of Mr. Tylor and others, exhibiting order and fixed correlation among great sets of facts which had hitherto lain in that cheerful chaos of general knowledge which has been called general ignorance. The excitement was immense. Evolution, development, heredity, adaptation, variety, survival, natural selection, were so many patent pass-keys that were to open every chamber.

George Eliot's novels, as they were the imaginative application of this great influx of new ideas, so they fitted in with the moods which those ideas had called up. "My function," she said "is that of the æsthetic, not the doctrinal teacher — the rousing of the nobler emotions which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." Her influence in this direction over serious and impressionable minds was great indeed. The spirit of her art exactly harmonized with the new thoughts that were shaking the world of her contemporaries. Other artists had drawn their pictures with a strong ethical background, but she gave a finer color and a more spacious air to her ethics, by showing the individual passions and emotions of her characters, their adventures and their fortunes, as evolving themselves from long series of antecedent causes, and bound up with many widely operating forces and dis-

tant events. Here, too, we find ourselves in the full stream of evolution, hereditary, survival, and fixed inexorable law.

This scientific quality of her work may be considered to have stood in the way of her own aim. That the nobler emotions roused by her writings tend to "make mankind desire the social right" is not to be doubted; that we are not sure that she imparts peculiar energy to the desire. What she kindles is not a very strenuous, aggressive, and operative desire. The sense of the iron limitations that are set to improvement in present and future by inexorable forces of the past is stronger in her than any intrepid resolution to press on to whatever improvement may chance to be within reach if we only make the attempt. In energy, in inspiration, in the kindling of living faith in social effort, George Sand, not to speak of Mazzini, takes a far higher place.

It was certainly not the business of an artist to form judgments in the sphere of practical politics, but George Eliot was of far too humane a nature not to be deeply moved by momentous events as they passed. Yet her observations, at any rate after 1848, seldom show that energy of sympathy of which we have been speaking, and these observations illustrate our point. We can hardly think that anything was ever said about the great Civil War in America, so curiously far-fetched as the following reflection: "My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments as a basis for true development will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which in some quarters is held to be the only form of liberal thought."

In 1848, as we have said, she felt the hopes of the hour in all their fullness. To a friend she writes: —

"You and Carlyle (Have you seen his article in last week's Examiner?) are the only two people who feel just as I would have them — who can glory in what is actually great and beautiful, without putting forth any cold reservations and incredulities to save their credit for wisdom. I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I didn't expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardor. But no — you are just as *sans-culottish* and rash as I would have you. You are not one of those sages whose reason keeps so tight a rein on their emotions that they are too constantly occupied in calculating consequences to rejoice

in any great manifestation of the forces that underlie our every-day existence.

"I thought we had fallen on such evil days that we were to see no really great movement — that ours was what St. Simon calls a purely critical epoch, not at all an organic one; but I begin to be glad of my date. I would consent, however, to have a year clipped off my life for the sake of witnessing such a scene as that of the men of the barricades bowing to the image of Christ, 'who first taught fraternity to men.' One trembles to look into every fresh newspaper lest there should be something to mar the picture; but hitherto even the scoffing newspaper critics have been compelled into a tone of genuine respect for the French people and the Provisional Government. Lamartine can act a poem, if he cannot write one of the very first order. I hope that beautiful face given to him in the pictorial newspaper is really his; it is worthy of an aureole. I have little patience with people who can find time to pity Louis Philippe and his moustachioed sons. Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off: we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of zoölogical garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions, and have their dinner regularly, but, for heaven's sake, preserve me from sentimentalizing over pampered old man, when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies. Surely he is not so Ahab-like as to wish that the revolution had been deferred till his son's days; and I think the shades of the Stuarts would have some reason to complain if the Bourbons, who are so little better than they had been allowed to reign much longer."

The hopes of '48 were not very accurately fulfilled, and in George Eliot they never came to life again. Yet in social things we may be sure that undying hope is the secret of vision.

There is a passage in Coleridge's "Friend" which seems to represent the outcome of George Eliot's teaching on most, and not the worst, of her readers: "The tangle of delusions," says Coleridge, "which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious and unhazardous labors of the

industrious though contented gardener — to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar." Coleridge goes further than George Eliot, when he adds the exhortation, "Far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext."

George Eliot disliked vehemence more and more as her work advanced. The word "crudity," so frequently on her lips, stood for all that was objectionable and distasteful. The conservatism of an artistic moral nature was shocked by the seeming peril to which priceless moral elements of human character were exposed by the energumens of progress. Their impatient hopes for the present appeared to her rather unscientific; their disregard of the past, very irreverent and impious. Mill had the same feeling when he disgusted his father by standing up for Wordsworth, on the ground that Wordsworth was helping to keep alive in human nature elements which utilitarians and innovators would need when their present and particular work was done. Mill, being free from the exaltations that make the artist, kept a truer balance. His famous pair of essays on "Bentham" and "Coleridge" were published (for the first time, so far as our generation was concerned) in the same year as "Adam Bede," and I can vividly remember how the "Coleridge" first awoke in many of us, who were then youths at Oxford, that sense of truth having many mansions, and that desire and power of sympathy with the past, with the positive bases of the social fabric, and with the value of Permanence in States, which form the reputable side of all conservatisms. This sentiment and conviction never took richer or more mature form than in the best work of George Eliot, and her stories lighted up with a fervid glow the truths that minds of another type had just brought to the surface. It was this that made her a great moral force at that epoch, especially for all who were capable by intellectual training of standing at her point of view. We even, as I have said, tried hard to love her poetry, but the effort has ended less in love than in a very distant homage to the majestic in intention and the sonorous in execution. In fiction, too, as the years go by, we begin to crave more fancy, illusion, enchantment, than the quality of her genius allowed. But the loftiness of her character is abiding, and it

passes nobly through the ordeal of an honest biography. "For the lessons," says the fine critic already quoted, "most imperatively needed by the mass of men, the lessons of deliberate kindness, of careful truth, of unwavering endeavor,—for these plain themes one could not ask a more convincing teacher than she whom we are commemorating now. Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply-lined face, the too marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within. Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal,—all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise, benignant soul." As a wise, benignant soul, George Eliot will still remain for all right-judging men and women.

From a review of "George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834–1896)

WILLIAM MORRIS, author of "The Earthly Paradise" and of numerous prose studies and essays, was born near London in 1834, and educated at Oxford University. There he met Burne-Jones, and through intimacy with him became one of the chief factors in the æsthetic movement which so greatly influenced England during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Morris had hopes of re-creating society through his ideals of order and beauty, and he unquestionably did much to improve typography and decorating in general through work done under his direction. "The Earthly Paradise" is a poem conceived on an elevated plane, and it lacks nothing of the first rank in its class, save sustained musical expression. He wrote other poems of merit, and his essays, collected under the title of "Hopes and Fears for Art," are admirable examples of the best English prose. He died at Hammersmith near London, October 3d, 1896.

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE

WHEN you hear of the luxuries of the Ancients, you must remember that they were not like our luxuries, they were rather indulgence in pieces of extravagant folly than what we to-day call luxury,—which perhaps you would rather call comfort; well, I accept the word, and say that a Greek or a Roman of the luxurious time would stare astonished could he be brought back again and shown the comforts of a well-to-do middle-class house.

But some, I know, think that the attainment of these very comforts is what makes the difference between civilization and uncivilization,—that they are the essence of civilization. Is it so indeed? Farewell my hope then!—I had thought that civilization meant the attainment of peace and order and freedom, of good-will between man and man, of the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice, and by consequence the attainment of the good life which these things breed, a life free from craven fear,

but full of incident; that was what I thought it meant, not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and drink — and therewithal more and sharper differences between class and class.

If that be what it is, I for my part wish I were well out of it, and living in a tent in the Persian desert, or a turf hut on the Iceland hillside. But however it be, and I think my view is the true view, I tell you that art abhors that side of civilization; she cannot breath in the houses that lie under its stuffy slavery.

Believe me if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear our houses of troublesome superfluities that are forever in our way; conventional comforts that are no real comforts, and do but make work for servants and doctors. If you want a golden rule that will fit everybody, this is it: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

And if we apply that rule strictly, we shall in the first place show the builders and such-like servants of the public what we really want. We shall create a demand for real art, as the phrase goes; and in the second place, we shall surely have more money to pay for decent houses.

Perhaps it will not try your patience too much if I lay before you my idea of the fittings necessary to the sitting room of a healthy person; a room, I mean, which he would not have to cook in much, or sleep in generally, or in which he would not have to do any very litter-making manual work.

First, a bookcase with a great many books in it; next a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it; then several chairs that you can move, and a bench that you can sit or lie upon; next a cupboard with drawers; next, unless either the bookcase or the cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, you will want pictures or engravings, such as you can afford, only not stop-gaps, but real works of art on the wall; or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful and restful pattern; we shall also want a vase or two to put flowers in, which latter you must have sometimes, especially if you live in a town. Then there will be the fireplace, of course, which in our climate is bound to be the chief object in the room.

That is all we shall want, especially if the floor be good; if it be not, as, by the way, in a modern house it is pretty certain

not to be, I admit that a small carpet which can be bundled out of the room in two minutes will be useful, and we must also take care that it is beautiful, or it will annoy us terribly.

Now, unless we are musical, and need a piano (in which case, as far as beauty is concerned, we are in a bad way), that is quite all we want; and we can add very little to these necessaries without troubling ourselves, and hindering our work, our thought, and our rest.

If these things were done at the least cost for which they could be done well and solidly, they ought not to cost much; and they are so few, that those that could afford to have them at all could afford to spend some trouble to get them fitting and beautiful; and all those who care about art ought to take trouble to do so, and to take care that there be no sham art amongst them, nothing that it has degraded a man to make or to sell. And I feel sure, that if all who care about art were to take this pains, it would make a great impression upon the public.

This simplicity you may make as costly as you please or can, on the other hand; you may hang your walls with tapestry in stead of whitewash or paper; or you may cover them with mo saic, or have them frescoed by a great painter; all this is not luxury, if it be done for beauty's sake, and not for show; it does not break our golden rule: "Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."

All art starts from this simplicity; and the higher the art rises, the greater the simplicity. I have been speaking of the fittings of a dwelling house,—a place in which we eat and drink, and pass familiar hours; but when you come to places which people want to make more specially beautiful because of the solemnity or dignity of their uses, they will be simpler still, and have little in them save the bare walls made as beautiful as they may be. St. Mark's at Venice has very little furniture in it, much less than most Roman Catholic churches; its lovely and stately mother, St. Sophia of Constantinople, had less still, even when it was a Christian church; but we need not go either to Venice or Stamboul to take note of that; go into one of our own mighty Gothic naves (do any of you remember the first time you did so?) and note how the huge free space satisfies and elevates you, even now when window and wall are stripped of ornament; then think of the meaning of simplicity, and absence of encumbering gewgaws.

Now, after all, for us who are learning art, it is not far to seek what is the surest way to further it; that which most breeds art is art; every piece of work that we do which is well done is so much help to the cause; every piece of pretense and half-heartedness is so much hurt to it; most of you who take to the practice of art can find out in no very long time whether you have any gifts for it or not: if you have not, throw the thing up, or you will have a wretched time of it yourselves, and will be damaging the cause by laborious pretense; but if you have gifts of any kind you are happy, indeed, beyond most men, for your pleasure is always with you, nor can you be intemperate in the enjoyment of it; and as you use it, it does not lessen, but grows; if you are by chance weary of it at night, you get up in the morning eager for it; or if perhaps in the morning it seems folly to you for awhile, yet presently, when your hand has been moving a little in its wonted way, fresh hope has sprung up beneath it and you are happy again. While others are getting through the day like plants thrust into the earth, which cannot turn this way or that but as the wind blows them, you know what you want, and your will is on the alert to find it, and you, whatever happens, whether it be joy or grief, are at least alive.

From "Hopes and Fears for Art."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(1814–1877)

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the historian of the Dutch Republic, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15th, 1814. He studied at Harvard, Berlin, and Göttingen, and began life as an attorney. His mind was soon diverted, however, to his true vocation,—that of the historian. The best faculties of his intellect and the best years of his life were given to the painstaking study of history, the result being "Rise of the Dutch Republic" (1856), "History of the United Netherlands" (1860–68), and "Life and Death of John of Barneveld" (1874),—works which fixed his place in the front rank of the prose writers of the nineteenth century. From 1861 to 1867 he was United States Minister to Austria, and to Great Britain from 1869 to 1870. He died in Dorset, England, May 29th, 1877.

WILLIAM THE SILENT

IN PERSON, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he

that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar;—for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon, but advancement, was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favors in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John, at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waved aside, as if their rejection was so simple that it hardly required many words for its signification, yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance, for fear it should involve them in debt. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the incumbrances upon his estate very

nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces; and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his decendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy — his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight — his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general — his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden — will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues — constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat — no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother, Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of

Austria, and Alexander Farnese — men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world — is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell within three months of his murder into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the Republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen — a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended? As long as the Father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance, as well in his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellowmen he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence — sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared — his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies — his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children — all show an easy flow of language, a fullness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose — a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters

have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law, Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havres, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavelian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the

King's feet by a more subtle process than that practiced by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers and every other illustration which might be required. Thus the secrets of the King were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and the Prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced. The crime of the unfortunate clerk, John de Castillo, was discovered in the autumn of the year 1651, and he was torn to pieces by four horses. Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the King's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment; but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in the transaction. This history is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counselor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic, as well as the most warlike potentate of his age, and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practices condemns, he ever held in his hand the clew of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition — by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny

his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man — not even Washington — has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle — in the deadly air of pestilential cities — in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety — amid the countless conspiracies of assassins — he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation." Thus suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gerard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good, — the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he

had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

(1835–)

BOTH in her essays and in her poems Mrs. Moulton represents the highest ideals of loveliness of character and purity of thought. Whatever things are pure and of good report and loveworthy through their innate qualities of truth and beauty, attract her and inspire her to expression. The common things of life as she treats them develop a charm of which those who know them best would be least likely to suspect them. Living in an age when to many life seemed worth living only for those who showed themselves capable of the strange, the extraordinary, the surprising, she calmly irradiated her sphere of influence with the white light of her womanly goodness of nature and goodness of intellect. Those who read the essays in "Ourselves and Our Neighbors" will know from them that neither fanaticism nor faddism can cheat the American woman of her future. That usefulness is better than excellence, that sympathy is more nearly divine than superiority, that it is better to be worthy of love than to excite wonder — all this Mrs. Moulton teaches by example in writings full of the genius of womanly sanity. The best women are not the equals but the superiors of the best men, in all the qualities which redeem life from loss and corruption, giving it the heaven which Goethe denies to the highest masculine intellect, except as it is educated by what he calls "the Eternal Feminine." Mrs. Moulton's work is full of that true womanliness which Goethe thought the truest and highest thing in human nature. Her essays will be valued for their truth, simplicity, and grace, long after nine-tenths of the pretentious productions which found temporary favor with the nineteenth century have been swept into the kitchen middens of the twentieth.

YOUNG BEAUX AND OLD BACHELORS

THE line of demarcation between "eligibles" and "detrimentals" is not so sharply drawn in America as in England, for the very good reason that the "detrimental" of this year is quite likely to become the "eligible" of the next. In England a younger son who has no fortune of his own, and who has manifested no remarkable genius in any direction, is considered de-

cidedly a "detrimental." He is an alarming neighbor, at whose approach all wise mammas gather in their pretty daughters as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, unless, indeed, he be the younger son of a noble house. In that case his good blood and good breeding have a decided market value in certain directions, and the father of many a pretty girl will be glad to pay for them a large part of the fortune he himself has made in brewing or baking.

In America what is most in demand is capacity. Most American fathers value the evident capacity to succeed in business and to make a fortune quite as highly as they do an inherited competence; and the young man who has shown that he can get on and who has already made for himself a place is not regarded as a "detrimental." In the Eastern States, at least, where in Massachusetts alone there are thirty thousand more women than men, the position of a prosperous and unmarried young man is a very pleasant one. He is as welcome everywhere as flowers are in January.

He is a joy forever, whether he is a thing of beauty or not; and if he is handsome and distinguished looking, his life is as surrounded by pleasant things, and he is as much sought and courted as any pretty girl of them all. He is in request for parties, he must lead the german, and beauty wears for him her brightest smiles and her prettiest gowns.

This is his danger. The mocking bird, who sings every other bird's song so well, has no song of its own; and the fine young man who suns himself in so many smiles now and then forgets to choose, and finds himself, before he knows it, getting to be an old beau, with the habit of society upon him and the habit of home unformed. The handsome and prosperous young man in society is perhaps the happiest of human creatures. He is better off than his pretty sister, because he has the privilege of choice, and, like the prince in the fairy story, can say "Come thou along with me" to whomever he will. But I believe that for the young man of society to become an old beau is just as sad a thing as for the prettiest rosebud to feel that she is overblown.

The perception of his lessening social value is longer in coming to him, no doubt; but he sees it, at last, in the inattentive glance that roves beyond him when he comes nigh the beauty of the season; in the occasional omission of his name from a party of young people; even in the greater freedom with which

girls are confided to his care, as if he were no longer dangerous. Then is his soul filled with bitterness, and he begins to say to himself that the seasons have grown cold, and his heart is lonely.

Perhaps he honestly tries to fall in love and finds it impossible; and that is a far more pathetic thing than even to love in vain. To have flitted so long from flower to flower, that rose and lily and pink have each an equal charm, and not one can hold his fancy more than another, that is a sad fate for a bee who should long ago have begun to store up honey for his life's winter.

The old beau looks about him and sees his contemporaries buying houses and leading their children by the hand, and he scoffs a little perhaps, and tries to think that he is glad not thus to be bored and burdened. But his laughter is hollow, and when he goes home at night and sits before his lonesome fire, he sees in the firelight glow the long-lost Spanish castle, of which he threw away the key in his youth, and fancies what might have been if youth had but known.

"Is there any moral to that?" asks the sauciest young voice over my shoulder; and I am awake again, for I too had begun to dream.

Yes, my infant, a moral there is. Roses belong to June, and you cannot gather them under the skies of November.

Since I believe a happy domestic life to be this world's best gift, I do not believe that the old beau can have the best of life, unless by some rare chance he find the four-leaved clover of luck and love growing out of season and gather it. But if he is contented to wear his bachelor's button frankly and easily, and take the goods the gods still provide him, he may yet be a very agreeable member of society. The man who at fifty believes himself to be twenty-five is as incongruous and uncomfortable a spectacle as the woman who at forty appears to have forgotten that she is more than eighteen; but there is nothing undignified in the position of the spinster who has frankly accepted her single life, or of the bachelor who takes his middle-aged pleasures cheerfully, and no longer aspires to lead the german or to break hearts. I have one such example in my mind, and with —

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limits of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

He likes his game of whist, and he is a winning and delightful partner to the women who are old enough to play well,—

winning in a double sense of the word. He is full of pleasant surprises for his acquaintances; he gives the most charming of little parties; he takes one friend for a drive; he finds a long-sought book for another; he always manages to do the right thing at the right time. I have even known him to chance to bring the loveliest hothouse flowers to a country dinner party in December, and thus enchant the hostess who was grieving over the nonfulfillment of her own order to a city florist. He has the supreme good fortune to know how to make himself agreeable; and, instead of pitying him because his fireside is lonely, his friends are selfishly a little rejoiced at it because they can, by reason of that loneliness, lure him more frequently to their own.

But I am speaking of a very rare man,— scholar and gentleman, the very pink of courtesy and a fellow of infinite jest. To be all this, and therefore perennially acceptable, would scarcely be so easy of achievement to most men as to marry, and thus secure for themselves a family circle, of which, as Artemus Ward observed, they may be "it, principally."

It must be an exceptionally fine man, or an exceptionally charming and attractive woman, who can pass middle age unmarried and escape that flippant pity, that toleration consciously kind, which wounds while it strives to heal. But the world is gentler to our misfortunes than to our follies; and Dr. Holmes laughed his cynical and yet not ungenial laugh at his maiden aunt, not because her curls were wintry, but because she twined them still "in such a spring-like way." To be a young bachelor in society is to be the king of the hour, and to hold the cup of life to one's lips bubbling with pleasure and beaded with success; to be an old beau — an elderly man about town — is to have drunk off the bubbles, indeed, and to have reached the dregs. But if, instead of an old beau, a man elects to step aside from the ranks of those who wait on woman's favor to be the friend of his peers, the counselor of the young fellows who come after him, the faithful knight in whom all womanhood finds its champion,— to him the world is full of noble uses and serene joys; and if he has missed the keenest bliss of youth, he may possess the noblest serenity of age, and at least rejoice that what he has never won he cannot lose.

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MOTIVES FOR MARRIAGE

I HAVE been turning over the leaves of an old book, written before I was born, and which was familiar to my childhood, and I have come upon the following extremely sensible remark: —

« What a pity it is that the thousandth chance of a gentleman's becoming your lover should deprive you of the pleasure of a free, unembarrassed, intellectual intercourse with the single men of your acquaintance.»

The pity of it is that the Girl of the Period so often has no desire for this unembarrassed and sensible friendship, and values the men she knows only in proportion as they minister to her pleasure or her vanity. And this superficial and unreal valuation prevents her from getting honestly and thoroughly acquainted with any man, — from seeing him as he is seen by his own womankind, or as he would show himself in the stress and strain of real life, with its vital interests and stern realities, when the heydey and playday of youth should be over.

That any other motives should enter into marriage than that noble and well-founded love which can safely promise to be faithful unto death — because to be unfaithful would be as impossible to it as for a mother's heart to turn from her child — is one of the saddest features of our boasted civilization; but we see interested and mercenary marriages every day, and it would be idle to say they were the rare exception. If all girls and all young men could be impressed, not only with the sacredness of marriage, but with a profound sense of its importance in the growth of character, its influence, for good or evil, on their whole natures and their whole careers, they would be less ready to enter into its obligations carelessly, and we should see less of the frivolity of flirtation, the vulgarity of husband seeking.

To my thinking, Love is the most sacred of heaven's gifts, and should be waited for as reverently as the descent of the Holy Ghost. Matrimony may, indeed, be a means of grace, even when it is as unhappy as was the marriage of that pair on whose tombstone, in a New Hampshire churchyard, appreciative neighbors sculptured, for epitaph: —

« Their Warfare Is Over,»

but surely matrimony should never be entered into as a means of livelihood. The woman who deliberately marries for money has something to boast over her "unclassed" sisters of the demi-monde in propriety, but little in principle.

Some blunders will, of course, be made in the purest good faith. Plenty of foolish girls will mistake for love their own enjoyment of admiration and pleasure in being loved, and plenty of young men will mistake for something sacred and eternal the transient stir of fancy awakened by a pretty face or a taking manner. If marriages are born of these delusions, the error is to be pitied and not despised; yet from the lifelong penalty of such a blunder can no man or woman hope wholly to escape. Though the best joys of life may thus have been lost, its burdens can still be borne with dignity, while self-respect remains unchallenged. But can that girl respect herself who deliberately, and of set purpose, tries to attract a man simply because he is a good match; or that young man who seeks a girl because through her he hopes to add to his own resources by some gain in family, or wealth, or political influence?

It is to the "marriage of true minds" that Shakespeare bids us to "admit no impediments"; and it is only such a marriage — born, on either side, of the perception of and love for the inmost soul of the real human creature to whom one is drawn by force of spiritual and mental attraction — that has any claim on our admiration, however we may accord to a more imperfect bond our pardon or our pity.

Were this lofty ideal of marriage constantly kept before the minds of young people as the only desirable thing, I think society would be immeasurably dignified by it. A girl with Una-like purity and that sensitive perception of truth and refinement which belongs to purity would never be sufficiently attracted by a false and evil man to be in danger of harm from the association; and the young man, however unskilled in the world's wiles, who held in his heart a shy and sacred worship for that "not impossible she," who could really command the homage of his mind and soul, would be as safe as Sir Galahad from any Fay Vivian of them all.

But what of the undeveloped and unaspiring minds and souls who have hardly discovered that they have any mental or spiritual needs, but who know very well that they have human hearts to need comfort, human longings to fulfill? Shall they be

shut out from love and marriage because they cannot talk about ethics, and are hardly aware that they have any intellects at all?

By no means. As Browning says in "Evelyn Hope," "delayed it may be for more lives yet, ere the time be come" for them to live completely, but at least it is in their power to live sincerely. They know the difference between love and interest; they know whether this woman or this man is honestly nearer and dearer than all the rest of the world; whether they are seeking a mate by reason of absolute, inherent attraction, or for any worldly, and therefore unworthy, motive whatever. There have been noble and honorable and faithful marriages often enough among people who could not write their own names, but whose hearts were absolutely loyal and sound to the core.

Marriage, it seems to me, should be waited for, not sought. Who knows round what corner his destiny may be hiding, — at what unexpected turn he may come upon the face above all the faces for him? To put aside as far as possible the thought of marriage until compelled to think of it by some strong and special attraction toward some special person is wiser than to be seeking in every chance acquaintance the possible husband or wife. "We shall meet the people who are coming to meet us," no matter in what far-off land their journey toward us begins.

Perhaps parents are more to blame for worldly marriages than we are apt to think. How constantly we hear the term "married well" applied, not to character or congeniality or true fitness, but to a comfortable income. And yet there is something to be said for "the stern parent" of the novels, with his "hard facts." The old adage that "when Poverty comes in at the door Love flies out of the window" is true only of small and poor natures, — natures incapable of a great love; but it is nevertheless true that to be loved it is necessary to be lovely, and that it is far more difficult to be lovely when we are hard pressed by want and rendered fretful by care and overwork. Human creatures cannot build their nests as inexpensively as the birds do; and not even the scant hospitality of homestead eaves or orchard boughs awaits their fledglings. To marry for money, or for any object whatever save and except immortal and all-powerful Love, is to perjure and debase the human heart; but to marry without some provision for the future, such as money, or money's worth

in a well-furnished mind and a capacity for skilled labor, is to defy common sense and invoke the evil fates.

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ENGAGEMENTS

I HAVE spoken of the only true and right motive for marriage, and venture to air my own opinion that marriage should not be too eagerly sought by either sex, but rather waited for until the certainty has come that one loves worthily and well. I mean that for a man to say to himself, in cold blood, that it is time he should marry, and for that reason to look about for a wife,— instead of being aware that he loves and therefore desires to marry the one beloved woman,— is to my thinking as unwise and in almost as poor taste as for a girl to discover that it is time she were settled in life, and in consequence to set about trying to attract a husband. In neither case is happiness in marriage likely to be the result of such a quest.

But let us suppose that a man's heart has really been touched, and he honestly believes that he has seen the one woman who could insure his happiness and make his life complete,— then I think he may still be in danger of imperiling his success by too great rashness. It is true that a girl does not like a timid or cowardly wooer; but if she be the «perfect woman, nobly planned,» whom the poets have taught us to desire, she is not to be taken by storm, and a man must give her time to know her own mind. She must have found in her own girlish heart the «yes» he craves before he question her too rudely; or he may receive, instead, a «no» which might have ripened into «yes» under fostering and delaying suns.

There is no danger that he will not show what he feels without direct words, even were he ever so much resolved to keep silence. There is an atmosphere about love which makes itself felt. «All the world loves a lover,» wrote Emerson; and, by the way, no one has more fully expressed the beauty and mystery of love than this same philosopher of Concord, who stands to so many for a sort of severe incarnation of abstract thought, instead of what he was, — a lofty human soul instinct with the fullest life of humanity. «All the world loves a lover»; and our lover,

whose lips are still silent, speaks none the less eloquently in a thousand varying ways.

As a rule, a delicate woman does not think of a man as a lover, or even know whether she could care for him in that capacity or not, until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a long talk with him bore or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely, or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among" — catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

He has a theory, perhaps, that he should first ask her father's consent to address her, but it is one of those theories mostly kept for show and seldom acted upon. The man who really loves is most likely to be surprised by some unexpected opportunity, — to speak before he quite knows what words are on his tongue. Then, should fortune have favored his suit, he goes to the dreaded paternal interview strengthened for the ordeal — the bad half-hour that it means to most men — by the knowledge that he is beloved.

It is a debatable question how far a father has a right to refuse his consent to a prayer to which his daughter has said Amen. If she is too young to know her own mind, he may, surely, insist on delay. If there is anything really wrong and ignoble in a suitor's character, he will point it out and use his influence and even his authority — so far as authority in such a case can avail — to prevent the marriage. But if it is a mere question of personal prejudice or of worldly policy, and a girl is old enough to be quite sure of herself, it seems to me that a parent has hardly a right to interfere, and that a daughter is not compelled to accept a decision based upon prejudice or ambition.

On the other hand, a girl cannot too carefully consider the objections made by her father. It is not probable that a parent who has filled his daughter's life with proofs of love and devotion will seek to cross her in the dearest wish of her heart, without what seem to him good reasons; and to an unprejudiced mind it seems quite possible that a man of fifty should be as good a judge of character and of mutual suitability and the chances for happiness as a girl of twenty.

Yet, when all has been said, "the soul has certain inalienable rights, and the first of these is love"; and where love is true and strong, I do not believe that any parent has a right to cross it save on account of some grave defect of moral character. "Gods and men" would justify a father who should refuse his daughter to a gambler or a drunkard, or a man of known evil life in any direction. She herself would doubtless live to be grateful; or if she died, it were better to die unstained by such an association.

Let us consider the happier cases, in which the course of true love meets with no such formidable obstacles, where parents have consented and friends approved and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Then let the betrothed pair beware lest love should become what a French cynic has called it,— "selfishness for two." Surely the influence of a great and holy joy should be to enlarge the heart and ennoble the life. Surely to be very happy should make one more tender to the sorrowful. There is a great temptation to lovers to withdraw themselves from other interests, to make the parents and brothers and sisters who have loved a girl all her life feel that they are no longer necessary to her; that her heart is gone from them while her presence is in their midst. But it would be a nobler love, and one that, to my thinking, would promise more for future happiness, which should only hold the old ties more nearly and dearly because of this new one dearer than them all; which would be sedulous to spare the home circle any slight, any sense of loss, beyond the inevitable one of parted presence. Love is the best gift of God, but it should be crowned with honor,—a sovereign who exalts his subjects, not a tyrant who debases them. If I were a man I would prefer to marry a girl who would be careful in no least thing to hurt or slight the home hearts she was leaving, who could afford to wait a little even for her happiness rather than grasp it with unseemly eagerness.

I am old fashioned, you think? No, even now I know of such a love in two young lovers for whom every wind blows good fortune, yet who pause on the threshold of the new, bright life to leave tender memories of their sweet thoughtfulness in the life behind them.

Complete. From "Ourselves and Our Neighbors." By permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, successors to Roberts Brothers. Copyright by Roberts Brothers 1887.

MAX MÜLLER

(1823–1900)

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER, one of the most celebrated philologists of the nineteenth century, died in the closing year of the century, full of years and honors. He was born in Dessau, Germany, December 6th, 1823. His father was Wilhelm Müller, the well-known German poet, from whom no doubt he inherited the faculties which made him a great linguist. After studying at Leipsic, Berlin, and Paris, he settled in England, becoming a Professor at Oxford, and remaining there until his death. From 1868 to 1900 he was professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and by such works as "Chips from a German Workshop" he succeeded in popularizing the science of language as it never had been popularized before. The list of his learned works is a long one and his essays, contributed to the reviews and as yet uncollected, would make an important volume.

LANGUAGE SCIENCE AND HISTORY

WITH the light which the study of the antiquity of language has shed on the past, the whole world has been changed. We know now not only what we are, but whence we are. We know our common Aryan home. We know what we carried away from it, and how our common intellectual inheritance has grown and grown from century to century till it has reached a wealth, unsurpassed anywhere, amounting in English alone to two hundred and fifty thousand words. What does it matter whether we know the exact latitude and longitude of that Aryan home, though among reasonable people there is, I believe, very little doubt as to its whereabouts "somewhere in Asia." The important point is that we know that there was such a home, and that we can trace the whole intellectual growth of the Aryan family back to roots which sprang from a common soil. And we can do this not by mere guesses only, or theoretically, but by facts, that is, historically. Take any word or thought that now vibrates through our mind, and we know now how it was first struck in countries far away, and in times so distant that hardly any chronology can

reach them. If anywhere it is in language that we may say, We are what we have been. In language everything that is new is old, and everything that is old is new. That is true evolution, true historical continuity. A man who knows his language, and all that is implied by it, stands on a foundation of ages. He feels the past under his feet, and feels at home in the world of thought, a loyal citizen of the oldest and widest republic.

It is this historical knowledge of language, and not of language only, but of everything that has been handed down to us by an uninterrupted tradition from father to son, it is that kind of knowledge which I hold that our universities and schools should strive to maintain. It is the historical spirit with which they should try to inspire every new generation. As we trace the course of a mighty river back from valley to valley, as we mark its tributaries, and watch its meanderings till we reach its source, or, at all events, the watershed from which its sources spring, in the same manner the historical school has to trace every current of human knowledge from century to century back to its fountain head, if that is possible, or, at all events, as near to it as the remaining records of the past will allow. The true interest of all knowledge lies in its growth. The very mistakes of the past form the solid ground on which the truer knowledge of the present is founded. Would a mathematician be a mathematician who had not studied his Euclid? Would an astronomer be an astronomer who did not know the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and had not worked his way through its errors to the truer views of Copernicus? Would a philosopher be a philosopher who had never grappled with Plato and Aristotle? Would a lawyer be a lawyer who had never heard of Roman law? There is but one key to the present — that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of the human mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has achieved in any department of knowledge — that is to watch its historical development.

No doubt, it will be said, there is no time for all this in the hurry and flurry of our modern life. There are so many things to learn that students must be satisfied with results, without troubling themselves how these results were obtained by the labors of those who came before us. This really would mean that our modern teaching must confine itself to the surface, and keep aloof from what lies beneath. Knowledge must be what is called cut and dry, if it is to prove serviceable in the open market.

My experience is the very opposite. The cut-and-dry knowledge which is acquired from the study of manuals or from so-called crammers is very apt to share the fate of cut flowers. It makes a brilliant show for one evening, but it fades and leaves nothing behind. The only knowledge worth having, and which lasts us for life, must not be cut and dry, but, on the contrary, it should be living and growing knowledge, knowledge of which we know the beginning, the middle, and the end, knowledge of which we can produce the title deeds whenever they are called for. That knowledge may be small in appearance, but, remember, the knowledge required for life is really very small.

We learn, no doubt, a great many things, but what we are able to digest, what is converted *in succum et sanguinem*, into our very lifeblood, and gives us strength and fitness for practical life, is by no means so much as we imagine in our youth. There are certain things which we must know, as if they were part of ourselves. But there are many other things which we simply put into our pockets, which we can find there whenever we want them, but which we do not know as we must know, for instance, the grammar of a language. It is well to remember this distinction between what we know intuitively, and what we know by a certain effort of memory only, for our success in life depends greatly on this distinction — on our knowing what we know, and knowing what we do not know, but what, nevertheless, we can find if wanted.

It has often been said that we only know thoroughly what we can teach, and it is equally true that we can only teach what we know thoroughly.

From «Some Lessons of Antiquity.»

WOMEN IN MOHAMMED'S PARADISE

IT HAS often been said that a religion must be false which teaches what the Koran teaches about a future life. I do not think so. In every religion we must make allowances for anthropomorphic imagery, nor would it be possible to describe the happiness of Paradise except in analogy with human happiness. Why, then, exclude the greatest human happiness, companionship with friends, of either sex, if sex there be in the next world? Why assume the pharisaical mien of contempt for what

has been our greatest blessing in this life, while yet we speak in very human imagery of the city of Holy Jerusalem, twelve thousand furlongs in length, in breadth and height, and the walls thereof one hundred and forty-four cubits, and the building of the wall of jasper and the city of pure gold, and the foundations of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones, jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst? If such childish delights as that of women in certain so-called precious stones are admitted in the life to come, why should the higher joys of life be excluded from the joys of heaven? If Mohammed placed the loveliness of women above the loveliness of gold and amethyst, why should he be blamed for it? People seem to imagine that Mohammed knew no other joys of heaven, and represented Paradise as a kind of heavenly harem. Nothing can be more mistaken. In many places when he speaks of Paradise the presence of women is not even mentioned, and where they are mentioned, they are generally mentioned as wives or friends. Thus we read, "Verily the fellows of Paradise upon that day shall be employed in enjoyment, they and their wives, in shade upon thrones, reclining; therein they shall have fruits, and they shall have what they may call for, Peace, a speech from the merciful God." Or, "For these shall enter Paradise, and shall not be wronged at all, gardens of Eden, which the Merciful has promised to his servants in the unseen; verily, this promise ever comes to pass." Is it so very wrong, then, that saints are believed to enter Paradise with their wives, as when we read, "O my servants, enter ye into paradise, ye and your wives, happy"?

In this and similar ways the pure happiness of the next life is described in the Koran, and if, in a few passages, not only wives but beautiful maidens also are mentioned among the joys of heaven, why should this rouse indignation? True, it shows a less spiritual conception of the life to come than a philosopher would sanction, but, however childish, there is nothing indelicate or impure in the description of the Houris.

The charge of sensuality is a very serious charge in the Western world, and it is difficult for us to make allowances for the different views on the subject among Oriental people. From our point of view, Mohammed himself would certainly be called a sensualist. He sanctioned polygamy, and he even allowed himself a larger number of wives and slaves than to his followers.

Mohammedans, however, as I was informed, take a different view. They admire him for having remained for twenty-five years faithful to one wife, a wife a good deal older than himself. They consider his marrying other wives as an act of benevolence, in granting them his protection while others were «averse from marrying orphan women.» Mohammedans look upon polygamy as a remedy for many social evils, and they are not far wrong. We must not forget that Mohammed had to give laws to barbarous and degenerate tribes, with whom a woman was no more than a chattel, carried off, like a camel or a horse, by whoever was strong enough to defy his rivals. In Arabia, as elsewhere, women were more numerous than men, and the only protection for a woman, particularly an orphan woman, was a husband. Much worse than polygamy was female slavery; still even that was better than what existed before.

From «Mohammedanism and Christianity.»

CARDINAL NEWMAN

(1801–1890)

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (created Cardinal Newman, May 12th, 1879) was born in London, February 21st, 1801. After taking his degree at Oxford and becoming a Fellow of Oriel College, he was associated with Dr. Pusey in what was called the "High-Church movement." Many of the "Oxford tracts," which excited world-wide attention, were written by him. The bent of his mind towards fixed authority as a refuge from the restlessness of skepticism carried him into the Roman Catholic Church, which gave him its highest honors. His hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," is one of the best lyrics of modern times. He died August 11th, 1890, leaving this hymn as his most enduring movement, but he was a prose writer of no mean rank. Besides his purely theological writings, he wrote a number of popular essays on religious subjects, which are as yet uncollected. Of these, his article on "Inspiration and Higher Criticism" is an excellent example.

INSPIRATION AND HIGHER CRITICISM

THE Psalms are inspired; but when David, in the outpouring of his deep contrition, disburdened himself before his God in the words of the "Miserere," could he, possibly, while uttering them, have been directly conscious that every word he uttered was not simply his, but another's? Did he not think that he was personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help?

Doubt again seems incompatible with a consciousness of being inspired. But Father Patrizi, while reconciling two Evangelists in a passage of their narratives, says, if I understand him rightly, that though we admit that there were some things about which inspired writers doubted, this does not imply that inspiration allowed them to state what is doubtful as certain, but only it did not hinder them from stating things with a doubt on their minds about them; but how can the All-knowing Spirit doubt? or how can an inspired man doubt, if he is conscious of his inspiration?

And, again, how can a man whose hand is guided by the Holy Spirit, and who knows it, make apologies for his style of writing, as if deficient in literary exactness and finish? If then the writer of Ecclesiasticus, at the very time that he wrote his Prologue, was not only inspired but conscious of his inspiration, how could he have entreated his readers to "come with benevolence," and to make excuse for his "coming short in the composition of words"? Surely, if at the very time he wrote he had known it, he would, like other inspired men, have said, "Thus saith the Lord," or what was equivalent to it.

The same remark applies to the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, who ends his narrative by saying, "If I have done well, it is what I desired, but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." What a contrast to St. Paul, who, speaking of his inspiration (I. Cor. vii. 40) and of his "weakness and fear" (*id.* ii. 4), does so in order to boast that his "speech was, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and the power." The historian of the Machabees would have surely adopted a like tone of "glorying," had he had at the time a like consciousness of his divine gift.

Again, it follows from there being two agencies, divine grace and human intelligence, co-operating in the production of the Scriptures, that, whereas, if they were written, as in the Decalogue by the immediate finger of God, every word of them must be his and his only; on the contrary, if they are man's writing, informed and quickened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, they admit, should it so happen, of being composed of outlying materials, which have passed through the minds and from the fingers of inspired penmen, and are known to be inspired, on the ground that those who were the immediate editors, as they may be called, were inspired.

For an example of this we are supplied by the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, to which reference has already been made. "All such things," says the writer, "as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene, we have attempted to abridge in one book." Here we have the human aspect of an inspired work. Jason need not, the writer of the Second Book of Machabees must, have been inspired.

Again, St. Luke's gospel is inspired, as having gone through and come forth from an inspired mind; but the extrinsic sources of his narrative were not necessarily all inspired any more than

was Jason of Cyrene; yet such sources there were, for, in contrast with the testimony of the actual eyewitnesses of the events which he records, he says of himself that he wrote after a careful inquiry, "according as they delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word"; as to himself, he had but "diligently attained to all things from the beginning." Here it was not the original statements, but his edition of them, which needed to be inspired.

Hence we have no reason to be surprised, nor is it against the faith to hold, that a canonical book may be composed, not only from, but even of, pre-existing documents, it being always borne in mind, as a necessary condition, that an inspired mind has exercised a supreme and an ultimate judgment on the work, determining what was to be selected and embodied in it, in order to its truth in all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine," and its unadulterated truth.

Thus Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is commonly maintained by the critical school; yet the existing Pentateuch, with the miracles which it contains, may still (from that personal inspiration which belongs to a prophet) have flowed from his mind and hand on to his composition. He new made and authenticated what till then was no matter of faith.

This being considered, it follows that a book may be, and may be accepted as, inspired, though not a word of it is an original document. Such is almost the case with the First Book of Esdras. A learned writer in a publication of the day says: "It consists of the contemporary historical journals, kept from time to time by the prophets or other authorized persons, who were eyewitnesses for the most part of what they record, and whose several narratives were afterward strung together, and either abridged or added to, as the case required, by a later hand, of course an inspired hand."

And in like manner the Chaldee and Greek portions of the Book of Daniel, even though not written by Daniel, may be, and we believe are, written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals; and so much, and nothing beyond, does the Church "oblige" us to believe.

I have said that the Chaldee, as well as the Hebrew portion of Daniel, requires, in order to its inspiration, not that it should be Daniel's writing, but that its writer, whoever he was, should

be inspired. This leads me to the question whether inspiration requires and implies that the book inspired should in its form and matter be homogeneous, and all its parts belong to each other. Certainly not. The Book of Psalms is the obvious instance destructive of any such idea. What it really requires is an inspired editor,—that is, an inspired mind, authoritative in faith and morals, from whose fingers the sacred text passed. I believe it is allowed generally, that at the date of the captivity and under the persecution of Antiochus, the books of Scripture and the sacred text suffered much loss and injury. Originally the Psalms seem to have consisted of five books; of which, only a portion, perhaps the first and second, were David's. That arrangement is now broken up, and the Council of Trent was so impressed with the difficulty of their authorship, that, in its formal decree respecting the Canon, instead of calling the collection "David's Psalms," as was usual, they called it the "Psalterium Davidicum," thereby meaning to imply, that, although canonical and inspired and in spiritual fellowship and relationship with those of "the choice Psalmist of Israel," the whole collection is not therefore necessarily the writing of David.

And as the name of David, though not really applicable to every Psalm, nevertheless protected and sanctioned them all, so the appendices which conclude the Book of Daniel, Susanna, and Bel, though not belonging to the main history, come under the shadow of that Divine Presence, which primarily rests on what goes before.

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that Prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired; and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pentateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

From "The Inspiration of Scripture."

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.

After the Portrait by Schnorr von Karolsfeld, Engraved by L. Sickling.

JULIUS SCHNORR VON KAROLSFELD or CAROLSFELD, a German historical painter of reputation, was born at Leipsic, March 26th, 1794; died May 24th, 1872. The frescoes from Ariosto in the Villa Massimi at Rome are from his brush.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR

(1776–1831)

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR, one of the painstaking historical students whose work has revolutionized the modern historical method, was born at Copenhagen, August 27th, 1776; but he is more closely identified with Germany than with Denmark. In 1806 he left the civil service of his native country for that of Prussia. He served as Prussian embassador at Rome (1816–23), but the great work of his life, his "History of Rome," was more directly due to the demands of his work as a university lecturer at Berlin and Bonn. The first volume of the "History" was published in 1811 and the last in 1832, a year after the author's death, which occurred January 2d, 1831. His miscellaneous writings were collected and published,—the last volumes in 1843.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ROMAN HISTORY

THE importance of the history of Rome is generally acknowledged, and will probably never be disputed. There may be persons who, in regard to ancient history in general, entertain fanciful opinions and underrate its value; but they will never deny the importance of Roman history. For many sciences it is indispensable as an introduction or a preparation. As long as the Roman law retains the dignified position which it now occupies, so long Roman history cannot lose its importance for the student of the law in general. A knowledge of the history of Rome, her laws and institutions, is absolutely necessary to a theologian who wishes to make himself acquainted with ecclesiastical history. There are indeed sciences which are in no such direct relation to Roman history, and to which it cannot therefore be of the same importance; but it is important in the history of human life in general, and whoever wishes, for instance, to acquire a knowledge of the history of diseases, must be intimately acquainted with Roman history, for without it many things will remain utterly obscure to him. Its immense importance to a philologer requires no explanation. If philologers are

principally occupied with Roman literature, the Roman classics in all their detail must be as familiar to them as if they were their contemporaries; and even those whose attention is chiefly engaged by the literature of the Greeks cannot dispense with Roman history, or else they will remain one-sided, and confine themselves within such narrow limits as to be unable to gain a free point of view. Let Greek philology be ever so much a man's real element, still he must know in what manner the Greeks ended, and what was their condition under the Roman dominion. The consequence of this necessity having never yet been duly recognized is, that the later periods of the history of Greece are still much neglected. If, on the other hand, we look at the history of a country by itself, as a science which, independently of all others, possesses sufficient intrinsic merits of its own, the history of Rome is not surpassed by that of any other country. The history of all nations of the ancient world ends in that of Rome, and that of all modern nations has grown out of that of Rome. Thus, if we compare history with history, that of Rome has the highest claims to our attention. It shows us a nation which was in its origin small like a grain of corn; but this originally small population waxed great, transferred its character to hundreds of thousands, and became the sovereign of nations from the rising to the setting sun. The whole of western Europe adopted the language of the Romans, and its inhabitants looked upon themselves as Romans. The laws and institutions of the Romans acquired such a power and durability, that even at the present moment they still continue to maintain their influence upon millions of men. Such a development is without parallel in the history of the world. Before this star all others fade and vanish. In addition to this, we have to consider the greatness of the individuals and their achievements, the extraordinary character of the institutions which formed the ground work of Rome's grandeur, and those events which in greatness surpass all others: all this gives to Roman history importance and durability. Hence we find, that in the Middle Ages, when most branches of knowledge were neglected, the history of Rome, although in an imperfect form, was held in high honor. Whatever eminent men appear during the Middle Ages, they all show a certain knowledge of Roman history, and an ardent love of Roman literature. The Revival of Letters was not a little promoted by this disposition in the minds of men: it was through the medium of Roman litera-

ture that sciences were revived in Europe, and the first restorers were distinguished for their enthusiastic love of Roman history and literature. Dante and Petrarch felt as warmly for Rome as the ancient Romans did. Throughout the Middle Ages, Valerius Maximus was considered the most important book next to the Bible; it was the mirror of virtues, and was translated into all the languages of Europe. Rienzi, the tribune, is said to have read all the works of the Ancients. At the tables of the German knights stories used to be read aloud, which alternately related the events of the Old Testament and the heroic deeds of the Romans. This partiality for Roman history continued after the Revival of Letters; and although it was often studied in an unprofitable manner, still every one had a dim notion of its surpassing importance and instructive character.

Complete. Lecture XII. of Introductory Lectures on Rome.

NIZAMI

(ABU MOHAMMED BEN YUSUF SHEIKH NIZAM EDDIN)

(1141–1202)

ALTHOUGH Nizami is, in his own right and his own language, a poet and not an essayist, the English translations in essay form made from his works, by Sir William Jones, belong to the literature of the English essay, as they helped to give an Oriental tinge to the essays of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Nizami, who was one of the greatest poets of Persia, was born in 1141 A. D. His productive capacity was immense, as his "Divan" alone contains twenty-eight thousand distichs, and it is only one of six of his chief productions. Of these "Laila and Majnun" is best known to Occidental readers. Nizami died in 1202 A. D.

ON TRUTH

THERE was a king who oppressed his subjects: in his fondness of false evidence he had the manners of Hejjaj (a tyrant of Basrah).

Whatever in the nighttime was born (or conceived) from the morning was repeated in his palace at early dawn.

One morning a person went to the king, more apt to disclose secrets than the orb of the moon,

Who from the moon acquired nightly stratagems, and from the dawn learned the art of an informer.

He said: "A certain old man in private has called thee a disturber, and a tyrant, and bloodthirsty."

The king was enraged by this speech: he said, "Even now I put him to death."

He spread a cloth, and scattered sand on it: (to catch the blood) the devil himself fled from his madness.

A youth went, like the wind, to the face of the old man: he said, "The king is ill disposed towards thee.

"Before this evil-minded tyrant has pronounced thy doom, arise, go to him, that thou mayst bring him to his right state of mind."

The sage performed his ablution; took his shroud; went before the king, and took up his discourse.

The dark-minded monarch clapped his hands together; and, from a desire of revenge, his eye was bent back towards the heel of his foot.

He said, "I have heard that thou hast given loose to thy speech; thou hast called me revengeful and mad-headed.

"Art thou apprised of my monarchy like that of Soliman? Dost thou call me in this manner an oppressive demon?"

The old man said to him, "I have not been sleeping: I have said worse of thee than what thou repeatest.

"Old and young are in peril from thy act; town and village are injured by thy ministry.

"I, who am thus enumerating thy faults, am holding a mirror to thee both for bad and good.

"When the mirror shows thy blemishes truly, break thyself: it is a crime to break the mirror.

"See my truth, and apply thy understanding to me; and if it be not so, kill me on a gibbet."

When the sage made a confession with truth, the veracity of the old man had an effect on him.

When the king saw that veracity of his before him, he perceived his rectitude, his own crookedness.

He said, "Take away his spices and his shroud; bring in my sweet odors, and robe of honor."

He went back from the height of injustice; he became a just prince, cherishing his subjects.

No virtuous man has kept his truth concealed; for a true speech no man has been injured.

Bring truth (rasti) forward, that thou mayst be saved (rastigar). Truth from thee is victory from the Creator.

Though true words were all pearls, yet they would be harsh, very harsh, for "truth is bitter."

Complete. Translation of Sir William Jones.

ON THE PRIDE OF WEALTH

When the period of the Khalafet came to Harun, the standard of Abbas extended over the world.

One midnight he turned his back on the partner of his bed, and turned his face to the enjoyment of the warm bath.

A barber, who was shaving his head, cutting hair by hair, dispelled his sorrow,

Saying, "O thou, who hast been apprised of my pre-eminence, connect me to thee this day by making me thy son-in-law:

"Publish the discourse of thy marriage; make thy daughter betrothed to thy servant."

The temper of the Khalifah grew a little warm; but became again inclined to lenity.

He said, "My dominion has turned his liver; he has gotten wild stupidity though my amazing grandeur.

"His being beside himself has made him a talker of such nonsense; if not, he would not have made this request and demand to me."

The next day he tried him better: the same impression was on the coin of his heart.

Thus he made trial of him several times: the habit of the man departed not from its fixed place.

Since a want of clearness carried the matter from light, the king carried the story to a consultation with his Vezir,

Saying, "From the rough pen of a hair cutter has this event, written on my forehead by destiny, fallen on my head.

"He must have the rank of being my son-in-law! See what a want of good breeding suggests to him.

"Whenever he comes, like fate, upon my head, he throws stones upon me and upon my gems.

"In his mouth is a poniard, and in his hand a sword, I will give him the edge of the sabre without fail."

The Vezir said, "Thou art secure from any design of his: perhaps his foot is on the top of a treasure.

"When the simple man shall come towards thy head, say, 'Turn aside from the place, where thy foot first stood.'

"If he be refractory, strike off his neck; if not, dig up the place where he stepped first."

The man with obedience, from the desire of compliance which he had, changed his place in the manner that was directed.

When he separated his foot from the first station, the manner of the barber was different.

While his foot was on the head of a treasure, the figure of royalty was in his mirror.

When he saw his foot devoid of the treasure, he saw again the cottage of his barber's business.

Having sewed up his mouth, he saw the propriety of little speech; he had taught good breeding to his eye and tongue.

They soon dug up the place where he stood, and found a treasure under his foot.

Whoever sets his foot on the head of a treasure, by his own speech opens the door of the treasury.

The treasure of Nizami, who has thrown down the talisman which concealed it, is a clear bosom and an enlightened heart.

Complete. Translation of Sir William Jones.

"NOVALIS"

(FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG)

(1772–1801)

"NOVALIS" died at the age of twenty-nine, after having hinted rather than shown himself to be one of the most extraordinary geniuses of modern times. The volume of his writings in prose and verse is not large, and much of it is not specially remarkable. Some of it, however, is almost supernatural. His was the only genius among the poets of Germany with a higher flight than that of Goethe. It was impossible for such elevation of intellect to be sustained, and so "Novalis" died one of the minor poets of Germany. His name in real life (to which he did not belong) was Friedrich von Hardenberg and he was born at Wiederstedt, May 2d, 1772. After studying jurisprudence at Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, he filled a minor judicial position in Thuringia, but he was not fitted for it and he left it as soon as possible. At his death, March 25th, 1801, he left behind him a novel, a volume of lyric poems, a number of miscellaneous sketches and apothegms, and his "Hymns to the Night," an extraordinary series of "prose poems," occasioned by the death of his betrothed, Sophie von Kühn. "Novalis" did his best work at the close of the eighteenth century, and he has sometimes put into his lines more of the real higher mind of humanity than has gone to vivify volumes from the pens of some of the celebrated critical writers of the diffusive school of the last half of the nineteenth.

THE HOLY MYSTERY OF NIGHT

BEFORE all the wondrous shows of the widespread space around him, what living, sentient thing loves not the all-joyous light, with its colors, its rays and undulations, its gentle omnipresence in the form of the wakening Day? The giant world of the unresting constellations inhales it as the innermost soul of life and floats dancing in its azure flood; and the sparkling, ever-tranquil stone, the thoughtful, imbibing plant, and the

wild, burning, multiform beast-world inhales it; but more than all, the lordly stranger with the meaning eyes; the swaying walk, and the sweetly closed, melodious lips. Like a king over earthly nature, it rouses every force to countless transformations, binds and unbinds innumerable alliances, hangs its heavenly form around every earthly substance. Its presence alone reveals the marvelous splendor of the kingdoms of the world.

Aside I turn to the holy, unspeakable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world, sunk in a deep grave; waste and lonely is its place In the chords of the bosom blows a deep sadness. I am ready to sink away in drops of dew, and mingle with the ashes. The distances of memory, the wishes of youth, the dreams of childhood, the brief joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, arise in gray garments, like an evening vapor after the sunset. In other regions the light has pitched its joyous tents: what if it should never return to its children, who wait for it with the faith of innocence?

What springs up all at once so sweetly boding in my heart, and stills the soft air of sadness? Dost thou also take a pleasure in us, dusky Night? What holdest thou under thy mantle, that with hidden power affects my soul? Precious balm drips from thy hand out of its bundle of poppies Thou upliftest the heavy-laden pinions of the soul. Darkly and inexpressibly are we moved: joy-startled, I see a grave countenance that, tender and worshipful, inclines toward me, and, amid manifold entangled locks, reveals the youthful loveliness of the Mother. How poor and childish a thing seems to me now the light! how joyous and welcome the departure of the day! Didst thou not only therefore, because the Night turns away from thee thy servants, strew in the gulfs of space those flashing globes, to proclaim, in seasons of thy absence, thy omnipotence and thy return?

More heavenly than those glittering stars we hold the eternal eyes which the Night hath opened within us. Further they see than the palest of those countless hosts. Needing no aid from the light, they penetrate the depths of a loving soul that fills a loftier region with bliss ineffable. Glory to the queen of the world, to the great prophetess of holier worlds, to the foster mother of blissful love! she sends thee to me, thou tenderly beloved, the gracious sun of the Night. Now am I awake, for now am I thine and mine. Thou hast made me know the Night, and brought her to me to be my life: thou hast made of me a man.

Consume my body with the ardor of my soul, that I, turned to finer air, may mingle more closely with thee, and then our bridal night endure forever.

Complete. From «Hymns to the Night.»

SLEEP

Must the morning always return? Will the despotism of the earthly never cease? Unholy activity consumes the angel visit of the Night. Will the time never come when Love's hidden sacrifice shall burn eternally? To the Light a season was set; but everlasting and boundless is the dominion of the Night. Endless is the duration of sleep. Holy Sleep, gladden not too seldom in this earthly day-labor, the devoted servant of the Night. Fools alone mistake thee, knowing naught of sleep but the shadow which, in the gloaming of the real night, thou pitifully castest over us. They feel thee not in the golden flood of the grapes, in the magic oil of the almond tree, and the brown juice of the poppy. They know not that it is thou who hauntest the bosom of the tender maiden, and makest a heaven of her lap; never suspect it is thou, the portress of heaven, that steppest to meet them out of ancient stories, bearing the key to the dwellings of the blessed, silent messenger of secrets infinite.

Complete. From «Hymns to the Night.»

ETERNITY

Once when I was shedding bitter tears, when, dissolved in pain, my hope was melting away, and I stood alone by the barren hillock, which in its narrow dark bosom hid the vanished form of my life, lonely as never yet was lonely man, driven by anguish unspeakable, powerless, and no longer aught but a conscious misery; — as there I looked about me for help, unable to go on or turn back, and clung to the fleeting, extinguished life with an endless longing: then, out of the blue distances, from the hills of my ancient bliss, came a shiver of twilight, and at once snapped the bond of birth, the fetter of the Light. Away fled the glory of the world, and with it my mourning; the sadness flowed together into a new, unfathomable world. Thou, soul of the Night, heavenly Slumber, didst come upon me; the region gently

upheaved itself, and over it hovered my unbound, newborn spirit. The hillock became a cloud of dust, and through the cloud I saw the glorified face of my beloved. In her eyes eternity reposed. I laid hold of her hands, and the tears became a sparkling chain that could not be broken. Into the distance swept by, like a tempest, thousands of years. On her neck I welcomed the new life with ecstatic tears. Never was such another dream; then first and ever since I hold fast an eternal, unchangeable faith in the heaven of the Night, and its sun, the Beloved.

Complete. From «Hymns to the Night.»

THE TRANSPORTS OF DEATH

Now I know when will come the last morning: when the Light no more scares away Night and Love; when sleep shall be without waking, and but one continuous dream. I feel in me a celestial exhaustion. Long and weariful was my pilgrimage to the holy grave, and crushing was the cross. The crystal wave, which, imperceptible to the ordinary sense, springs in the dark bosom of the hillock against whose foot breaks the flood of the world, he who has tasted it, who has stood on the mountain frontier of the world, and looked across into the new land, into the abode of the Night, verily he turns not again into the tumult of the world, into the land where dwells the Light in ceaseless unrest.

On whose heights he builds for himself tabernacles — tabernacles of peace; there longs and loves and gazes across, until the welcomest of all hours draws him down into the waters of the spring. Afloat above remains what is earthly, and is swept back in storms; but what became holy by the touch of Love runs free through hidden ways to the region beyond, where, like odors, it mingles with love asleep. Still wakest thou, cheerful Light, the weary man to his labor, and into me pourest gladsome life; but thou wilst me not away from Memory's moss-grown monument. Gladly will I bestir the deedy hands, everywhere behold where thou hast need of me; bepraise the rich pomp of thy splendor; pursue unwearied the lovely harmonies of thy skilled handicraft; gladly contemplate the thoughtful pace of thy mighty radiant clock; explore the balance of the forces and the laws of the wondrous play of countless worlds and their seasons; but true

to the Night remains my secret heart, and to creative Love, her daughter. Canst thou show me a heart eternally true? Has thy sun friendly eyes that know me? Do thy stars lay hold of my longing hand? Do they return me the tender pressure and the caressing word? Was it thou didst bedeck them with colors and a flickering outline? Or was it she who gave to thy jewels a higher, a dearer significance? What delight, what pleasure offers thy life, to outweigh the transports of Death? Wears not everything that inspirits us the livery of the Night? Thy mother, it is she who brings thee forth, and to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst vanish into thyself, thou wouldst dissipate in boundless space, if she did not hold thee fast, if she swaddled thee not, so that thou grewest warm, and, flaming, gavest birth to the universe. Verily I was before thou wast; the mother sent me with my sisters to inhabit thy world, to sanctify it with love that it might be an ever-present memorial, to plant it with flowers unfading. As yet they have not ripened, these thoughts divine; as yet there is small trace of our coming apocalypse. One day thy clock will point to the end of Time, and then thou shalt be as one of us, and shalt, full of ardent longing, be extinguished and die. I feel in me the close of thy activity, I taste heavenly freedom, and happy restoration. With wild pangs I recognize thy distance from our home, thy feud with the ancient lordly heaven. Thy rage and thy raving are in vain. Inconsumable stands the cross, victory-flag of our race.

Over I journey
Where every pain,
Zest only of pleasure,
Shall one day remain.
Yet a few moments
Then free am I,
And intoxicated
In Love's lap lie.
Life everlasting
Lifts, wave-like, at me:
I gaze from its summit
Down after thee.
O Sun, thou must vanish
Yon hillock beneath;
A shadow will bring thee
Thy cooling wreath.
Oh, draw at my heart, love,

Draw till I'm gone;
That, fallen asleep, I
Still may love on!
I feel the flow of
Death's youth-giving flood;
To balsam and ether it
Changes my blood!
I live all the daytime
In faith and in might:
In holy rapture
I die every night.

Complete. From «Hymns to the Night.» All the preceding are from the translation of George Macdonald. Longmans, Green & Co., London.

STAR DUST

WHERE no gods are, spectres rule.

The best thing that the French achieved by their Revolution was a portion of Germanism.

Germanism is genuine popularity, and therefore an ideal.

Where children are, there is the golden age.

Spirit is now active here and there: when will Spirit be active in the whole? When will mankind, in the mass, begin to consider?

Nature is pure Past, foregone freedom; and therefore, throughout, the soil of history.

The antithesis of body and spirit is one of the most remarkable and dangerous of all antitheses. It has played an important part in history.

Only by comparing ourselves, as men, with other rational beings, could we know what we truly are, what position we occupy.

The history of Christ is as surely poetry as it is history. And, in general, only that history is history which might also be fable.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.

Prayer is to religion what thinking is to philosophy. To pray is to make religion.

The more sinful man feels himself, the more Christian he is.

Christianity is opposed to science, to art, to enjoyment in the proper sense.

It goes forth from the common man. It inspires the great majority of the limited on earth.

It is the germ of all democracy, the highest fact in the domain of the popular.

Light is the symbol of genuine self-possession. Therefore, light, according to analogy, is the action of the self-contact of matter. Accordingly, day is the consciousness of the planet, and while the sun, like a god, in eternal self-action, inspires the centre, one planet after another closes one eye for a longer or shorter time, and with cool sleep refreshes itself for new life and contemplation. Accordingly, here, too, there is religion. For is the life of the planets aught else but sun worship?

The Holy Ghost is more than the Bible. This should be our teacher of religion, not the dead, earthly, equivocal letter.

All faith is miraculous, and worketh miracles.

Sin is, indeed, the real evil in the world. All calamity proceeds from that. He who understands sin, understands virtue and Christianity, himself and the world.

The greatest of miracles is a virtuous act.

If a man could suddenly believe, in sincerity, that he was moral, he would be so.

We need not fear to admit that man has a preponderating tendency to evil. So much the better is he by nature, for only the unlike attracts.

Everything distinguished (peculiar) deserves ostracism. Well for it if it ostracizes itself. Everything absolute must quit the world.

A time will come, and that soon, when all men will be convinced that there can be no king without a republic, and no republic without a king; that both are as inseparable as body and soul. The true king will be a republic, the true republic a king.

In cheerful souls there is no wit. Wit shows a disturbance of the equipoise.

Most people know not how interesting they are, what interesting things they really utter. A true representation of themselves, a record and estimate of their sayings, would make them astonished at themselves, would help them to discover in themselves an entirely new world.

Man is the Messiah of Nature.

The soul is the most powerful of all poisons. It is the most penetrating and diffusible stimulus.

Every sickness is a musical problem; the cure is the musical solution.

Inoculation with death, also, will not be wanting in some future universal therapia.

The idea of a perfect health is interesting only in a scientific point of view. Sickness is necessary to individualization.

If God could be man, he can also be stone, plant, animal, element, and perhaps, in this way, there is a continuous redemption in nature.

Life is a disease of the spirit, a passionate activity. Rest is the peculiar property of the spirit. From the spirit comes gravitation.

As nothing can be free, so, too, nothing can be forced, but spirit.

A space-filling individual is a body, a time-filling individual is a soul.

It should be inquired whether nature has not essentially changed with the progress of culture.

All activity ceases when knowledge comes. The state of knowing is eudemonism, blest repose of contemplation, heavenly quietism.

Miracles, as contradictions of nature, are unmathematical. But there are no miracles in this sense. What we so term is intelligible precisely by means of mathematics; for nothing is miraculous to mathematics.

In music, mathematics appears formally, as revelation, as creative idealism. All enjoyment is musical, consequently mathematical. The highest life is mathematics.

There may be mathematicians of the first magnitude who cannot cipher. One can be a great cipherer without a conception of mathematics.

Instinct is genius in Paradise, before the period of self-abstraction (self-recognition).

The fate which oppresses us is the sluggishness of our spirit. By enlargement and cultivation of our activity, we change our-

selves into fate. Everything appears to stream in upon us, because we do not stream out. We are negative, because we choose to be so; the more positive we become, the more negative will the world around us be, until, at last, there is no more negative, and we are all in all. God wills gods.

All power appears only in transition. Permanent power is substance.

Every act of introversion — every glance into our interior — is at the same time ascension, going up to heaven, a glance at the veritable outward.

Only so far as a man is happily married to himself, is he fit for married life and family life generally.

One must never confess that one loves oneself. The secret of this confession is the life principle of the only true and eternal love.

We conceive God as personal, just as we conceive ourselves personal. God is just as personal and as individual as we are; for what we call I is not our true I, but only its off glance.

From « The Fragments. »

"MAX O'RELL"

(PAUL BLOUET)

(1848–)

THE author of "John Bull and His Island" has done his work too well as "Max O'Rell" ever to be known by the name of "Paul," given him on or soon after March 2d, 1848,—the date of his birth into the Blouet family of Brittany, France. "John Bull and His Island," his first and greatest success, has been followed by "Jonathan and His Continent" and others in the same vein, all meritorious and all the easiest of easy reading. He is a genuine Frenchman, but blended with the "attic wit" * of the intellectual products of Parisian literary garrets, there is a dash of the true Celtic, which entitles him to the O' of his pseudonym. He is still living to delight the newspaper and magazine readers of two continents.

JOHN BULL AND HIS MORAL MOTIVES

THE French fight for glory; the Germans for a living; the Russians to divert the attention of the people from home affairs; but John Bull is a reasonable, moral, and reflecting character: he fights to promote trade, to maintain peace and order on the face of the earth, and the good of mankind in general. If he conquers a nation, it is to improve its condition in this world and secure its welfare in the next: a highly moral aim, as you perceive. "Give me your territory, and I will give you the Bible." Exchange no robbery.

John is so convinced of his intentions being pure and his mission holy, that when he goes to war and his soldiers get killed, he does not like it. In newspaper reports of battles, you may see at the head of the telegrams: "Battle of . . . So many of the enemy killed, so many British massacred."

During the Zulu war, the savages one day surprised an English regiment, and made a clean sweep of them. Next day, all the papers had: "Disaster at Isandula; Massacre of British troops;

* Souvestre's pun.

Barbarous perfidy of the Zulus." Yet these excellent Zulus were not accused of having decoyed the English into a trap; no, they had simply neglected to send their cards to give notice of their arrival, as gentlemen should have done. That was all. It was cheating. As a retaliatory measure, there was a general demand in London for the extermination of the enemy to the last man. After all, these poor fellows were only defending their own invaded country. The good sense of England prevailed, however, and they were treated as worsted belligerents. England, at heart, is generous; when she has conquered a people, she freely says to them: "I forgive you." Above all things she is practical. When she has achieved the conquest of a nation, she sets to work to organize it; she gives it free institutions; allows it to govern itself; trades with it; enriches it, and endeavors to make herself agreeable to her new subjects. There are always thousands of Englishmen ready to go and settle in such new pastures, and fraternize with the natives. When England gave her colonies the right of self-government, there were not wanting people to prophesy that the ruin of the empire must be the result. Contrary to their expectation, however, the effect of this excellent policy has been to bind but closer the ties which held the colonies to the mother country. If England relied merely upon her bayonets to guard her empire, that empire would collapse like a house of cards; it is a moral force, something far more powerful than bayonets, that keeps it together.

England's way of utilizing her colonies is not our way. To us they are mere military stations for the cultivation of the science of war. To her they are stores, branch shops of the firm "John Bull & Co." Go to Australia — that is, to the antipodes of London — you will, it is true, see people eating strawberries and wearing straw hats at Christmas; setting aside this difference, you will easily be able to fancy yourself in England.

The Spaniards once possessed nearly the whole of the New World; but their only aim being to enrich themselves at the expense of their colonies, they lost them all. You cannot with impunity suck a colony's blood to the last drop.

It is not given to everyone to be a colonist.

John Bull is a colonist, if ever there was one. This he owes to his singular qualities,— nay, even to defects which are peculiarly his own.

From "John Bull and His Island."

DEGRADATION IN LONDON

«HELL is a city much like London,» said the great poet Shelley. London is, indeed, an ignoble mixture of beer and Bible; of gin and gospel; of drunkenness and hypocrisy; of unheard-of squalor and unbridled luxury; of misery and prosperity; of poor, abject, shivering, starving creatures, and people insolent with happiness and wealth, whose revenues would appear to us a colossal fortune.

Except at the East End, the poor are not confined to any special quarter of the capital; you may see them everywhere clothed in rags and degradation. In this free country, the most abject human beings seem to go about clothed with a covering that resembles in form the vestures of the upper classes, just to parade their misery in the open street, as a constant reproach to the indifference and contempt of the rich. A celebrated author commits a serious error — an error which only his short stay in England can account for — when he says that there are no beggars or low people to be seen in the parks of London. These places swarm with them, and so do Regent Street, Oxford Street, and all the great arteries of the town.

Let us take a look at the public promenades.

Hyde Park is a kind of large field badly kept in order, and situated in the midst of London. There may be seen by day the richest aristocracy in the world, on horseback, or in their carriages, going round and round the graveled drives. At nightfall, Hyde Park becomes a resort for cutthroats, a huge *lupanar* at sixpence a head, that an Englishman will advise you to carefully avoid; the vilest scum of the streets meet there to wallow in the mire to their hearts' content; the gates are left open purposely by night. The policemen who stand at the entrance could easily cleanse this hotbed of vice; but they have express orders not to meddle in that which, it would appear, is not their business. The London populace is a malignant one; it is best not to meddle with it. . . .

The drunkenness in the streets is indescribable. On Saturday nights it is a general witches' sabbath. The women drink to almost as great an extent as the men. In Scotland they equal them. In Ireland they surpass them. My authority is an official report made to the English government in 1877. I find the following advertisement in the Christian World: «The wife of a

clergyman of the Church of England wishes to recommend to a Christian family a cook formerly given to drinking, but who has taken a firm resolution of leading a better life.» Dear good lady! Why does she not take her herself? Ah! I will tell you why. The worthy lady is not selfish; clergyman's wife though she be, she does not wish to monopolize all the opportunities of doing good; she leaves some for you; you should be grateful to her.

The Englishman is only noisy when he is drunk; then he becomes combative and wicked. One-half the murders one hears of are committed under the influence of drink. It is not so very long since a gentleman was not ashamed to be seen tipsy in the street. At the beginning of the century they went to parliament in this state; it was rather good form. There is a story which says that Pitt one day went to the House of Commons leaning upon the arm of an honorable friend. They were both of them drunk. «I say, Pitt,» cried the great statesman's friend, «How is it? I can't see the speaker.»

«That's funny! I — see — two,» replied Pitt.

I remember hearing a drunkard one day in Cannon Street station — it was at the time when a war between England and Russia appeared imminent — challenging loudly the latter country. «Come on, Russia, I'll manage you,» he shouted. As Russia did not make her appearance: «Well, then, come on, Turkey; Russia or Turkey, I don't care which it is.» The same silence on the part of the Turk. «Well, then, come on, Russia, Turkey, England, I'll fight the b—— lot of you.» He was got into a carriage somehow. I pity his poor wife if he reached home without having slaked his thirst for battle upon one of the European powers.

The saddest spectacle that man, in his degradation, has yet given to the world, is a file of sandwiches. Two boards are slung over the sandwich man's neck, one on his chest, the other on his back, and he is sent about the streets placarded with the strangest, most grotesque advertisements. For the meagre pay of a few pence, he has, all day long, in all the samples of weather that this cold, damp climate affords, to pace along the gutters of the principal streets. I say in the gutter, for he is not allowed to leave it, lest he should intercept the traffic, either of the road or the pavement. I have seen these poor wretches dragging one tired foot after the other, and encased in great

square trunks, that covered them from knee to neck. Only their head and arms were free, and even the arms were not at liberty altogether, for they had to distribute to the passers-by the circulars of a trunk-making firm. Our *chiffonniers* are princes in comparison with these poor beasts of burden:—

«*Plutot souffrir que mourir*
C'est la devise des hommes.»

You will not have gone a hundred paces along the street with a valise or bag in your hand, without having a band of street boys and loafers at your heels. They are all on the lookout for a chance of earning a penny, if you confide your luggage to them to carry, or of disappearing round the corner with it, if you turn your back an instant. If you require to cross the road, a beggar in rags will step in front of you and sweep away the mud out of your path with his broom. You will come across these poor devils in the most fashionable quarters: in Piccadilly, in Regent Street, at Hyde Park Corner, under the very windows of Buckingham Palace even.

The most flourishing businesses in London, and the only ones that are really substantial, are those of beer and old clothes. No credit for the poor man: to get his glass of beer he must come down with his three halfpence. The publican and the pawnbroker are the princes of English trade. The one is the consequence of the other. Each is the best friend of the other.

In England the government does not interfere in these matters; it does not monopolize any industry, does not undertake to supply the taxpayer with brimstone matches that will not light, and threepenny fireproof cigars.

The needy person applies to the pawnbroker. The manner in which these gentry, whom I have heard magistrates plainly call receivers of stolen goods, carry on business, favors and encourages theft. *Ma tante*, who, in France, corresponds to my uncle on this side of the Channel, is obliged by law to pay the person who pledges or sells any object of value in that person's own residence. This, at any rate, is a slight guarantee. Here, you may give the pawnbroker the first name and address that occur to your mind, and he pays you. He lends at the rate of thirty per cent. and advances as little as he can, because he takes all articles at his own risk; if they have been stolen and are subsequently identified by their rightful owner, he is obliged to restore them.

The language of the streets is beyond everything that any French dictionary places at the disposal of the translator; all idea of conveying a notion of it must be renounced. Just as choice, euphemistic, and free from objectionable expressions as is the language of the well-educated classes, just so crude and obscene is that of the lower orders. These latter seem to have but one adjective at their disposition, the adjective bl——y. This word, which corresponds to our oath *sacré*, makes one shudder in England. To French ears it can only sound ridiculous. An English workman will say, for instance, "I told my ——— master that he only gave me a——— sovereign every——— week, and that I wanted five——— shillings more. He said he had not the——— time to listen to my——— complaints," etc. And so on all the while. This word, however, which happens to be now spelled like the synonym of sanguinary is, we believe, no other than a corruption of the expression "by'r lady" (by our lady) which we come across several times in Shakespeare.

Cock-fighting and dog-fighting, so famous in former days, are now forbidden by law. Boxers themselves have ceased to be an attraction; they are liable to prosecution, and only meet for a match clandestinely. These remnants of barbarism are fast disappearing. These combats were terrible. The Englishman hits a blow that would knock your head off your shoulders. This is a curious thing: even when these savages fight in earnest, they never kick each other; it is contrary to the national spirit. The kick is reserved strictly for the weaker sex, who enjoy the whole and sole monopoly of it.

From "John Bull and His Island."

HANS CHRISTIAN ÖRSTED

(1777–1851)

HANS CHRISTIAN ÖRSTED, the celebrated Danish scientist, was born at Rudkjöbing, Denmark, August 14th, 1777. His studies in Electro-Magnetism resulted in discoveries which, when complemented by those of Arago and given a practical application by Morse, resulted in the electric telegraph. He died March 9th, 1851, after publishing scientific works of enduring importance. He was an essayist of ability, and his essays, mostly on scientific and philosophical themes, have been extensively read in and out of Denmark.

ARE MEN GROWING BETTER?

WE SEE that in what concerns material things, the state of man is not worse, but better than it was in former ages. The question now only remains, whether the case is not different with spiritual things. I know that many speak of the ancient times of the world as if they were replete with virtue, and as if the men of the present day had shamefully degenerated from their fathers. This commendation of past times has even less foundation than what is said about the size of the body, its strength, and its health; but I should act unadvisedly, were I not previously to explain why our ancestors must have been inferior to us in many good qualities. They were, namely, less enlightened, which was natural; for as every ordinary man grows wiser with age, it is the same with the whole human race. Every year we experience something new, and we invent something new; the son learns from the father, and the young generally from the old. In this way an increasing treasure of knowledge is constantly collected in the world, which cannot be lost, unless men so entirely surrender themselves to folly and vice, that they do not even endeavor to learn anything good and useful. It is easy to conceive that men, in all well-regulated states, must improve, and be better instructed, and that their understanding is more disposed

to choose the good and to reject the evil. It is worthy of remark how often men allow themselves to be deceived by a name. We frequently call the past ages, "the olden times," and our ancestors "the Ancients," and we fancy that we thus pay particular respect to their age and their wisdom. But what are called the "ancient days" were exactly the "young days" of the human race; mankind is now older and more experienced than it was in past ages; but we should not pride ourselves on that, for our descendants will be still better and more experienced than we are. Let us only endeavor to leave behind us the remembrance that we have not disgraced the time in which we lived.

Valor was the virtue most usually met with among our ancestors. Exactly because men were less enlightened they were more easily roused into a dispute, and tempted by rapacity; and since countries at that time rarely enjoyed good governments and wise regulations, people lived in continual warfare. Each petty lord could wage war against his neighbor; and several petty lords, when united, were able to join against their sovereign. They therefore recognized no virtue but valor, which they constantly strove for. In our days the passions of men are more curbed by reason, and, above all, internal peace is better protected by laws and good regulations. We are also more cautious than formerly about commencing a war, by which the lives and welfare of so many men are at stake. Yet, notwithstanding this, when war has been waged in modern times, we have seen great actions performed, which might fairly take their place beside those of former days.

The praise which is bestowed upon the honor of ancient days has far less foundation than that bestowed upon their valor. If we do not limit ourselves to reading certain modern books, which blindly praise the past ages, but if we rather read older writings, which are composed by men who have seen the events with their own eyes, or heard them related by men who have themselves experienced them, we learn that promises were often broken, that even perjury was not uncommon, and that near relations frequently deceived one another. We also find, in the old writings, that they treated one another with what we should now think a very exaggerated distrust. The petty kings, who swarmed in the North, before each country was subject to its own king, covertly attacked each other, although they did not come to open war. When heroes feasted one another, they were at the same moment

ready for each other's destruction. It is true they were heathen, but in Christian times the great lords in these kingdoms continued, for many centuries, to act almost as badly; and certainly in none of the succeeding centuries was artifice so much detested as it is in our days.

Men of the present day should not fear a comparison with those of past ages, with respect to their probity and their love of truth; but they might well fear of blushing before posterity, if they do not earnestly strive to excel their ancestors far more than they have hitherto done. It might be supposed that Christianity itself would imbue the most ignorant among its followers with a horror of all vices, and it will not fail to do so, when man devotes himself to it with his whole heart. But we should not forget that the imperfection of human nature makes it in various ways difficult for us to receive the simple comprehension of the great truths of Christianity as clearly and purely as is intended. The enlightenment of the understanding is the real way to expel the animal part of our nature, which allows the wild desires and appetites to govern, and which is also frequently led astray by false ideas. If we consider the path of Divine Providence in the distribution of Christianity, we see with admiration how everything is so arranged as to oblige man to acquire knowledge, to use his powers of reflection, and to advance in enlightenment. I do not, however, deny that men, in their endeavors towards enlightenment, have frequently fallen into great and detrimental errors; but if many honest men strive after truth, they will be gradually corrected.

We may here be contented to see how much good has already been derived from the enlightenment of the understanding.

Superstition is one of the most pernicious errors which prevailed in less enlightened times, and which has not yet entirely lost its power. In the Dark Ages, an extraordinary confidence was placed in astrologers, who foretold by the stars portentous events and the destinies of man. It was but slowly perceived that these prophecies consisted in mere imagination or deception, for only two hundred years ago most people still believed in them. Equal faith was placed in the power of magic. There were many at that time who willingly allowed the people to believe that they understood the diabolical art; indeed, some few put faith in it themselves; namely, they had learned from wicked men some secret means of injuring others, and did not them-

selves understand the matter; therefore they easily believed that it proceeded from the devil. Some also learned a peculiar way of preparing stupefying drinks, which caused a kind of intoxication, and afterwards a sleep, in which people had singular visions, and fancied that they had been in distant countries, although their bodies had remained in the same spot. It is now well known to us how all this can be done, but its practice would at the present day be as much ridiculed as it would be shunned by all reasonable people. Must we not shrink from the idea that not only in the Dark Ages, but even whole centuries after the revival of learning, people yielded to such foolish notions; and, above all, that so many both in the upper and lower classes could seek advice and assistance from men whose wisdom and power proceeded, as they believed, from the devil? The enlightenment of the understanding has here paved the way for Christianity; for as soon as we perceive that evil is folly, it is held in the greatest contempt. Future enlightenment will gradually bring more and more people to the clear knowledge that all that is wicked is also foolish; and he who constantly keeps this truth in view, which is taught both by religion and by reason, cannot but feel himself through it strengthened in virtue.

Enlightenment contributes powerfully to extinguish revenge, cruelty, and pride, among mankind. Christianity condemns these vices in the strongest manner, and exhorts us with all its power towards love. We must be mentally blind, if in reading the events of the world we do not see the great effect it has thus exercised on the numerous nations who have been received into the Christian church. But an attentive perusal of these events proves to us, again, that enlightenment has accompanied Christianity. The more Christians became enlightened, so much the more they were obliged to fulfill the commandment of love and humility. The two commandments are more intimately connected than at first sight would appear; for he who thinks a great deal of himself, and but slightly of others, is strongly tempted to forget love; indeed, to undervalue others so disproportionately is of itself a proof of a want of love. I need not say much of the contempt with which those formerly in power treated the common people, and especially their own subjects; the case is sufficiently well known. A great many bad usages are connected with it; the pride of the master usually demanded the greatest humility from those beneath him. It is delightful to see what

a great change has been introduced by the increase of enlightenment. As the upper classes became more enlightened, they found less delight in seeing their fellow-creatures humble themselves before them in the dust; and as the lower classes became more enlightened, their superiors found that they could both demand as well as deserve better treatment. . . .

Before I conclude, I must guard against a misinterpretation of what I have here said. I should be greatly misunderstood if it were supposed to be my opinion, that much good did not happen in past ages, and that many pious and noble men had not then lived. That would be at variance with clear truth. I should as little believe that great improvements are not wanted in our days. My intention was only to show that the world, taken altogether, is advancing towards a better condition, and to point out the way by which man has approached a more desirable state, in order that we may pursue our path so much the more courageously in future, and that every one may promote in his own circle the distribution of useful knowledge, as much by the instruction of the young as by the enlightenment of the old.

From «Ancient and Modern Times.» Translation of James B. Horner (revised.)

"OUIDA"

(LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

(1840–)

"OUIDA'S" essays are distinctively of the school which has been characterized as *fin de siécle*,—a school which expressed the spirit of protest observable in the last decade of the nineteenth century. As they were collected and published in America ("Critical Studies by Ouida," Cassell & Co., Limited, 1900, New York), they are probably the last collection of essays published during the nineteenth century and certainly the last collection of the century sufficiently notable to be generally noticed by the American press. Their celebrated author is of French extraction, but she was born at Bury St. Edmunds, England, in 1840. Among her best-known novels are "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Idalia," "Tricotrin," "Pascarel," "Moths," and "Princess Napraxine." As an essayist, she shows great fire and force. Her feelings are intense, and her command of language is adequate for their expression. She is unconfined by conventionality or by respect for prejudice, but her motives are a deep-seated hatred of baseness and a sympathy for goodness such as Tennyson has described as "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." She is generally Latin, however, rather than English in her intellectual habits, and at times too she is Latin in her ethics.

THE UGLINESS OF MODERN LIFE

EVERY invention of what is called science takes the human race further and further from nature, nearer and nearer to an artificial, unnatural, and dependent state. One seems to hear the laugh of Goethe's Mephistopheles behind the hiss of steam; and in the tinkle of the electric bell there lurks the chuckle of glee with which the tempter sees the human fools take as a boon and a triumph the fatal gifts he has given.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit the world to put a girdle about its loins in forty minutes when it shall have become a desert of stone, a wilderness of streets, a treeless waste, a

songless city, where man shall have destroyed all life except his own, and can hear no echo of his heart's pulsation save in the throb of an iron piston?

The engine tearing through the disemboweled mountain, the iron and steel houses towering against a polluted sky, the huge cylinders generating electricity and gas, the network of wires cutting across the poisoned air, the overgrown cities spreading like scurvy, devouring every green thing like locusts; haste instead of leisure; neurasthenia instead of health, mania instead of sanity, egotism and terror instead of courage and generosity,—these are the gifts which the modern mind creates for the world. It can chemically imitate every kind of food and drink; it can artificially produce every form of disease and suffering; it can carry death in a needle and annihilation in an odor; it can cross an ocean in five days; it can imprison the human voice in a box; it can make a dead man speak from a paper cylinder; it can transmit thoughts over hundreds of miles of wire; it can turn a handle and discharge scores of death-dealing tubes at one moment as easily as a child can play a tune on a barrel organ; it can pack death and horror up in a small tin case which has served for sardines or potted herrings, and leave it on a window sill; and cause by it towers to fall, and palaces to crumble, and flames to upleap to heaven, and living men to change to calcined corpses; all this it can do, and much more. But it cannot give back to the earth, or to the soul, "the sweet, wild freshness of morning." And when all is said of its great inventions and their marvels and mysteries, are they more marvelous or more mysterious than the changes of chrysalis and caterpillar and butterfly, or the rise of the giant oak from the tiny acorn, or the flight of swallow and nightingale over ocean and continent?

Man has created for himself in the iron beast a greater tyrant than any Nero or Caligula. And what is the human child of the iron beast; what is the typical, notable, most conspicuous creation of the iron beast's epoch?

It is the Cad, vomited forth from every city and town in hundreds, thousands, millions, with every holy day and holy-day. The chief creation of modern life is the Cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture, and it may safely be said that the poorest slave in Hellas, the meanest fellah in Egypt, the humblest pariah in Asia, was a gentleman beside him. The Cad is the entire epitome, the complete blossom and fruit in one, of what we are told

is an age of culture. Behold him in the velodrome as he yells insanely after his kind as they tear along on their tandem machines in a match, and then ask yourself candidly, O my reader, if any age before this in all the centuries of earth ever produced any creature so utterly low and loathsome, so physically, mentally, individually, and collectively hideous. The helot of Greece, the gladiator of Rome, the swashbuckler of mediæval Europe, nay, the mere pimp and pander of Elizabethan England, of the France of the Valois, of the Spain of Velasquez, were dignity, purity, courage in person beside the Cad of this breaking dawn of the twentieth century; the Cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child, and making life and death and all eternity seem ridiculous by the mere existence of his own intolerable fatuity and bestiality.

From «Critical Studies,» Chap. x.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The desire for excitement is the most conspicuous feature, and the most dangerous disease of the age; anything which provides it is welcome; people are bored despite their incessant search of distraction, and anything which will exorcise the spectre of boredom is eagerly received; and, after all, it would be absurd if persons who go to see steeple chases pretended to be too squeamish to cry the "Habet"! Let the managers of Olympia obtain permission for gladiatorial games (death being guaranteed), and I will promise them that "all London" in the most fashionable sense of those words will crowd from April to August to see the sport.

If the ladies could be allowed to descend into the arena, to touch the dying bodies, as Nero used to like to do, to see the faint life still lingering shrink and writhe, this success would be still greater; and Nero was but a primitive creature, he had but a heated iron wand, whereas my ladies could be provided by their favorite scientist with the much more excruciating torment of electricity. Imagine what exquisite little jeweled instruments of torture, made to fasten on to a bracelet, or hide within a ring, would fill the shops in Bond Street and Piccadilly. "We are going electrolyzing!" would be heard from all the pretty lips

of the leaders of society; and they would cease to care for their bicycles, and autocars, and even for the discussion of actresses' new gowns. "How many dead 'uns did you knock off last night?" their most intimate friend would ask, as he would lean over the rails in Rotten Row, sucking the crook of his cane.

Does this appear exaggerated and libelous? Well, let us look at the example given by a London leader of fashion and politics as she goes down at election time to shed sweetness and light around her in Poplar or Shoreditch.

In her bonnet is, of course, an osprey aigret; she knows it was torn from a living creature, but then that was done far away in some Asiatic or American creek or forest, and so really does not matter. Her suède gloves fit like her skin; they were the skin of a kid, and were probably stripped from its living body, as this lends suppleness to the skin. The jacket she carries on her arm is lined with Astrakhan fur, which was taken from an unborn lamb to give to the fur that curl and kink which pleases her; it has been cut from its mother's ripped-up womb. Her horses, as they wait for her at the corner of the street, have their heads fixed in air, and the muscles of their necks cramped by immovable bearing reins. Her Japanese pug runs after her, shaking his muzzle-tortured nose. She has a telegram in her pocket which has momentarily vexed her. She sent her sable collie to the dog exhibition at Brussels, and the excitement, or the crush, or the want of water, or something, has brought on heat apoplexy, and they wire that he is dead,—poor old nervous Ossian! She really has no luck, for her Java sparrows died too at the bird show in Edinburgh, because the footman, sent with them, forgot to fill their water glass when it got dry on the journey; a great many people send birds to shows with nobody at all to take care of them, so she feels that she was not to blame in the very least.

"Why will you show?" says her husband, who is vexed about Ossian; "you don't want to win and you don't want to sell."

"Oh, everybody does it," she answers.

He goes into his study to console himself with a new model of a pole-trap; and she, her canvassing done, runs upstairs to see her gown for the May drawing-room. The train is of quite a new design, embroidered with orchids in natural colors, and fringed with the feathers of the small green parrakeet, a beautiful little bird which has been poisoned by hundreds in the jungles of New Guianea to make the border to this *manteau de cour*.

If she were told that she is a more barbaric creature than the squaw of the poor Indian trapper who poisoned the parrakeets, she would be equally astonished and offended.

Let us now look at her next-door neighbor; he is a very wealthy person and seldom refuses a subscription, thinks private charity pernicious and pauperizing, attends his church regularly, and votes in the House of Commons in favor of pigeon shooting and spurious sports. If any one asks him if he "likes animals," he answers cheerily, "Oh, dear me, yes. Poor creatures, why not?" But it does not disturb him that the horse in the hansom cab, which he has called to take him to the city, has weals all over its loins, and a bit that fills its mouth with blood and foam; nor does he notice the over-driven and half-starved condition of a herd of cattle being taken from Cannon Street to Smithfield, but only curses them heartily for blocking the traffic.

He eats a capon, drives behind a gelding, warms himself at a hearth of which the coal has been procured by untold sufferings of man and beast, has his fish crimped, and his lobsters scalded to death in his kitchens, relishes the green fat cut from a living turtle, reads with approbation his head keeper's account of the last pair of owls on his estate having been successfully trapped, writes to that worthy to turn down two thousand more young pheasants for the autumn shooting, orders his agent to have his young cattle on his home farm dishorned, and buys as a present for his daughters a cardcase made from the shell of a tortoise which was roasted alive, turned on its back on the fire, to give the ruddy glow to its shell. Why not? His favorite preacher and his popular scientist alike assure him that all the subject races are properly sacrificed to man. It is obviously wholly impossible to convince such a person that he is cruel; he merely studies his own convenience, and he has divine and scientific authority for considering that he is perfectly right in doing so. He is quite comfortable, both for time and for eternity. It were easier to change the burglar of the slums, the brigand of the hills, than to change this self-complacent and pachydermatous householder who represents nine-tenths of the ruling classes.

Let us not mistake; he is not personally a cruel man; he would not himself hurt anything, except in sport which he thinks is legitimate, and in science which he is told is praiseworthy; he is amiable, good-natured, perhaps benevolent, but he is wrapped up in habits, customs, facts, egotisms, tyrannies, which all

seem to him to be good, indeed to be essential His horse is a thing to him like his mail phaeton; his dog is a dummy like his umbrella stand; his cattle are wealth-producing stores like his timber or wheat; he uses them all as he requires, as he uses his hats and gloves. He sees no more unkindness in doing away with any of them than in discarding his old boots, and he passes the most atrocious laws and by-laws for animal torment as cheerfully as he signs a check payable to self.

His ears are wadded by prejudice, his eyes are blinded by formula, his character is steeped in egotism; you might as well try, I repeat, to touch the heart of the Sicilian brigand or the London crib cracker as to alter his views and opinions; you would speak to him in a language which is as unintelligible to his world as Etruscan to the philologist.

The majority of his friends, like himself, lead their short, bustling bumptious, and frequently wholly useless lives, purblind always and entirely deaf where anything except their own interests is concerned. They think but very rarely of anything except themselves, and the competitions, ambitions, or jealousies which occupy them. But in their pastimes cruelty is to them acceptable; it is an outlet for the barbarian who sleeps in them, heavily drugged, but not dead; the sight of blood titillates agreeably their own slow circulation.

Between them and the cad who breaks the back of the bagged rabbit, there is no difference except in the degree of power to indulge the slaughter lust.

Alas! it were easier "to quarry the granite rock with razors" than to touch the feelings of such as this man, or this woman, where their vanities, or their mere sheep-like love of doing as others do, are in question.

From "Critical Studies."

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

(1581–1613)

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S permanent place in English literature is due to the fact that he is the founder of what may be called the English school of Theophrastus. His character studies, imitated from Theophrastus, are among the earliest, if they are not the earliest, of the essays of this class in English. He has decided merit as a writer, but it is impaired by his love for "conceits" and by the licentiousness of his time. He was born in Warwickshire, in 1581. After completing his studies at Oxford and the Temple, he began life at Court as the friend of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester,* a corrupt favorite of James I., and the lover of the still more corrupt Lady Essex. Having incurred her enmity by warning her lover against her, Overbury was thrown into the Tower as a result of her plottings, where she and Carr caused him to be poisoned. He died September 15th, 1613, and his murderers were brought to bar and proven guilty, but royal favor shielded them from the punishment they deserved. Besides his "Characters," Overbury wrote "Crumms Fall'n from King James' Table," and "The Wife," a poem which contains several striking lines, notably the famous ones:—

"In part to blame is she
Which hath without consent bin only tride;
He comes too near who comes to be denied."

A GOOD WIFE

A GOOD wife is a man's best movable, a scion incorporate with the stock, bringing sweet fruit, one who to her husband is more than a friend, less than trouble, an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleases her that doth not him. She is relative in all, and he without her, but half himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth, his present and absent all; she frames her nature into his howsoever, the hyacinth follows not the sun more willingly, stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in

* Afterwards Earl of Somerset.

her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard; her household is her charge, her care to that makes her seldom nonresident. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children not wantons; a husband without her is a misery in man's apparel; none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staff and a chair. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

Complete. From «Characters.»

A USURER

A USURER is sowed as cumin or hempseed, with curses, and thinks he thrives the better; he is better read in the penal statutes than the Bible, and his evil angel persuades him he shall no sooner be saved by them. He can be no man's friend, for all men he hath most interest in he undoes; and a double dealer he is certainly, for by his good-will he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the unnatural act of generation, and his scrivener is the supervivor bawd to it; good deeds he loves none, but sealed and delivered; nor doth he wish anything to thrive in the country, but beehives, for they make him wax rich. He hates all but law Latin, yet thinks he might be drawn to love a scholar, could he reduce the year to a shorter compass, that his use-money might come in the faster; he seems to be the son of a tailor, for all his estate is most heavy and cruel bonds. He doth not give, but sell days of payments, and those at the rate of a man's undoing; he doth only fear that the day of judgment should fall sooner than the payment of some great sum of money due to him; he removes his lodging when a subsidy comes, and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles treason, but it is in such a deformed silence, as witches raise their spirits in; . . . and it seems, he was at Tilbury camp, for you must not tell him of a Spaniard. He is a man of no conscience; for, like the farmer that swooned with going into Bucklersbury, he falls into a cold sweat, if he but look into the Chancery; he thinks it his religion,—we are in the right for everything if that were abolished; he hides his money as if he thought to find it again at the last day, and then begin his old trade with it; his clothes plead prescription, and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question; yet should he live to be hanged in them, this good they would do him, the very

hangman would pity his case; the table he keeps is able to starve twenty tall men; his servants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that is of hunger; a spare diet he commends in all men but himself; he comes to cathedrals only for love of the singing boys, because they look hungry; he likes our religion best, because 'tis best cheap, yet would fain allow of purgatory, because 'twas of his trade, and brought in so much money; his heart closes with the same snaphance his purse doth, 'tis seldom open to any man; friendship he accounts but a word without any signification; nay, he loves all the world so little, that if it were possible, he would make himself his own executor; for certain he is made administrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dies long before him, but he is so far from being at the charge of a funeral for it, that he lets it stink above ground. In conclusion, for neighborhood you were better dwell by a contentious lawyer; and for his death, 'tis rather surfeit, or despair; for seldom such as he die of God's making, as honest men should do.

From «Characters.»

AN INGROSSER OF CORN

THERE is no vermin in the land like him; he slanders both heaven and earth with pretended dearths, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoarding in a dear year is like Erisicthon's bowels in Ovid, "*quodque urbibus esse; quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni.*" He prays daily for more inclosures, and knows no reasons in his religion why we should call our forefathers' days the time of ignorance, but only because they sold wheat for twelve pence a bushel. He wishes that Dantzick were at the Mollocco's, and had rather be certain of some foreign invasion than of the setting up the stilyard. When his barns and granaries are full, if it be a time of dearth, he will buy half a bushel in the market to serve his household, and winnows his corn in the night, lest as the chaff thrown upon the water showed plenty in Egypt, so his, carried by the wind, should proclaim his abundance. No painting pleases him so well as Pharaoh's dream of the seven lean kine that ate up the fat ones; that he has in his parlor, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcity. He cannot away with tobacco, for he is persuaded,

and not much amiss, that it is a sparer of bread,— corn, which he could find in his heart to transport without license, but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy mouthed, and dares not; sweet smiles he cannot abide,— wishes that the pure air were generally corrupted,— nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy forever, or we our superfluous sense of smelling, as he terms it, that his corn might not be found musty. The poor he accounts the justices' intelligencers and cannot abide them; he complains of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, only to rid them from our climate. His son, by a certain kind of instinct, he binds apprentice to a tailor, who all the term of his indenture hath a dear year in his belly, and ravins bread extremely when he comes to be a freeman; if it be a dearth, he marries him to a baker's daughter.

Complete.

THE TINKER

A TINKER is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettledrum. Note that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul sunburnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned peddleress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness, that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing

in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valor is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden

and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of danger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet

Complete.

A FRANKLIN

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but "Let us go," and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospects; they are, indeed, his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas eve, the hoky, or seedcake, these he yearly keeps, yet

holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an aerie of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his quietus is in heaven.

Complete.

THOMAS PAINE

(*c.* 1737–1809)

PAINE'S "Rights of Man" (1791–92) was one of the most influential political treatises of the eighteenth century. His "Common Sense," published in 1776 in America, had been one of the chief factors in uniting the doubtful and conservative element of the Colonists with the Radicals who from the first had determined to overthrow the power of England in North America. Paine, the son of a Quaker stay-maker, was born in Norfolk, England, January 29th, 1737, and came to America in 1774, attracted perhaps by the hope of finding opportunity for his remarkable talents as an agitator and political controversialist. In 1787, after the close of the Revolution, in which he had been one of the most important factors, he returned to England and threw himself into the struggle which the Republicans of France were forcing to an issue against Royalty. The "Rights of Man," for which Paine was at once prosecuted by the English government, was received with satisfaction by not a few influential Whigs, and when Paine was prosecuted, Erskine, who afterwards appeared for the prosecution in the case against the "Age of Reason," made one of his most celebrated appeals in behalf of free speech. In 1793 Paine, who had taken up his residence in Paris, was elected to the Assembly, and his course there caused him to be imprisoned by the Terrorists. His "Age of Reason" had made him bitter enemies in the United States, and his former political associates were so slow in coming to his assistance that he suspected them of a desire to see him guillotined as the easiest way to avoid recognizing his services. When finally released he returned to the United States (1802), but was received with great caution by his former friends; and when he died at New York, June 8th, 1809, it was in obscurity and poverty.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

REASON and ignorance, the opposites of each other, influence the great bulk of mankind. If either of these can be rendered sufficiently extensive in a country, the machinery of government goes easily on. Reason shows itself, and ignorance submits to whatever is dictated to it.

The two modes of government which prevail in the world are: First, government by election and representation; second, government by hereditary succession. The former is generally known by the name of republic; the latter by that of monarchy and aristocracy.

Those two distinct and opposite forms erect themselves on the two distinct and opposite bases of reason and ignorance. As the exercise of government requires talents and abilities, and as talents and abilities cannot have hereditary descent, it is evident that hereditary succession requires a belief from man, to which his reason cannot subscribe, and which can only be established upon his ignorance; and the more ignorant any country is, the better it is fitted for this species of government.

On the contrary, government in a well-constituted republic requires no belief from man beyond what his reason authorizes. He sees the *rationale* of the whole system, its origin, and its operation; and as it is best supported when best understood, the human faculties act with boldness, and acquire, under this form of government, a gigantic manliness.

As, therefore, each of those forms acts on a different basis, the one moving freely by the aid of reason, the other by ignorance, we have next to consider what it is that gives motion to that species of government which is called mixed government, or, as it is sometimes ludicrously styled, a government of this, that, and t'other.

The moving power in this species of government is, of necessity, corruption. However imperfect election and representation may be in mixed governments, they still give exertion to a greater portion of reason than is convenient to the hereditary part; and therefore it becomes necessary to buy the reason up. A mixed government is an imperfect everything, cementing and soldering the discordant parts together, by corruption, to act as a whole. Mr. Burke appears highly disgusted that France, since she had resolved on a revolution, did not adopt what he calls "a British constitution"; and the regret which he expresses on this occasion implies a suspicion that the British constitution needed something to keep its defects in countenance.

In mixed governments there is no responsibility; the parts cover each other till responsibility is lost; and the corruption which moves the machine contrives at the same time its own escape. When it is laid down as a maxim that a king can do

no wrong, it places him in a state of similar security with that of idiots and persons insane, and responsibility is out of the question, with respect to himself. It then descends upon the minister, who shelters himself under a majority in parliament, which, by places, pensions, and corruption, he can always command; and that majority justifies itself by the same authority with which it protects the minister. In this rotary motion, responsibility is thrown off from the parts, and from the whole.

When there is a part in a government which can do no wrong, it implies that it does nothing; and is only the machine of another power, by whose advice and direction it acts. What is supposed to be the king, in mixed governments, is the cabinet; and as the cabinet is always a part of the parliament, and the members justifying in one character what they act in another, a mixed government becomes a continual enigma, entailing upon a country, by the quantity of corruption necessary to solder the parts, the expense of supporting all the forms of government at once, and finally resolving itself into a government by committee; in which the advisers, the actors, the approvers, the justifiers, the persons responsible, and the persons not responsible, are the same person.

By this pantomimical contrivance, and change of scene and character, the parts help each other out in matters, which, neither of them singly, would presume to act. When money is to be obtained, the mass of variety apparently dissolves, and a profusion of parliamentary praises passes between the parts. Each admires, with astonishment, the wisdom, the liberality, and disinterestedness of the other; and all of them breathe a pitying sigh at the burdens of the nation.

But in a well-conditioned republic, nothing of this soldering, praising, and pitying, can take place; the representation being equal throughout the country, and complete in itself, however it may be arranged into legislative and executive, they have all one and the same natural source. The parts are not foreigners to each other, like democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. As there are no discordant distinctions, there is nothing to corrupt by compromise, nor confound by contrivance. Public measures appeal of themselves to the understanding of the nation, and, resting on their own merits, disown any flattering application to vanity. The continual whine of lamenting the burden of taxes, however successfully it may be practiced in mixed governments,

is inconsistent with the sense and spirit of a republic. If taxes are necessary, they are, of course, advantageous; but if they require an apology, the apology itself implies an impeachment. Why, then, is man thus imposed upon, or why does he impose upon himself?

When men are spoken of as kings and subjects, or when government is mentioned under distinct or combined heads of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, what is it that reasoning man is to understand by the terms? If there really existed in the world two more distinct and separate elements of human power, we should then see the several origins to which those terms would descriptively apply; but as there is but one species of man, there can be but one element of human power, and that element is man himself. Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are but creatures of imagination; and a thousand such may be contrived as well as three.

From the revolutions of America and France, and the symptoms that have appeared in other countries, it is evident that the opinion of the world is changing with respect to systems of government, and that revolutions are not within the compass of political calculations. The progress of time and circumstances, which men assign to the accomplishment of great changes, is too mechanical to measure the force of the mind, and the rapidity of reflection, by which revolutions are generated; all the old governments have received a shock from those that already appear, and which were once more improbable, and are a greater subject of wonder, than a general revolution in Europe would be now.

When we survey the wretched condition of man, under the monarchical and hereditary systems of government, dragged from his home by one power, or driven by another, and impoverished by taxes more than by enemies, it becomes evident that those systems are bad, and that a general revolution in the principle and construction of governments is necessary.

What is government more than the management of the affairs of a nation? It is not, and from its nature cannot be, the property of any particular man or family, but of the whole community at whose expense it is supported; and though by force or contrivance it has been usurped into an inheritance, the usurpation cannot alter the right of things. Sovereignty as a matter of right appertains to the nation only, and not to any individual; and a nation has at all times an inherent, indefeasible right to

abolish any form of government it finds inconvenient, and establish such as accords with its interest, disposition, and happiness. The romantic and barbarous distinctions of men into kings and subjects, though it may suit the condition of courtiers cannot that of citizens; and is exploded by the principle upon which governments are now founded. Every citizen is a member of the sovereignty, and as such can acknowledge no personal subjection; and his obedience can be only to the laws.

When men think of what government is, they must necessarily suppose it to possess a knowledge of all the objects and matters upon which its authority is to be exercised. In this view of government, the republican system, as established by America and France, operates to embrace the whole of a nation; and the knowledge necessary to the interest of all the parts is to be found in the centre, which the parts by representation form; but the old governments are on a construction that excludes knowledge as well as happiness; government by monks, who know nothing of the world beyond the walls of a convent, is as consistent as government by kings.

What were formerly called revolutions were little more than a change of persons, or an alteration of local circumstances. They rose and fell like things of course, and had nothing in their existence or their fate that could influence beyond the spot that produced them. But what we now see in the world, from the revolutions of America and France, are a renovation of the natural order of things, a system of principles as universal as truth and the existence of man, and combining moral with political happiness and national prosperity.

"I. Men are born, and always continue, free and equal, in respect to their rights. Civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility.

"II. The end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man, and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.

"III. The nation is essentially the source of all sovereignty; nor can any individual, or any body of men, be entitled to any authority which is not expressly derived from it."

In these principles there is nothing to throw a nation into confusion, by inflaming ambition. They are calculated to call forth wisdom and abilities, and to exercise them for the public good, and not for the emolument or aggrandizement of particular

descriptions of men or families. Monarchical sovereignty, the enemy of mankind and the source of misery, is abolished; and sovereignty itself is restored to its natural and original place, the nation. Were this the case throughout Europe, the cause of wars would be taken away.

It is attributed to Henry IV. of France, a man of an enlarged and benevolent heart, that he proposed, about the year 1620, a plan for abolishing war in Europe. The plan consisted in constituting a European congress, or, as the French authors style it, a pacific republic; by appointing delegates from the several nations, who were to act, as a court of arbitration, in any disputes that might arise between nation and nation.

Had such a plan been adopted at the time it was proposed, the taxes of England and France, as two of the parties, would have been at least ten millions sterling annually, to each nation, less than they were at the commencement of the French Revolution.

To conceive a cause why such a plan has not been adopted (and that instead of a congress for the purpose of preventing war, it has been called only to terminate a war, after a fruitless expense of several years), it will be necessary to consider the interest of governments as a distinct interest to that of nations.

Whatever is the cause of taxes to a nation becomes also the means of revenue to a government. Every war terminates with an addition of taxes, and, consequently, with an addition of revenue; and in any event of war, in the manner they are now commenced and concluded, the power and interest of governments are increased. War, therefore, from its productiveness, as it easily furnishes the pretense of necessity for taxes and appointments to places and offices, becomes the principal part of the system of old governments; and to establish any mode to abolish war, however advantageous it might be to nations, would be to take from such government the most lucrative of its branches. The frivolous matters upon which war is made show the disposition and avidity of governments to uphold the system of war, and betray the motives upon which they act.

Why are not republics plunged into war, but because the nature of their government does not admit of an interest distinct from that of the nation? Even Holland, though an ill-constructed republic, and with a commerce extending over the world, existed nearly a century without war; and the instant the form of government was changed in France, the republican principles of peace, and domestic prosperity and economy, arose with the new

government; and the same consequences would follow the same causes in other nations.

As war is the system of government on the old construction, the animosity which nations reciprocally entertain is nothing more than what the policy of their governments excite, to keep up the spirit of the system. Each government accuses the other of perfidy, intrigue, and ambition, as a means of heating the imagination of their respective nations, and incensing them to hostilities. Man is not the enemy of man, but through the medium of a false system of government. Instead, therefore, of exclaiming against the ambition of kings, the exclamation should be directed against the principle of such governments; and instead of seeking to reform the individual, the wisdom of a nation should apply itself to reform the system.

Whether the forms and maxims of governments which are still in practice were adapted to the condition of the world at the period they were established is not in this case the question. The older they are the less correspondence can they have with the present state of things. Time, and change of circumstances and opinions, have the same progressive effect in rendering modes of government obsolete as they have upon customs and manners. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the tranquil arts, by which the prosperity of nations is best promoted, require a different system of government, and a different species of knowledge to direct its operations, to what might have been the former condition of the world.

As it is not difficult to perceive, from the enlightened state of mankind, that the hereditary governments are verging to their decline, and that revolutions on the broad basis of national sovereignty, and government by representation, are making their way in Europe, it would be an act of wisdom to anticipate their approach, and produce revolutions by reason and accommodation, rather than commit them to the issue of convulsions.

From what we now see, nothing of reform in the political world ought to be held improbable. It is an age of revolutions, in which everything may be looked for. The intrigue of courts, by which the system of war is kept up, may provoke a confederation of nations to abolish it; and a European congress to patronize the progress of free government and promote the civilization of nations with each other is an event nearer in probability than once were the revolutions and alliance of France and America.

Complete. Concluding essay of Part I.

BLAISE PASCAL

(1623–1662)

PASCAL was a man of genius so high that it cannot be accounted for by the known laws of mental physiology. While still a child he developed a faculty for mathematics so extraordinary that his friends endeavored to check it, fearing his health would be destroyed by the incessant activity of his mind. Deprived of books, the boy of twelve began an independent investigation of the principles of mathematics and it is said that he "invented geometry anew." In 1640, at the age of seventeen, he produced a famous "Treatise on Conic Sections," and as long as he devoted his mind to mathematics no problem appeared too difficult for him. While still a youth, he seems to have thought out for himself the sum total of possible human achievement and to have been influenced by his conclusions to devote his mind to preparation for a more satisfactory existence. He became a devotee, and through at first he had occassional lapses into dissipation, he finally gave up the world and devoted his genius wholly to religion. Joining the Port Royalists, he wrote his famous "Provincial Letters" against the Jesuits. The greatness of his intellect does not fully appear, however, except in his "Penseés" first published in 1670. Out of these, it seems that he intended to construct a great theological work, but it is probably fortunate for the world that he did not do so. His "Thoughts" created a class for themselves in modern literature and they stand at the head of it. Sometimes the sudden flashes of genius in them have almost the force of a revelation. Pascal was born at Clermont-Ferrand, France, June 19th, 1623. He died at the age of thirty-nine, apparently exhausted by the incessant activity of his intellect. Such genius as his may be, as some suppose in spite of Lombroso, an approximation to the true race norm of intellectual sanity, but it is often fatal when its possessor gives it free rein at the expense of a body as sensitive and responsive as Pascal's seems to have been.

W. V. B.

VOCATIONS

The sweetness of glory is so great that join it to what we will, even to death, we love it.

Evil is easy, and its forms are infinite; good is almost unique. But a certain kind of evil is as difficult to find as what is called good; and often on this account this particular kind of evil gets passed off as good. There is even needed an extraordinary greatness of soul to attain to it as well as to good.

We are so presumptuous that we would fain be known by the whole world, even by those who shall come after, when we are no more. And we are such triflers that the esteem of five or six persons about us diverts and contents us.

Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a camp-follower, a cook, a porter makes his boasts, and is for having his admirers; even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it, yet desire the glory of having written well as those who read their works wish a reputation for reading; I who write this have, may be, this desire and perhaps those will who read it.

In towns through which we pass we care not whether men esteem us, but we do care if we have to live there any time. How long is needed? A time in proportion to our vain and fleeting life.

The condition of man: inconstancy, weariness, unrest.

Whoever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is an unknown quantity, and the effects are terrible. This unknown quantity, so small a matter that we cannot recognize it, moves a whole country, princes, armies, and all the world.

Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed.

Nothing better shows the frivolity of men than to consider what are the causes and what the effects of love, for all the universe is changed by them.

From «Thoughts.»

SELFISHNESS

Self is hateful. You Milton, conceal self, but do not thereby destroy it; therefore you are still hateful.

Not so, for in acting as we do, to oblige everybody, we give no reason for hating us. — True, if we only hated in self the vexation which it causes us.

But if I hate it because it is unjust, and because it makes itself the centre of all, I shall always hate it.

In one word Self has two qualities: it is unjust in its essence because it makes itself the centre of all; it is inconvenient to others, in that it would bring them into subjection, for each «I» is the enemy, and would fain be the tyrant of all others. You take away the inconvenience, but not the injustice, and thus you do not render it lovable to those who hate injustice; you render it lovable only to the unjust, who find in it an enemy no longer. Thus you remain unjust and can please none but the unjust.

Of Self-Love. — The nature of self-love and of this human «I» is to love self only, and consider self only. But what can it do? It cannot prevent the object it loves from being full of faults and miseries; man would fain be great and sees that he is little; would fain be happy, and sees that he is miserable; would fain be perfect, and sees that he is full of imperfections; would fain be the object of the love and esteem of men, and sees that his faults merit only their aversion and contempt. The embarrassment wherein he finds himself produces in him the most unjust and criminal passion imaginable. For he conceives a mortal hatred against that truth which blames him and convinces him of his faults. Desiring to annihilate it, yet unable to destroy it in its essence, he destroys it as much as he can in his own knowledge, and in that of others; that is to say, he devotes all his care to the concealment of his faults, both from others and from himself, and he can neither bear that others should show them to him, nor that they should see them.

It is no doubt an evil to be full of faults, but it is a greater evil to be full of them, yet unwilling to recognize them, because that is to add the further fault of a voluntary illusion. We do not like others to deceive us, we do not think it just in them to require more esteem from us than they deserve; it is therefore unjust that we should deceive them, desiring more esteem from them than we deserve.

Thus if they discover no more imperfections and vices in us than we really have, it is plain they do us no wrong, since it is not they who cause them; but rather they who do us a service, since they help us to deliver ourselves from an evil, the ignorance of these imperfections. We ought not to be troubled that they know our faults and despise us, since it is but just they should know us as we are, and despise us if we are despicable.

Such are the sentiments which would arise in a heart full of equity and justice. What should we say then of our own heart, finding in it a wholly contrary disposition? For is it not true that we hate truth, and those who tell it us, and that we would wish them to have an erroneously favorable opinion of us, and to esteem us other than indeed we are?

One proof of this fills me with dismay. The Catholic religion does not oblige us to tell out our sins indiscriminately to all; it allows us to remain hidden from men in general; but she excepts one alone, to whom she commands us to open the very depths of our hearts, and to show ourselves to him as we are. There is but this one man in the world whom she orders us to undeceive; she binds him to an inviolable secrecy, so that this knowledge is to him as though it were not. We can imagine nothing more charitable and more tender. Yet such is the corruption of man, that he finds even this law harsh, and it is one of the main reasons which has set a large portion of Europe in revolt against the Church.

How unjust and unreasonable is the human heart which finds it hard to be obliged to do in regard to one man what in some degree it were just to do to all men. For is it just that we should deceive them?

There are different degrees in this dislike to the truth, but it may be said that all have it in some degree, for it is inseparable from self-love. This false delicacy causes those who must needs reprove others to choose so many windings and modifications in order to avoid shocking them. They must needs lessen

our faults, seem to excuse them, mix praises with their blame, give evidences of affection and esteem. Yet this medicine is always bitter to self-love, which takes as little as it can, always with disgust, often with a secret anger against those who administer it.

Hence it happens that if any desire our love, they avoid doing us a service which they know to be disagreeable; they treat us as we would wish to be treated: we hate the truth, and they hide it from us; we wish to be flattered, they flatter us; we love to be deceived, they deceive us.

Thus each degree of good fortune which raises us in the world removes us further from truth, because we fear most to wound those whose affection is most useful, and whose dislike is most dangerous. A prince may be the byword of all Europe, yet he alone know nothing of it. I am not surprised; to speak the truth is useful to whom it is spoken, but disadvantageous to those who speak it, since it makes them hated. Now those who live with princes love their own interests more than that of the prince they serve, and thus they take care not to benefit him so as to do themselves a disservice.

This misfortune is, no doubt, greater and more common in the higher classes, but lesser men are not exempt from it, since there is always an interest in making men love us. Thus human life is but a perpetual illusion, an interchange of deceit and flattery. No one speaks of us in our presence as in our absence. The society of men is founded on this universal deceit; few friendships would last if every man knew what his friend said of him behind his back, though he then spoke in sincerity and without passion.

Man is, then, only disguise, falsehood, and hypocrisy, both in himself and with regard to others. He will not be told the truth; he avoids telling it to others; and all these tendencies, so far removed from justice and reason, have their natural roots in his heart.

From "Thoughts."

SKEPTICISM

All things here are true in part, and false in part. Essential truth is not thus, it is altogether pure and true. This mixture dishonors and annihilates it. Nothing is purely true, and therefore nothing is true, understanding by that pure truth.

You will say it is true that homicide is an evil; yes, for we know well what is evil and false. But what can be named as good? Chastity? I say no, for then the world would come to an end. Marriage? No, a celibate life is better. Not to kill? No, for lawlessness would be horrible, and the wicked would kill all the good. To kill then? No, for that destroys nature. Goodness and truth are therefore only partial, and mixed with what is evil and false.

Were we to dream the same thing every night, this would affect us as much as the objects we see every day, and were an artisan sure to dream every night, for twelve hours at a stretch, that he was a king, I think he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night for twelve hours at a stretch that he was an artisan.

Should we dream every night that we were pursued by enemies, and harassed by these painful phantoms, or that we were passing all our days in various occupations, as in traveling, we should suffer almost as much as if the dream were real, and should fear to sleep, as now we fear to wake when we expect in truth to enter on such misfortunes. And, in fact, it would bring about nearly the same troubles as the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each single dream is diversified, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when awake, because that is continuous, not indeed so continuous and level as never to change, but the change is less abrupt, except occasionally, as when we travel, and then we say, "I think I am dreaming," for life is but a little less inconstant dream.

From "Thoughts."

THOUGHTS ON STYLE

Eloquence is an art of saying things in such a manner, first, that those to whom we speak can hear them without pain, and with pleasure; second, that they feel themselves interested, so that self-love leads them more willingly to reflect upon what is said. It consists therefore in a correspondence which we endeavor to establish between the mind and the heart of those to whom we speak on the one hand, and, on the other, the thoughts and the expressions employed; this supposes that we have thoroughly studied the heart of man so as to know all its springs, and to

find at last the true proportions of the discourse we wish to suit to it. We should put ourselves in the place of those who are to listen to us, and make experiment on our own heart of the turn we give to our discourse, to see whether one is made for the other, and whether we can be sure that our auditor will be, as it were, forced to yield. So far as possible we must confine ourselves to what is natural and simple, not aggrandize that which is little, or belittle that which is great. It is not enough that a phrase be beautiful, it must be fitted to the subject, and not have in it excess or defect.

Eloquence is painted thought, and thus those who, after having painted it add somewhat more, make a picture, not a portrait.

We need both what is pleasing and what is real, but that which pleases must itself be drawn from the true.

Eloquence, which persuades by gentleness, not by empire, as a king, not as a tyrant.*

There is a certain pattern of charm and beauty which consists in a certain relation between our nature, such as it is, whether weak or strong, and the thing which pleases us.

Whatever is formed on this pattern delights us, whether house, song, discourse, verse, prose, woman, birds, rivers, trees, rooms, dresses, etc.

Whatever is not made on this pattern displeases those who have good taste.

And as there is a perfect relation between a song and a house which are made on a good pattern, because they are like this unique pattern, though each after its kind, there is also a perfect relation between things made on a bad pattern. Not that the bad is unique, for there are many; but every bad sonnet, for instance, on whatever false pattern it is constructed, is exactly like a woman dressed on that pattern.

Nothing makes us understand better the absurdity of a false sonnet than to consider nature and the pattern, and then to imagine a woman or a house constructed on that pattern.

When a natural discourse paints a passion or an effect, we feel in our mind the truth of what we read, which was there be-

* The disconnected nature of these sentences illustrates the character of the « Pensée » in the original. They are often mere disconnected jottings intended to be rewritten.

fore, though we did not know it, and we are inclined to love him who makes us feel it. For he has not made a display of his own riches, but of ours, and thus this benefit renders him pleasant to us, besides that such a community of intellect necessarily inclines the heart to love.

All the false beauties which we blame in Cicero have their admirers and in great number.

The last thing we decide on in writing a book is what shall be the first we put in it.

Languages.— We ought not to turn the mind from one thing to another save for relaxation, at suitable times, and no other, for he that diverts out of season wearies, and he who wearies us out of season repels us, and we simply turn away. So much it pleases our wayward lust to do the exact contrary of what those seek to obtain from us who gives us no pleasure,— the coin for which we will do whatever we are asked.

When we meet with a natural style, we are charmed and astonished, for we looked for an author, and we found a man. But those who have good taste, and who seeing a book expect to find a man, are altogether surprised to find an author: *plus poetice quam humane locutus es.* Those pay great honor to Nature, who show her that she is able to discourse on all things, even on theology.

Languages are ciphers, where letters are not changed into letters, but words into words, so that an unknown language can be deciphered.

When in a discourse we find words repeated, and in trying to correct them find we cannot change them for others without manifest disadvantage, we must let them stand, for this is the true test; our criticism came of envy which is blind, and does not see that repetition is not in this place a fault, for there is no general rule.

Those who force words for the sake of an antithesis are like those who make false windows for symmetry.

Their rule is not to speak accurately, but in accurate form.

To put a mask on Nature and disguise her. No more king, pope, bishop, but sacred majesty; no more Paris, but the capital of the kingdom.

There are places in which we should call Paris, Paris, and others in which we ought to call it the capital of the kingdom.

There are those who speak well and write ill, because the place and the audience warm them and draw from their minds more than would have been produced without that warmth.

Miscellaneous Examples of Jottings by Pascal.— A figure of speech, "I should have wished to apply myself to that."

The aperitive virtue of a key, the attractive virtue of a crook.

To guess. The part that I take in your sorrow. The cardinal did not choose to be guessed.

My mind is disquieted within me. I am disquieted is better.

To extinguish the torch of sedition, too luxuriant.

The restlessness of his genius. Two striking words too much.

A coach upset or overturned, according to the meaning.

Spread abroad, or upset, according to the meaning.

The argument by force of M. le M. over the friar.

Symmetry. Is what we see at one glance. Founded on the fact that there is no reason for any difference. And founded also on the face of man.

Whence it comes that symmetry is only wanted in breadth, not in height or depth.

Skeptic, for obstinate.

Descartes useless and uncertain.

No one calls another a courtier but he who is not one himself, a pedant save a pedant, a provincial but a provincial, and I would wager it was the printer who put it on the title of "Letters to a Provincial."

The chief talent, that which rules all others.

If the lightning were to strike low-lying places, etc., poets, and those whose only reasonings are on things of that nature would lack proofs.

Poetical Beauty.— As we talk of poetical beauty, so ought we to talk of mathematical beauty and medical beauty; yet we do not use those terms, because we know perfectly the object of mathematics, that it consists in proofs, and the object of medicine, that it consists in healing, but we do not understand wherein consists charm which is the object of poetry. We do not know what is the natural model to be imitated, and for want of that knowledge we invent a set of extravagant terms, "the golden age, the wonder of our times, fatal," etc., and call this jargon poetic beauty.

But if we imagine a woman on that pattern, which consists in saying little things in great words, we shall see a pretty girl bedecked with mirrors and chains absurd to our taste, because we know better wherein consists the charm of woman than the charm of verse. But those who do not know would admire her in such trimmings, and in many villages she would be taken for the queen, wherefore sonnets made on such a pattern have been called the Village Queens.

Those who judge of a work without rule are in regard to others as those who possess a watch are in regard to others. One says, "It was two hours ago"; another, "It is only three-quarters of an hour." I look at my watch and say to the one, "You are weary of us," and to the other, "Time flies fast with you, for it is only an hour and a half." And I laugh at those who say that time goes slowly with me, and that I judge by fancy. They do not know that I judge by my watch.

From "Thoughts." All the foregoing are from the translation of C. Keegan Paul. (Keegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.)

WALTER PATER

(1839–1894)

WALTER PATER'S novel, "Marius the Epicurean" (1885), gave him an international reputation as a writer of the highest class of fiction. Among scholars he had already become well known from his studies of Plato and his philosophical essays. He differs from many modern students of Plato in the depth of his actual appreciation of his master. His Platonism means something more than mere metaphysics for display or discussion. He gets at the human purpose of the Platonic philosophy, and in presenting it to modern readers strips away the shell of artificial strangeness, which is due to accidental differences of time, country, language, and habits, rather than to anything essentially abnormal or supernormal in the thoughts of Plato. Pater's "Appreciations," published in 1889, have found marked favor with the reading public. He died at Oxford, July 30th, 1894.

THE GENIUS OF PLATO

TO TRACE that thread of physical color, entwined throughout, and multiplied sometimes into large tapestried figures, is the business, the enjoyment, of the student of the Dialogues, as he reads them. For this or that special literary quality, indeed, we may go safely by preference to this or that particular Dialogue; to the "Gorgias," for instance, for the readiest Attic wit, and a manly practical sense in the handling of philosophy; to the "Charmides," for something like the effect of sculpture in modeling a person; to the "Timæus," for certain brilliant chromatic effects. Yet who that reads the "Theætetus," or the "Phædrus," or the seventh book of the "Republic," can doubt Plato's gift in precisely the opposite direction; his gift of sounding by words the depths of thought, a plastic power literally, molding to term and phrase what might have seemed in its very nature too impalpable and abstruse to lend itself, in any case, to language? He gives names to the invisible acts, processes, creations, of abstract mind, as masterfully, as efficiently, as Adam

himself to the visible living creations of old. As Plato speaks of them, we might say those abstractions too become visible living creatures. We read the speculative poetry of Wordsworth or Tennyson; and we may observe that a great metaphysical force has come into language which is by no means purely technical or scholastic; what a help such language is to the understanding, to a real hold over the things, the thoughts, the mental processes, those words denote; a vocabulary to which thought freely commits itself, trained, stimulated, raised, thereby, toward a high level of abstract conception, surely to the increase of our general intellectual powers. That, of course, is largely due to Plato's successor, to Aristotle's lifelong labor of analysis and definition, and to his successors the Schoolmen, with their systematic culture of a precise instrument for the registration, by the analytic intellect, of its own subtlest movements. But then, Aristotle, himself the first of the Schoolmen, had succeeded Plato, and did but formulate, as a terminology "of art," as technical language, what for Plato is still vernacular, original, personal, the product in him of an instinctive imaginative power, — a sort of visual power, but causing others also to see what is matter of original intuition for him.

From the first, in fact, our faculty of thinking is limited by our command of speech. Now it is straight from Plato's lips, as if in natural conversation, that the language came, in which the mind has ever since been discoursing with itself concerning itself, in that inward dialogue, which is the "active principle" of the dialectic method as an instrument for the attainment of truth. For the essential, or dynamic, dialogue is ever that dialogue of the mind with itself, which any converse with Socrates or Plato does but promote. The very words of Plato, then, challenge us straightway to larger and finer apprehension of the processes of our own minds; are themselves a discovery in the sphere of mind. 'Twas he made us freemen of those solitary places, so trying yet so attractive; so remote and high, they seem, yet are naturally so close to us; he peopled them with intelligible forms. Nay, more! By his peculiar gift of verbal articulation he anticipated the mere hollow spaces which a knowledge, then merely potential, and an experience still to come, would one day occupy. And so, those who cannot admit his actual speculative results, precisely his report on the invisible theoretic world, have been to the point sometimes, in that their objection, by sheer effectiveness of

abstract language, he gave an illusive air of reality or substance to the mere nonentities of metaphysic hypothesis,—of a mind trying to feed itself on its own emptiness.

Just there,—in the situation of one shaped, by combining nature and circumstance into a seer who has a sort of sensuous love of the unseen,—is the paradox of Plato's genius, and therefore, always, of Platonism, of the Platonic temper. His aptitude for things visible, his gift of words, empower him to express, as if for the eyes, what, except to the eye of the mind, is strictly invisible,—what an acquired asceticism induces him to rank above, and sometimes, in terms of harshest dualism, oppose to, the sensible world. Plato is to be interpreted not merely by his antecedents, by the influence upon him of those who preceded him, but by his successors, by the temper, the intellectual alliances, of those who directly or indirectly have been sympathetic with him. Now it is noticeable that, at first sight somewhat incongruously, a certain number of Manicheans have always been of his company; people who held that matter was evil. Pointing significantly to an unmistakable vein of Manichean, or Puritan, sentiment actually there in the Platonic Dialogues, these rude companions or successors of his carry us back to his great predecessor, to Socrates, whose personal influence had so strongly enforced on Plato the severities moral and intellectual alike, of Parmenides, and of the Pythagoreans. The cold breath of a harshly abstract, a too incorporeal, philosophy, had blown, like an east wind, on that last depressing day in the prison cell of Socrates; and the venerable commonplaces then put forth, in which an overstrained pagan sensuality seems to be reacting, to be taking vengeance, on itself, turned now sick and suicidal, will lose none of their weight with Plato:—That "all who rightly touch philosophy, study nothing else than to die, and to be dead." That "the soul reasons best, when, as much as possible, it comes to be alone with itself, bidding good-by to the body, and, to the utmost of its power, rejecting communion with it, with the very touch of it, aiming at what is." It was, in short, as if for the soul to have come into a human body at all had been the seed of disease in it, the beginning of its own proper death.

As for any adornments or provision for this body, the master had declared that a true philosopher as such would make as little of them as possible. To those young hearers, the words of Socrates may well have seemed to anticipate, not the visible

world he had then delineated in glowing color as if for the bodily eye, but only the chilling influence of the hemlock; and it was because Plato was only half convinced of the Manichean or Puritan element in his master's doctrine, or rather was in contact with it on one side only of his complex and genial nature, that Platonism became possible, as a temper for which, in strictness, the opposition of matter to spirit has no ultimate or real existence. Not to be "pure" from the body, but to identify it, in its utmost fairness, with the fair soul, by a gymnastic "fused in music," became, from first to last, the aim of education as he conceived it. That the body is but "a hindrance to the attainment of philosophy, if one takes it along with one as a companion in one's search," a notion which Christianity, at least in its later though wholly legitimate developments, will correct, — can hardly have been the last thought of Plato himself on quitting it. He opens his door indeed to those austere monitors. They correct the sensuous richness of his genius, but could not suppress it. The sensuous lover becomes a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision, of *θεωρία*, all the associations of the actual world of sight. Some of its invisible realities he can all but see with the bodily eye: the absolute Temperance, in the person of the youthful Charmides; the absolute Righteousness, in the person of the dying Socrates. Yes, truly! all true knowledge will be like the knowledge of a person, of living persons, and truth, for Plato, in spite of his Socratic asceticism, to the last, something to look at. The eyes which had noted physical things, so finely, vividly, continuously, would be still at work; and, Plato, thus qualifying the Manichean or Puritan element in Socrates by his own capacity for the world of sense, Platonism has contributed largely, has been an immense encouragement toward the redemption of matter of the world of sense, by art, by all right education, by the creeds and worship of the Christian Church, — toward the vindication of the dignity of the body.

It was doubtless because Plato was an excellent scholar that he did not begin to teach others till he was more than forty years old, — one of the great scholars of the world, with Virgil and Milton: by which is implied that, possessed of the inborn genius, of those natural powers, which sometimes bring with them a certain defiance of rule, of the intellectual habits of others, he acquires, by way of habit and rule, all that can be

taught and learned; and what is thus derived from others by docility and discipline, what is *rangé*, comes to have in him, and in his work, an equivalent weight with what is unique, impulsive, underivable. Raphael,—Raphael as you see him in the Blenheim "Madonna," is a supreme example of such scholarship in the sphere of art. Born of a romantically ancient family, understood to be the descendant of Solon himself, Plato had been in early youth a writer of verse. That he turned to a more vigorous, though pedestrian mode of writing, was perhaps an effect of his corrective intercourse with Socrates, through some of the most important years of his life,—from twenty to twenty-eight.

He belonged to what was just then the discontented class, and might well have taken refuge from active political life in political ideals, or in a kind of self-imposed exile. A traveler, adventurous for that age, he certainly became. After the *Lehr-jahre*, the *Wander-jahre!*—all round the Mediterranean coasts as far west as Sicily. Think of what all that must have meant just then, for eyes which could see. If those journeys had begun in angry flight from home, it was for purposes of self-improvement they were continued: the delightful fruit of them is evident in what he writes; and finding him in friendly intercourse with Dionysius the elder, with Dio, and Dionysius the younger, at the polished court of Syracuse, we may understand they were a search also for "the philosophic king," perhaps for the opportune moment of realizing "the ideal state." In that case, his quarrels with those capricious tyrants show that he was disappointed. For the future he sought no more to pass beyond the charmed theoretic circle, "speaking wisdom," as was said of Pythagoras, only "among the perfect." He returns finally to Athens; and there, in the quiet precincts of the Acadêmus, which has left a somewhat dubious name to places where people come to be taught or to teach, founds, not a state, not even a brotherhood, but only the first college, with something of a common life, of communism on that small scale, with Aristotle for one of its scholars, with its chapel, its gardens, its library with the authentic text of his "Dialogues" upon the shelves: we may just discern the sort of place, through the scantiest notices. His reign was, after all, to be in his writings. Plato himself does nothing in them to retard the effacement which mere time brings to persons and their abodes; and there had been that, moreover, in his own temper, which promotes self-effacement. Yet as he left it,

the place remained for centuries, according to his will, to its original use. What he taught through the remaining forty years of his life, the method of that teaching, whether it was less or more esoteric than the teaching of the extant "Dialogues," is but matter of surmise. Writers, who in their day might still have said much we should have liked to hear, give us little but old, quasi-supernatural stories, told as if they had been new ones, about him. The year of his birth fell, according to some, in the very year of the death of Pericles (a significant date!) but is not precisely ascertainable: nor is the year of his death, nor its manner. "*Scribens est mortuus*," says Cicero: after the manner of a true scholar, "he died pen in hand."

From the Contemporary Review.

PETRARCH

(FRANCESCO PETRARCA, OR PETRACCO)

(1304–1374)

FRANCESCO PETRARCA, son of a Florentine notary, who had been exiled to Arezzo, was one of the greatest scholars of the Middle Ages and one of the greatest lyric poets of any age. He is chiefly known by his sonnets to Laura, but the same wonderful ear for the melody of language they illustrate made him a great linguist, and his mastery of Homer and the classical poets of the Homeric school fitted him for leadership in forcing the revival of learning which made modern times possible. The "Laura" to whom the sonnets were addressed was "the daughter of Audibert de Noves and the wife of Hugues de Sade." It is said that she was an entirely decorous matron, the mother of a numerous family of children. Petrarch's admiration for her was Platonic, and he seems to have used her for poetical purposes as a peg to hang his sonnets on, with much the same reality and unreality of passion Don Quixote felt towards Dulcinea del Toboso, after adopting her as a necessary part of the outfit of a knight-errant. It is hard for the modern mind to enter into the mediæval idea of romantic or chivalric love. It is much easier to appreciate Petrarch's intellectual dignity when we turn from his sonnets to his work as a "humanist." Among his essays and prose treatises written in Latin are those "On the Contempt of the World," "On Solitude," "On True Wisdom," and "On Illustrious Men." He also wrote a Latin poem, "Africa," which he himself valued highly, though it has found few readers since his death. His "Treatise on the Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune" (De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ") was dedicated to his friend Azzo da Correggio. In it Petrarch declares that "our distresses arise chiefly from ourselves," and as a remedy for them he proposed, as did Goethe, development of the true self. To that end, he studied the great classical poets and the great fathers of the Christian Church, valuing Homer and St. Augustine if not equally, yet alike as masters. His mildness and his catholic sympathy gave him a popularity in his own generation which was denied to the sterner and sublimer Dante. On April 8th, 1341, he was crowned at Rome as the Poet Laureate of the "Holy Roman Empire." His house at Vaucluse was bought in

1337 and much of his later life was spent there, but he had princes and great nobles among his friends and they frequently called on him for services in diplomacy and politics. He died at Arquà on July 18th or 19th, 1374, holding then, as he does still, a place next to Dante among Italian poets. He had as a lyric poet the same ear for "time" and melody which immortalized Horace, and the study of his sonnets can do much to elucidate the important and almost wholly misapprehended laws of "quantity" on which Horatian verse depends.

W. V. B.

CONCERNING GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE

When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them. We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt these are admirable presents; but they often annoy more than they assist us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of a former distress and the apprehension of some future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would; but we eagerly seek subjects of affliction to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labor, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error; nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is virtue alone which can render us superior to Fortune; we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel: she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old-rooted evil, but it is not incurable: there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to

those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, discourse with us, are our masters and guides, and serve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true Philosophy brings us to a safe port, by a sure and easy passage; not like that of the schools, which, raising us in its airy and deceitful wings, and causing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, lets us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up.

Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but Fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it; yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked that your memory often served you instead of books. It is therefore unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune. The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided that adverse fortune was most difficult to sustain. For my own part I am of a different opinion, and believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays. Experience has taught me this, not books or arguments. I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honors. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune, who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the short time this work has taken. I have been less attentive to what might shine than to what might be useful on this subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men; and shall I not discourse on these with my dear Azon? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the sallies of a transported soul; the other a consolation to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.

Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king, but she gave you not a kingdom, of which therefore Fortune could not deprive

you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life you were blessed with an admirable constitution and astonishing health and vigor: some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the physicians who despaired of your life. The heavenly Physician, who was your sole resource, restored your health, but not your former strength. You were then called iron-footed, for your singular force and agility; you are now bent, and lean upon the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported. Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends; the rest, according to custom, deserted you in calamity. To these misfortunes was added a violent disease, which attacked you when destitute of all succors, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land, invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had left you could not come near to relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? You have felt all the horrors of the former, when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies; and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose life you would willingly have sacrificed your own.

In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius; but you were neither arrogant in prosperity as the one, nor discouraged in adversity as the other. You have supported both in a manner that has made you loved by your friends and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes, and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit everything for you to perform a work, in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events; and be able to say, as Æneas did to the Sibyl, "Nothing of this is new to me; I have foreseen, and am prepared for it all." I am sensible that, in the disorders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also that the malady of the soul aught to be cured by spiritual applications.

If we see a friend in distress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays

more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift. A small present may be the testimony of a great love. There is no good I do not wish you, and this is all I can offer toward it. I wish this little treatise may be of use to you. If it should not answer my hopes, I shall, however, be secure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great passions: Hope and Joy, the daughters of Prosperity; Fear and Grief, the offspring of Adversity; who attack the soul, and launch at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them; your penetration will easily perceive which side will obtain the victory.

From «Treatise on the Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune.»

PLATO

(*c.* 429–347 B. C.)

PLATO's "Dialogues" are not strictly essays in their form. The discursiveness of the "Socratic method" of developing a thought through leading questions which involve the idea of the response to them is antagonistic to the true method of the essayist as it was defined and developed by Plato's great pupil, Aristotle. But if Aristotle is the master to whom we owe the Baconian essay, Plutarch, who was Plato's pupil and Montaigne's master, has transmitted the amiable Platonic discursiveness to modern times, so that we have the schools of Plato, of Aristotle, of Theophrastus, and of Cicero all clearly defined in modern essay writing. It is remarkable that Plato, Aristotle, and Theophrastus all belong to the school of Socrates, and are explainable as results of his inspiration. Theophrastus who was taught by Aristotle as the latter was by Plato is the best representative of Socratic humor, as Plato is of Socratic thought. Among philosophical writers on "the higher life," Plato has not been surpassed in ancient or modern times. It is impossible to guess how much of all he attributes to Socrates he really owed to him. There can be no question, however, of his own genius or his own originality. To the Greek world and to the classical Pagan world everywhere, what he wrote of the soul, of death, of the future life, and of the Divinity had the effect of a revelation. We may imagine, if we cannot realize, the strength of his influence then by the admiration and even love he still excites in students of his writings. He is the great master of all philosophical idealists, and of those who go beyond philosophical idealism to the faith that the only true "realism" concerns itself with the enduring realities of a life of which the present life is a transitory phase. What Aristotle did to prepare the way for science Plato did to make it ready for the Christianity of the Gospels.

He was born at Ægina 427 (perhaps 429) B. C. His parents were of patrician descent, and in his youth he was much like other well-bred Greeks. He wrestled, went to the wars, and wrote verse. Several short poems still extant are attributed to him, and one of them is a remarkably artistic example of the vowel symphony constructed according to the Homeric mode in melody. After he became a pupil of Socrates, however, it is said that he burned as many of his

poems as he could collect,— perhaps because they were chiefly erotic lyrics of a most unphilosophical kind. After the death of Socrates, whom he had constantly attended, he left Athens, traveling in Egypt, Sicily, and Magna Græcia. During this tour, it is said that he offended Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, who sold him as a slave. On being ransomed, he returned to Athens and began teaching in the "Academy," a school which he founded and taught for nearly fifty years until his death in 347 B. C.* His most popular works are perhaps "Crito" and "Phædo," in which he deals with the imprisonment and death of Socrates, but his "The Banquet" and "Republic" are also widely read by those who are not professional students of philosophy. Among other dialogues scarcely less noted are "Phædrus," "Gorgias," "Theætetus," "Timæus," "Politicus," "Critias," and "Ion."

No one who reads half a dozen pages of Plato will need to be told he is a great thinker. Of his style, except as we can see his discursive tendencies, it would be presumptuous to speak. He has been called "a prose poet," but the melody of the Greek language cannot be translated into any other and we do not read Greek prose with its own rhythms; but before the close of the twentieth century, the learned world will probably so far revive the quantities of the Greek language and revitalize it into a living tongue, that it will be possible to decide whether the sense of music shown in the verse, attributed to Plato, governs in his prose also. If so, he will take rank among the world's greatest masters of melodious prose.

W. V. B.

CRITO;—"OF WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO"

[*Socrates and Crito converse while Socrates is under sentence of death.*]

Socrates — What is the occasion of your coming here so soon, Crito? As I take it, it is very early.

Crito — Indeed, it is.

Socrates — What o'clock may it be then?

Crito — A little before the break of day.

Socrates — I wonder that the jailer permitted you to come in.

Crito — He is one I know very well. I have been with him here frequently; and he is in some measure obliged to me.

Socrates — Are you but just come? Or is it long since you came?

Crito — I have been here a good while.

* These statements are nearly all more or less controverted.

Socrates — Why did you not awaken me then when you came in?

Crito — Pray God forbid, Socrates. For my own part, I would gladly shake off the cares and anxiety that keep my eyes from shutting. But when I entered this room, I wondered to find you so sound asleep, and was loath to awaken you, that I might not deprive you of those happy minutes. Indeed, Socrates, ever since I became acquainted with you, I have been always delighted with your patience and calm temper; but in a distinguishing manner in this juncture, since, in the circumstances you are in, your eye looks so easy and unconcerned.

Socrates — Indeed, Crito, it would be very unbecoming in one of my age to be fearful of death.

Crito — Aye! And how many do we see every day, under the like misfortunes, whom age does not free from those dreads?

Socrates — That is true. But after all what made you come hither so early?

Crito — I came to tell you a perplexing piece of news, which, though it may not seem to affect you, yet it overwhelms both me and your relations and friends with insupportable grief. In short, I bring the most terrible news that ever could be brought.

Socrates — What news? Is the ship arrived from Delos, upon whose return I am to die?

Crito — It is not yet arrived; but doubtless it will be here this day, according to the intelligence we have from some persons that came from Sunium, and left it there. For at that rate it cannot fail of being here to-day; and to-morrow you must unavoidably die.

Socrates — Why not, Crito? Be it so, since 'tis the will of God. However, I do not think that the vessel will arrive this day.

Crito — What do you ground that conjecture upon?

Socrates — I'll tell you: I am not to die till the day after the arrival of the vessel.

Crito — At least those who are to execute the sentence say so.

Socrates — That vessel will not arrive till to-morrow, as I conjecture from a certain dream I had this night about a minute ago. And it seems to me a pleasure that you did not awaken me.

Crito — Well, what is this dream?

Socrates — I thought I saw a very gentle comely woman, dressed in white, come up to me, who, calling me by name, said: "In three days thou shalt be in the fertile Phthia."

Crito — That is a very remarkable dream, Socrates.

Socrates — 'Tis a very significant one, Crito.

Crito — Yes, without doubt. But for this time, prithee, Socrates, take my advice, and make your escape. For my part, if you die, besides the irreparable loss of a friend, which I shall ever bewail, I am afraid that numbers of people, who are not well acquainted either with you or me, will believe that I have forsaken you, in not employing my interest for promoting your escape, now that it is in my power. Is there anything more base than to lie under the disrepute of being wedded to my money more than to my friend? For, in fine, the people will never believe that 'twas you who refused to go from hence, when we urged you to be gone.

Socrates — My dear Crito, why should we be so much concerned for the opinion of the people? Is it not enough that the more sensible part, who are the only men we ought to regard, know how the case stands?

Crito — But you see, Socrates, there's a necessity of being concerned for the noise of the mob, for your example is sufficient instance that they are capable of doing, not only small, but the greatest of injuries, and display their passion in an outrageous manner against those who are once run down by the vulgar opinion.

Socrates — I wish, Crito, that the people were able to do the greatest of injuries. Were it so, they would likewise be capable of doing the greatest good. That would be a great happiness. But neither the one nor the other is possible. For they cannot make men either wise men or fools.

Crito — I grant it. But pray answer me: Is it out of tenderness to me and your other friends that you will not stir from hence? Is it fear lest upon your escape we should be troubled, and charged with carrying you off, and by that means be obliged to quit our possession, or pay a large sum of money, or else suffer something more fatal than either? If that be your fear, shake it off, Socrates, in the name of the gods. Is not it highly reasonable that we should purchase your escape at the rate of exposing ourselves to these dangers, and greater ones, if there be occasion? Once more, my dear Socrates, believe me, and go along with me.

Socrates — I own, Crito, that I have such thoughts, and several others besides in my view.

Crito — Fear nothing, I entreat you; for, in the first place, they require no great sum to let you out. And on the other hand, you see what a pitiful condition those are in who probably might arraign us. A small sum of money will stop their mouths: my estate alone will serve for that. If you scruple to accept of my offer, here are a great many strangers who desire nothing more than to furnish you with what money you want. Simmias the Theban himself has brought up very considerable sums. Cebes is capable of doing as much, and so are several others. Let not your fears then stifle the desire of making your escape. And as for what you told me the other day, in court, that if you made your escape, you should not know how to live — pray let not that trouble you. Whithersoever you go, you'll be beloved in all parts of the world. If you'll go to Thessaly, I have friends there who will honor you according to your merit, and think themselves happy in supplying you with what you want, and covering you from all occasions of fear in their country. Besides, Socrates, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjust thing in delivering up yourself, while 'tis in your power to make your escape, and promoting what your enemies so passionately wish for. For you not only betray yourself, but likewise your children by abandoning them, when you might make a shift to maintain and educate them. You are not at all concerned at what may befall them, though at the same time they are like to be in as dismal a condition as ever poor orphans were. A man ought either to have no children, or else to expose himself to the care and trouble of breeding them. You seem to me to act the softest and most insensible part in the world; whereas you ought to take up a resolution worthy of a generous soul; above all, you who boast that you pursued nothing but virtue all the days of your life. I tell you, Socrates, I am ashamed upon the account of you and your relations, since the world will believe 'twas owing to our cowardliness that you did not get off. In the first place, they will charge you with standing a trial that you might have avoided; then they will censure your conduct in making your defenses; and at last, which is the most shameful of all, they will upbraid us with forsaking you through fear or cowardice, since we did not accomplish your escape. Pray consider of it, my dear Socrates; if you do not prevent the approaching evil, you'll bear a part in the shame that

will cover us all. Pray advise with yourself quickly. But now I think on it, there is not time for advising, there's no choice left, all must be put in execution.

Socrates — My dear Crito, your good-will is very commendable, provided it agree with right reason; but if it swerve from that, the stronger it is, the more is it blameworthy. The first thing to be considered is, whether we ought to do as you say, or not. For you know, 'tis not of yesterday that I've accustomed myself only to follow the reasons that appear most just after a mature examination. Though fortune frown upon me, yet I'll never part with the principles I have all along professed. These principles appear always the same, and I esteem them equally at all times. So if your advice be not backed by the strongest reasons, assure yourself I will never comply, not if all the power of the people should arm itself against me, or offer to frighten me like a child by laying on fresh chains, and threatening to deprive me of the greatest good, and oblige me to suffer the cruellest death.

Crito — Now, how shall we manage this inquiry justly?

Socrates — To be sure, the fairest way is to resume what you have been saying of the vulgar opinions; that is, to inquire whether there are some reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be slighted; or whether the saying so is only a groundless and childish proposition. I have a strong desire, upon this occasion, to try, in your presence, whether this principle will appear to me in different colors from what it did while I was in other circumstances, or whether I shall always find it the same, in order to determine me to compliance or refusal.

If I mistake not, 'tis certain that several persons, who thought themselves men of sense, have often maintained in this place, that of all the opinions of men, some are to be regarded and others to be slighted. In the name of the gods, Crito, do not you think that was well said? In all human appearance you are in no danger of dying to-morrow; and therefore 'tis presumed that the fear of the present danger cannot work any change upon you. Wherefore, pray consider it well: do not you think they spoke justly who said that all the opinions of men are not always to be regarded, but only some of them; and those not of all men, but only of some? What do you say? Do not you think 'tis very true?

Crito — Very true.

Socrates — At any rate, then, ought not we to esteem the good opinions and slight the bad ones?

Crito — Aye, doubtless.

Socrates — Are not the good opinions then those of wise men, and the bad ones those of fools?

Crito — It cannot be otherwise.

Socrates — Let us see, then, how you will answer this. When a man who makes his exercises, and comes to have his lesson, should he regard the commendation or censure of whoever comes first, or only of him that is either a physician or a master?

Crito — Of the last, to be sure.

Socrates — Then he ought to fear the censure and value the commendation of that man alone, and slight what comes from others.

Crito — Without doubt.

Socrates — For that reason this young man must neither eat nor drink, nor do anything, without the orders of that master, that man of sense, and he is not at all to govern himself by the caprices of others.

Crito — That is true.

Socrates — Let us fix upon that, then. But suppose he disobeys this master, and disregards his applause or censure, and suffers himself to be blinded by the caresses and applauses of the ignorant mob, will not he come to some harm by this means?

Crito — How is it possible it should be otherwise?

Socrates — But what will be the nature of this harm that will accrue to him thereupon? Where will it terminate? And what part of him will it affect?

Crito — His body, without doubt; for by that means he'll ruin himself.

Socrates — Very well, but is not the case the same all over? Upon the point of justice or injustice, honesty or dishonesty, good or evil, which at present are the subject of our dispute, shall we rather refer ourselves to the opinion of the people than to that of an experienced wise man, who justly challenges more respect and deference from us than all the world besides? And if we do not act conformably to the opinion of this one man, is it not certain that we shall ruin ourselves, and entirely lose that which only lives and gains new strength by justice, and perishes only through injustice? Or must we take all that for a thing of no account?

Crito — I am of your opinion.

Socrates — Take heed, I entreat you; if, by following the opinions of the ignorant, we destroy that which is only preserved by health and wasted by sickness, can we survive the corruption of that, whether it be our body or somewhat else?

Crito — That's certain.

Socrates — Can one live then after the corruption and destruction of the body?

Crito — No, to be sure.

Socrates — But can one survive the corruption of that which lives only by justice, and dies only through injustice? Or is this thing (whatever it be) that has justice or injustice for its object to be less valued than the body?

Crito — Not at all.

Socrates — What, is it much more valuable then?

Crito — A great deal more.

Socrates — Then, my dear Crito, we ought not to be concerned at what the people say, but what he says, who knows what is just and unjust; and that alone is nothing else but the truth. Thus you see you established false principles at first, in saying that we ought to pay a deference to the opinions of the people upon what is just, good, honest, and its contraries. Some, perhaps, will object that the people are able to put us to death.

Crito — To be sure they will start that objection.

Socrates — 'Tis also true. But that does not alter the nature of what we were saying; that is still the same. For you must still remember that 'tis not life, but a good life, that we ought to court.

Crito — That is a certain truth.

Socrates — But is it not likewise certain that this good life consists in nothing else but honesty and justice?

Crito — Yes.

Socrates — Now, before we go further, let us examine, upon the principles you have agreed to, whether my departure from hence, without the permission of the Athenians, is just or unjust. If it be found just, we must do our utmost to bring it about; but if it be unjust, we must lay aside the design. For as to the considerations you alleged just now of money, reputation, and family, these are only the thoughts of the baser mob, who put innocent persons to death, and would afterwards bring them to life if 'twere possible. But as for us who bend our thoughts another way, all that we are to mind is whether we do a just

thing in giving money, and lying under an obligation to those who promote our escape; or whether both we and they do not commit a piece of injustice in so doing. If this be an unjust thing, we need not reason much upon the point, since 'tis better to abide here and die than to undergo somewhat more terrible than death.

Crito — You are in the right, Socrates; let us see then how it will fall.

Socrates — We shall go hand in hand in the inquiry. If you have anything of weight to answer, pray do it when I have spoken, that so I may comply; if not, pray forbear any further to press me to go hence without the consent of the Athenians. I shall be infinitely glad if you can persuade me to do it; but I cannot do it without being first convinced. Take notice then whether my way of pursuing this inquiry satisfies you, and do your utmost to make answer to my questions.

Crito — I will.

Socrates — Is it true that we ought not to do an unjust thing to any man? Or is it lawful in any measure to do it to one when we are forbidden to do it to another? Or is it not absolutely true that all manner of injustice is neither good nor honest, as we were saying but now? Or, in fine, are all these sentiments which we formerly entertained, vanished in a few days? And is it possible, Crito, that those of years, our most serious conferences, should resemble those of children, and we at the same time not be sensible that 'tis so? Ought not we rather to stand to what we have said, as being a certain truth, that all injustice is scandalous and fatal to the person that commits it, let men say what they will, and let our fortune be never so good or bad?

Crito — That's certain.

Socrates — Then must we avoid the least measure of injustice?

Crito — Most certainly.

Socrates — Since we are to avoid the least degree of it, then we ought not to do it to those who are unjust to us, notwithstanding that this people think it lawful.

Crito — So I think.

Socrates — But what! Ought we to do evil or not?

Crito — Without doubt we ought not.

Socrates — But is it justice to repay evil with evil, pursuant to the opinion of the people, or is it unjust?

Crito — 'Tis highly unjust.

Socrates — Then there's no difference between doing evil and being unjust?

Crito — I own it.

Socrates — Then we ought not to do the least evil or injustice to any man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, Crito, that by this concession you do not speak against your own sentiments. For I know very well there are few that will go this length; and 'tis impossible for those who vary in their sentiments upon this point to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the contempt of one another's opinions leads them to a reciprocal contempt of one another's persons. Consider well then if you are of the same opinion with me; and let us ground our reasonings upon this principle, that we ought not to do evil for evil, or treat those unjustly who are unjust to us. For my part, I never did, nor ever will, entertain any other principle. Tell me then if you have changed your mind; if not, give ear to what follows.

Crito — I give ear.

Socrates — Well: a man that has made a just promise, ought he to keep it, or to break it?

Crito — He ought to keep it.

Socrates — If I go hence without the consent of the Athenians, shall not I injure some people, and especially those who do not deserve it? Or shall we in this follow what we think equally just to everybody?

Crito — I cannot answer you, for I do not understand you.

Socrates — Pray take notice; when we put ourselves in a way of making our escape, or going hence, or how you please to call it, suppose the law and the republic should present themselves in a body before us, and accost us in this manner: "Socrates, what are you going to do? To put in execution what you now design were wholly to ruin the laws and the state. Do you think a city can subsist when justice has not only lost its force, but is likewise perverted, overturned, and trampled under foot by private persons?" What answer could we make to such and many other questions? For what is it that an orator cannot say upon the overturning of that law which provides that sentences once pronounced shall not be infringed? Shall we answer that the republic has judged amiss and passed an unjust sentence upon us? Shall that be our answer?

Crito — Ah, without any scruple, Socrates.

Socrates — What will the laws say then? "Socrates, is it not true that you agreed with us to submit yourself to a public trial?" And if we should seem to be surprised at such language, they'll continue, perhaps, "Be not surprised, Socrates, but make an answer, for you yourself used to insist upon question and answer. Tell then what occasion you have to complain of the republic and of us, that you are so eager upon destroying it? Are not we the authors of your birth? Is it not by our means that your father married her who brought you forth? What fault can you find with the laws we have established as to marriage?" "Nothing at all," should I answer. "As to the nourishing and bringing up of children, and the manner of your education, are not the laws just that we enacted upon that head, by which we obliged your father to bring you up to music and the exercises?" "Very just," I'd say. "Since you were born, brought up, and educated under our influence, durst you maintain that you are not our nursed child and subject as well as your father? And if you are, do you think to have equal power with us, as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all we enjoin you to undergo? But since you cannot lay claim to any such right against your father or your master, so as to repay evil for evil, injury for injury, how can you think to obtain that privilege against your country and the laws, insomuch that if we endeavor to put you to death, you'll counteract us by endeavoring to prevent us and to ruin your country and its laws? Can you call such an action just, you that are an inseparable follower of true virtue? Are you ignorant that your country is more considerable, and more worthy of respect and veneration before God and man than your father, mother, and all your relations together? That you ought to honor your country, yield to it, and humor it more than an angry father? That you must either reclaim it by your counsel, or obey its injunctions, and suffer without grumbling all that it imposes upon you? If it orders you to be whipped, or laid in irons, if it sends you to the wars, there to spend your blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you must not shake off the yoke, or flinch or quit your post; but in the army, in prison, and everywhere else, ought equally to obey the orders of your country, or else assist it with wholesome counsel. For if offering violence to a father or mother be a piece of grand impiety, to put force upon one's country is a

much greater." What shall we answer to all this, Crito? Shall we acknowledge the truth of what the laws advance?

Crito — How can we avoid it?

Socrates — "Do you see, then, Socrates," continue they, "what reason we have to brand your enterprise against us as unjust? Of us you hold your birth, your maintenance, your education; in fine, we have done you all the good we are capable of, as well as the other citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make public proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private man, if he does not find his account in the laws and customs of our republic, after a mature examination, to retire with all his effects whither he pleases. And if any of you cannot comply with our customs, and desires to remove and live elsewhere, not one of us shall hinder him, he may go where he pleases. But on the other hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has considered our way of administering justice, and the policy observed in the state, then we say he is in effect obliged to obey all our commands, and we maintain that his disobedience is unjust on a threefold account: for not obeying those to whom he owes his birth; for trampling under foot those that educated him; and for violating his faith after he engaged to obey us, and not taking the pains to make remonstrances to us, if we happen to do any unjust thing. For notwithstanding that we only propose things without using any violence to procure obedience, and give every man his choice whether to obey us, or reclaim us by his counsel or remonstrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, Socrates, that if you execute what you are now about, you will stand charged with all these crimes, and that in a much higher degree than if another private man had committed the same injustice." If I asked them the reason, without doubt they would stop my mouth by telling me that I submitted myself in a distinguishing manner to all these conditions. "And we," continue they, "have great evidence that you were always pleased with us and the republic; for if this city had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never continued in it, no more than the other Athenians. None of the shows could ever tempt you to go out of the city, except once, that you went to see the games at the Isthmus; you never went anywhere else, excepting your military expeditions, and never undertook a voyage, as others are wont to do. You never had the curiosity to visit other cities, or inquire after other laws, as

being contented with us and our republic. You always made a distinguishing choice of us, and on all occasions testified that you submitted with all your heart to live according to our maxims. Besides, your having had children in this city is an infallible evidence that you like it. In fine, in this very last juncture you might have been sentenced to banishment if you would, and might then have done, with the consent of the republic, what you now attempt without their permission. But you were so stately, so unconcerned at death, that in your own terms you preferred death to banishment. But now you have no regard to these fine words, you are no further concerned for the laws, since you are going to overturn them. You do just what a pitiful slave would offer to do, by endeavoring to make your escape contrary to the laws of the treaty you have signed, by which you obliged yourself to live according to our rules. Pray answer us: Did not we say right in affirming that you agreed to this treaty, and submitted yourself to these terms, not only in words, but in deeds?" What shall we say to all this, Crito? And what can we do else but acknowledge that 'tis so?

Crito — How can we avoid it, Socrates?

Socrates — "What else then," continue they, "is this action of yours but a violation of that treaty, and all its terms? That treaty that you were not made to sign either by force or surprise, not without time to think on it: for you had the whole course of seventy years to have removed in, if you had been dissatisfied with us, or unconvinced of the justice of our proposals. You neither pitched upon Lacedæmon nor Crete, notwithstanding that you always cried up their laws; nor any of the other Grecian cities, or strange countries. You have been less out of Athens than the lame and the blind; which is an invincible proof that the city pleased you in a distinguishing manner, and consequently that we did, since a city never can be agreeable if its laws are not such. And yet at this time you counteract the treaty. But, if you will take our advice, Socrates, we would have you to stand to your treaty, and not expose yourself to be ridiculed by the citizens, by stealing out from hence. Pray consider what advantage can redound either to you or your friends by persisting in that goodly design. Your friends will infallibly be either exposed to danger or banished their country, or have their estates forfeited. And as for yourself, if you retire to any neighboring city, such as Thebes or Megara, which are admirably well governed,

you'll there be looked upon as an enemy. All that have any love for their country will look upon you as a corrupter of the laws. Besides, you'll fortify in them the good opinion they have of your judges, and move them to approve the sentence given against you; for a corrupter of the law will at any time pass for a debaucher of the youth, and of the vulgar people. What, will you keep out of these well-governed cities, and these assemblies of just men? But pray will you have enough to live upon in that condition? Or will you have the face to go and live with them? And pray what will you say to them, Socrates? Will you preach to them, as you did here, that virtue, justice, the laws and ordinances ought to be reverenced by men? Do you not think that this will sound very ridiculous in their ears? You ought to think so. But perhaps you'll quickly leave those well-governed cities, and go to Thessaly, to Crito's friends, where there is less order, and more licentiousness; and doubtless in that country they'll take a singular pleasure in hearing you relate in what equipage you made your escape from this prison, that is, covered with some old rags, or a beast's skin, or disguised some other way, as fugitives are wont to be. Everybody will say, 'This old fellow, that has scarce any time to live, had such a strong passion for living, that he did not stand to purchase his life by trampling under foot the most sacred laws.' Such stories will be bandied about of you at a time when you offend no man; but upon the least occasion of complaint, they'll tease you with a thousand other reproaches unworthy of you. You'll spend your time in sneaking and insinuating yourself into the favor of all men, one after another, and owning an equal subjection to them all. For what can you do? Will you feast perpetually in Thessaly, as if the good cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine discourses upon justice and virtue? Besides, if you design to preserve your life for the sake of your children, that cannot be in order to bring them up in Thessaly, as if you could do them no other service but make them strangers. Or if you design to leave them here, do you imagine that during your life they'll be better brought up here, in your absence, under the care of your friends? But will not your friends take the same care of them after your death that they would do in your absence? You ought to be persuaded that all those who call themselves your friends will at all times do them all the service they can. To conclude, Socrates, submit yourself

to our reasons, follow the advice of those who brought you up, and do not put your children, your life, or anything whatsoever, in the balance with justice; to the end that when you come before the tribunal of Pluto, you may be able to clear yourself before your judges. For do not deceive yourself: if you perform what you now design, you will neither better your own cause, nor that of your party; you will neither enlarge its justice nor sanctity either here or in the regions below. But if you die bravely, you owe your death to the injustice, not of the laws, but of men; whereas if you make your escape by repulsing so shamefully the injustice of your enemies, by violating at once both your own faith and our treaty, and injuring so many innocent persons as yourself, your friends, and your country, together with us, we will still be your enemies as long as you live; and when you are dead, our sisters, the laws in the other world, will certainly afford you no joyful reception, as knowing that you endeavored to ruin us. Wherefore do not prefer Crito's counsel to ours."

I think, my dear Crito, I hear what I have now spoken, just as the priests of Cybele imagine they hear the cornets and flutes; and the sound of these words makes so strong an impression in my ears, that it stops me from hearing anything else. These are the sentiments I like; and all you can say to take me off them will be in vain. However, if you think to succeed, I do not prevent you from speaking.

Crito—I have nothing to say, Socrates.

Socrates—Then be quiet, and let us courageously run this course, since God calls and guides us to it.

Complete. From Morley's text.

SOCRATES DRINKS THE HEMLOCK

CRITO said: "I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the mountains, and has not yet set. I have known persons who have drunk the poison late in the evening, who after the announcement was made to them supped well and drank well, and enjoyed the society of their dearest friends. Do not act in haste. There is yet time."

"Probably," said Socrates, "those who did as you say thought that it was a gain to do so, and I have equally good reasons for not doing so. I shall gain nothing by drinking the poison a little

later except to make myself ridiculous to myself, as if I were so fond of life that I would cling to it when it is slipping away. But go," said he "do as I say, and no otherwise."

On this, Crito made a sign to the servant who stood by; and he, going out after some time, brought in the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought prepared in a cup. And Socrates, seeing the man, said:—

"Well, my excellent friend, you are skillful in this matter: what am I to do?"

"Nothing," said he; "but when you have drunk it, walk about till your legs feel heavy, and then lie down. The drink will do the rest"; and at the same time he offered the cup to Socrates.

And he, taking it, said very calmly (I assure you, Echecrates, without trembling or changing color or countenance, but, as his wont was, looking with protruded brow at the man), "Tell me," said he, "about this beverage: is there any to spare for a libation, or is that not allowable?"

And he replied:—

"We prepare so much, Socrates, as we think to be needed for the potion."

"I understand," said he; "but at least it is allowable and it is right to pray to the gods that our passage from hence to that place may be happy. This I pray, and so may it be"; and as he said this he put the cup to his lips and drank it off with the utmost serenity and sweetness.

Up to this time the greater part of us were able to restrain our tears; but when we saw him drink the potion and take the cup from his lips, we could refrain no longer. For my part, in spite of myself, my tears flowed so abundantly that I drew my mantle over my head and wept to myself, not grieving for Socrates, but for my own loss of such a friend.

And Crito had risen up and gone away already, being unable to restrain his tears. Apollodorus, even before this, had been constantly weeping, and now burst into a passion of grief, wailing and sobbing, so that every one was moved to tears except Socrates himself. And he said:—

"O my friends, what are you doing? On this account mainly I sent the women away, that they might not behave so unwisely; for I have heard that we ought to die with good words in our ears. Be silent, then, and be brave."

And we at hearing this were ashamed, and refrained ourselves from weeping. And he, walking about, when he said his legs felt heavy, lay down on his back; for so the man directed. And the man who gave him the poison came near him, and after a time examined his feet and legs, and, squeezing his foot strongly, asked him if he felt anything; and he said he did not. And then he felt his legs, and so upward, and showed us that they were cold and stiff. And, feeling them himself, he said that when the cold reached his heart he would depart. And now the lower part of the body was already cold, and he, uncovering his face,— for he had covered it,— said the last words that he spoke.

"Crito," said he, "we owe a cock to Æsculapius: discharge it, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito.

To this he made no reply, but after a little time there was a movement in the body, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were set. And hereupon Crito closed his mouth and his eyes. This was the end, Echecrates, of our friend — of all the men whom we have known, the best, the wisest, and the most just.

From "Phædo." Whewell's translation.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

(Socrates, Cebes and Simmias.)

Socrates — "During the conjunction of body and soul, nature orders the one to obey and be a slave, and the other to command and hold the empire. Which of these two characters is most suitable to the Divine Being, and which to what is mortal? Are not you sensible that the divine is only capable of commanding and ruling, and that mortal is only worthy of obedience and slavery?"

"Sure enough."

"Which of these two, then, agrees best with the soul?"

"'Tis evident, Socrates, that our soul resembles what is divine, and our body what is mortal."

"You see, then, my dear Cebes, the necessary result of all is, that our soul bears a strict resemblance to what is divine, immortal, intellectual, simple, indissolvable; and is always the same, and always like, and that our body does perfectly resemble what is human, mortal, sensible, compounded, dissolvable, always chang-

ing, and never like itself. Can anything be alleged to destroy that consequence or to make out the contrary?»

«No, surely, Socrates.»

«Does not it, then, suit with the body to be quickly dissolved, and with the soul to be always indissolvable, or something very near it?»

«That is a standing truth.»

«Accordingly you see every day, when a man dies, his visible body, that continues exposed to our view, and which we call the corpse, that alone admits of dissolution, alteration, and dissipation; this, I say, does not immediately undergo any of these accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire form, or in its flower, if I may so speak, especially in this season. Bodies embalmed after the manner of those in Egypt remain entire for an infinity of years, and even in those that corrupt there are always some parts, such as the bones, nerves, and the like, that continue in a manner immortal. Is not this true?»

«Very true.»

«Now as for the soul, which is an invisible being, that goes to a place like itself, marvelous, pure, and invisible, in the infernal world; and returns to a God full of goodness and wisdom, which I hope will be the fate of my soul in a minute, if it please God. Shall a soul of this nature, and created with all these advantages, be dissipated and annihilated, as soon as it parts from the body, as most men believe? No such thing, my dear Simmias, and my dear Cebes. I'll tell you what will rather come to pass, and what we ought to believe steadily. If the soul retain its purity without any mixture of filth from the body, as having entertained no voluntary correspondence with it, but, on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itself within itself in continual meditations; that is, in studying the true philosophy, and effectually learning to die,—for philosophy is a preparation to death: I say, if the soul departs in this condition, it repairs to a being like itself, a being that's divine, immortal, and full of wisdom; in which it enjoys an inexpressible felicity, as being freed from its errors, its ignorance, its fears, its amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other evils pertaining to human nature: and as 'tis said of those who have been initiated into holy mysteries, it truly passes a whole course of eternity with the gods? Ought not this to be the matter of our belief?»

"Sure enough, Socrates."

"But if the soul depart full of uncleanness and impurity, as having been all along mingled with the body, always employed in its service, always possessed by the love of it, wheedled and charmed by its pleasures and lusts, insomuch that it is believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal, what may be seen, touched, drank, or eaten, or what is the object of carnal pleasures, that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the eyes of the body could not descry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by philosophy. Do you think, I say that a soul in this condition can depart pure and simple from the body?"

"No, surely, Socrates, that's impossible."

"On the contrary, it departs stained with corporeal pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual commerce and too intimate union with the body, at a time when it was its constant companion, and was still employed in serving and gratifying it. . . . Were death the dissolution of the whole man, it would be a great advantage to the wicked after death to be rid at once of their body, their soul, and their vices. But forasmuch as the soul is immortal, the only way to avoid those evils and obtain salvation is to become good and wise: for it carries nothing along with it but its good or bad actions, and its virtues or vices, which are the cause of its eternal happiness or misery, commencing from the first minute of its arrival in the other world. And 'tis said that after the death of every individual person, the Demon or Genius, that was partner with it and conducted it during life, leads it to a certain place, where all the dead are obliged to appear, in order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a guide to the world below. And after they have there received their good or bad deserts, and continued there their appointed time, another conductor brings them back to this life, after several revolutions of ages. Now this road is not a plain united road, else there would be no occasion for guides, and nobody would miss their way; but there are several by-ways and cross-ways, as I conjecture from the method of our sacrifices and religious ceremonies. So that a temperate, wise soul follows its guide, and is not ignorant of what happens to it; but the soul that's nailed to its body, as I said just now, that is inflamed with the love of it, and has been long its slave, after much struggling and suffering in this visible world, is at last

dragged along against its will by the Demon allotted for its guide. And when it arrives at that rendezvous of all souls, if it has been guilty of any impurity, or polluted with murder, or has committed any of those atrocious crimes that desperate and lost souls are commonly guilty of, the other souls abhor it, and avoid its company; it finds neither companion nor guide, but wanders in a fearful solitude and horrible desert, till after a certain time necessity drags it into the mansions it deserves; whereas the temperate and pure soul has the gods themselves for its guides and conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the mansions of pleasure prepared for it.»

From «Phædo,» Morley's text.

PLATONIC ANALECTS

Wisdom

That alone — I mean wisdom — is the true and unalloyed coin, for which we ought to exchange all these things; for this, and with this, everything is in reality bought and sold — fortitude, temperance and justice; and, in a word, true virtue subsists with wisdom.

From «Phædo.»

The Falsehoods of Sense

This life is a road that's apt to mislead us and our reason in our inquiries, because, while we have a body, and while our soul is drowned in so much corruption, we shall never attain the object of our wishes, *i. e.*, truth. The body throws a thousand obstacles and crosses in our way, by demanding necessary food; and then the diseases that ensue do quite disorder our inquiry. Besides, it fills us with love, desires, fears, and a thousand foolish imaginations, insomuch that there is nothing truer than the common saying, «That the body will never conduct us to wisdom.» What is it that gives rise to wars, and occasions seditions and dueling? Is it not the body and its desires? In effect, all wars take rise from the desire of riches, which we are forced to heap up for the sake of our body, in order to supply its wants, and serve it like slaves. 'Tis this that cramps our application to philosophy. And the greatest of all our evils is that when it has given us some respite, and we are set upon

meditation, it steals in and interrupts our meditation all of a sudden. It cumbers, troubles, and surprises us in such a manner that it hinders us from descrying the truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the purity and truth of anything, we should lay aside the body, and only employ the soul to examine the objects we pursue. So that we can never arrive at the wisdom we court till after death. Reason is on our side. For if it is impossible to know anything purely while we are in the body, one of these two things must be true: either the truth is never known, or it is known after death; because at that time the soul will be left to itself, and freed of its burden, and not before. And while we are in this life, we can only approach to the truth in proportion to our removing from the body, and renouncing all correspondence with it that is not of mere necessity, and keeping ourselves clear from the contagion of its natural corruption, and all its filth, till God himself comes to deliver us. Then, indeed, being freed from all bodily folly, we shall converse, in all probability, with men that enjoy the same liberty, and shall know within ourselves the pure essence of things, which perhaps is nothing but the truth. But he who is not pure is not allowed to approach to purity itself.

From «Phædo.»

Heavenly and Earthly Love

Simply to praise Love, O Phædrus, seems to me too bounded a scope for our discourse. If Love were one, it would be well. But since Love is not one, I will endeavor to distinguish which is the Love whom it becomes us to praise, and having thus discriminated one from the other, will attempt to render him who is the subject of our discourse the honor due to his divinity. We all know that Venus is never without Love; and if Venus were one, Love would be one; but since there are two Venuses, of necessity also must there be two Loves. For assuredly are there two Venuses: one, the elder, the daughter of Uranus, born without a mother, whom we call the Uranian; the other younger, the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, whom we call the Pandemian; — of necessity must there also be two Loves, the Uranian and Pandemian companions of these goddesses. It is becoming to praise all the gods, but the attributes which fall to the lot of each may be distinguished and selected. For any par-

ticular action whatever in itself is neither good nor evil; what we are now doing — drinking, singing, talking, none of these things are good in themselves, but the mode in which they are done stamps them with its own nature; and that which is done well is good, and that which is done ill is evil. Thus, not all love, nor every mode of love is beautiful, or worthy of commendation, but that alone which excites us to love worthily.

From "The Banquet." Shelley's translation.

Misanthropy

Misanthropy arises from a man trusting another without having a sufficient knowledge of his character, and, thinking him to be truthful, sincere, and honorable, finds a little afterwards that he is wicked, faithless; and then he meets with another of the same character. When a man experiences this often, and, more particularly, from those whom he considered his most dear and best friends,—at last, having frequently made a slip, he hates the whole world, and thinks that there is nothing sound at all in any of them.

From "Phædo."

The Effect of Love

It is love that causes peace among men, a calm on the sea, a lulling of the winds, sweet sleep on joyless beds. It is he who takes from us the feeling of enmity, and fills us with those of friendship; who establishes friendly meetings, being the leader in festivals, dances, and sacrifices, giving mildness and driving away harshness; the beneficent bestower of good-will, the nongiver of enmity; gracious to the good, looked up to by the wise, admired by the gods; envied by those who have no lot in life, possessed by those who have; the parent of luxury, of tenderness, of elegance, of grace, of desire, and regret; careful of the good, regardless of the bad; in labor, in fear, in wishes, and in speech, the pilot, the defender, the bystander, and best savior; of gods and men, taken altogether, the ornament; a leader the most beautiful and best, in whose train it becomes every man to follow, hymning well his praise, and bearing a part in that sweet song which he sings himself, when soothing the mind of every god and man

From "The Banquet."

The Philosopher

Whether a man dwelling in the city is nobly or ignobly born, whether some unfortunate event has taken place to one of his ancestors, man or woman, is equally unknown to him as the number of measures of water in the sea, as the proverb goes. And he is not aware of his own ignorance; nor does he keep aloof from such things from mere vanity, but, in reality, his body only dwells in the city and sojourns there, while his mind, regarding all such things as trivial, and of no real moment, despising them, is carried about everywhere, as Pindar says, measuring things under the earth and upon its surface, raising his eyes to the stars in heaven, and examining into the nature of everything in the whole universe, never stooping to anything near at hand.

From «Theætetus.»

Evil

It is not possible, Theodorus, to get rid of evil altogether; for there must always be something opposite to good; nor can it be placed among the gods, but must of necessity circulate round this mortal nature and world of ours. Wherefore we ought to fly hence as soon as possible to that upper region; but this flight is our resembling the Divinity as much as we are able, and this resemblance is that we should be just, and holy, and wise.

From «Theætetus.»

God and Man

God is in nowise in the least unjust, but is as just as possible; and there is no one more like to him than the man among us who has become as just as possible. It is on this that the real excellence of a man depends, and his nothingness and worthlessness

From «Theætetus.»

Heaven's Perfect Gifts

Tell me, therefore, what benefits the gods derive from the gifts they receive from us; for the advantage derived from what they bestow is evident to every one; for there is no perfect gift which they do not bestow; but how are they bene-

fited by what they get from us? Have we so much advantage in this traffic, that we receive everything good from them, and they nothing from us?

From «Euthyphron.»

Experience

There are many arts among men, the knowledge of which is acquired bit by bit by experience. For it is experience that causes our life to move forward by the skill we acquire, while want of experience subjects us to the effects of chance.

From «Gorgias.»

PLINY THE YOUNGER

(Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus)

(62–113 A. D.)

Pliny the Younger, nephew of the celebrated naturalist of the same name, was born at Como, Italy, 62 A. D. His "Epistles" are among the most famous prose epistles written in classical Latin. He seems to have written them chiefly for the pleasure he derived from euphony, but they illustrate the operations of a well-stored and well-trained intellect. Pliny was bred to the bar, and he was proud of his talents as an orator. His "Eulogy of Trajan" has been preserved, and while it is interesting as a specimen of his oratory, it is not so generally admired as are his Letters. For a number of years he was Consul, and afterwards Governor of Bithynia and Pontica. He died 113 A. D.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death,* in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance,—notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works,—yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternalize his name. Happy I esteem those to whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle — as his own writings

*Pliny the Elder perished in the eruption which destroyed Pompeii.

and your history will evidently prove — may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should, indeed, have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the twenty-third of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately rose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by comparing it to a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as if it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her,—for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical, turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others, for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene.

He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones and pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they

resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell around them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down further upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead,—suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum ——. but as this has no connection with your history, so your inquiry went no further than concerning my uncle's death; with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter;—suffer me only to add that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history, between writing to a friend and writing to the public. Farewell.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

A ROMAN FOUNTAIN

HAVE you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus?* As I never heard you mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately, indeed, I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered with venerable and shady cypress trees, a spring issues out, which, gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious basin, so extremely clear that you may see the pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it, as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity of the ground, as by its own strength and fullness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other, as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labor and ease is exceedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too. Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently testify. Several little chapels are scattered round, dedicated to particular gods, distinguished by different names, and some of them too presiding over different fountains. For, besides the principal one, which is as it were the parent of all the rest, there are several other lesser streams, which, taking their rise from various sources, lose themselves in the river: over which a bridge is built, that separates the sacred part from that which lies open to common use. Vessels are allowed to come above this bridge, but no person is permitted to swim except below it. The Hispalletes, to whom Augustus gave this

*Now called Clitumno. It rises a little below the village of Campello in Ombria.

place, furnish a public bath, and likewise entertain all strangers at their own expense. Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this river, are situated upon its borders. In short, every object that presents itself will afford you entertainment. You may also amuse yourself with numberless inscriptions, that are fixed upon the pillars and walls by different persons, celebrating the virtues of the fountain, and the divinity that presides over it. There are many of them you will greatly admire, as there are some that will make you laugh; but I must correct myself when I say so: you are too humane, I know, to laugh upon such an occasion. Farewell.

To Romanus. Complete.

PLUTARCH

(*c.* 46 A. D.— ?)

LUTARCH'S "Lives" carried the art of the biographer to its climax, and in his "Morals" this remarkable artist invented the modern essay as it comes to us through Montaigne. He is sometimes called a "historian," and it is possible that he should be so described. But if he is sometimes a historian, he is always an artist. Perhaps no other man of his time had studied so deeply the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the "Divine age" of his country; but we can never be sure that the men whose portraits he draws with such loving and careful art, are not in their heroic essence the product of art. They existed certainly, and the actions he attributes to them are not of his invention. His whole "plot" is historical, but under his pen human nature is transformed as it is under Doré's brush. The Greeks who followed Alexander to overthrow the Persian Empire were probably as much below the physical standard of the Teutonic races as Cæsar's legionaries were; but when Doré shows them surrounding the dying Darius, we recognize them as conquerors of the world by the subtle suggestion of an etherealized, superhuman, superiority of physique he puts into every line with which he draws their bodies. They are men, but we could not mistake them for mere men. They are Doré's men. So Plutarch's heroes who were once men — perhaps mere men — became "Plutarch's men," — a glorious race who inspire all after times to emulation of their heroic virtues. An idealist and a philosopher, one of the greatest of the later disciples of Plato, Plutarch expressed his own ideals by bringing into strong relief all he most admired in the characters he described. His "Morals," which are not so much read as his "Lives," are a series of essays and disquisitions on almost every imaginable subject. He is the only ancient writer on the Homeric mode in verse who seems to have had an adequate conception of the high and careful art underlying the apparent simplicities of Homeric technique. He goes much beyond Aristotle in this respect, and it will be a great gain to higher education when the whole of his treatise on Homeric verse is adequately translated and studied in the universities. From Homeric prosody he could shift without visible effort to a discussion of the man in the moon, or the causes of the apparent delay of the gods in punishing the wicked. This latter

essay contains passages as remarkable as are to be found in literature. It would be hard for the most ardent admirer of Plato to find in his works anything to surpass Plutarch's demonstrations that the kingdom of hell, like that of heaven, is an interior reality before it becomes an exterior phenomenon.

Plutarch was born at Chæronea, in Bœotia, about 46 A. D. Little is known of his life, except that the better part of it is immortal in works whose influence on modern times is too great to be estimated. It has been said that if the cabin of the typical American frontiersman of the first quarter of the nineteenth century contained half a dozen books, Plutarch's "Lives" was almost sure to be one of them. Axmen and riflemen who read almost no other book but the Bible, read the "Lives" and named their sons after Epaminondas, Leonidas, and Miltiades. And though Plutarch might have smiled at the incongruity of the blending of Greek and English names, thus brought about, he would not have needed to blush for many things done in nineteenth-century America, under his inspiration.

W. V. B.

CONCERNING THE DELAY OF THE DEITY

It is said that the fly called Cantharides by a certain contradiction contains within itself the remedy of the harm it does; but wickedness doeth not so, producing within itself its own torment and punishment in the very act of the crime itself — even as every malefactor when he is punished is made to bear upon his own body the cross on which he is to suffer. Wickedness thus is a marvelous artificer of an unhappy life which she produceth out of herself — a constant torture which is inflicted in agitations, in baseness, with frequent terrors, with carking cares, with remorse and everlasting burning as though of a fire. Still we have among us those who are so like children that when they see the wicked in the theatre in their gold-embroidered tunics and with their purple cloaks, crowned and dancing as if they were happy, are stupefied in admiration and envy until they see them tortured with whips, torn with punishment, and at last, as it were, with flame bursting out from under their painted and sumptuous garments. Thus, indeed, there are often wicked men surrounded by numerous households, high in office, and splendid in their wealth, whom we do not understand to be malefactors until we have seen them punished or brought as it were to the very place of execution — things which cannot be so well called

the punishment itself as the consummation and ending of punishment. For as Plato relates that Herodicus the Selymbrian, who fell into a lingering and mortal disease, was the first who joined gymnastic exercises and medicine as a remedy, protracting in doing so the tediousness of inevitable death for himself and all others so diseased,—thus the wicked who seem to have escaped punishment for the time being are really enduring their punishment, not after a longer time, but for a longer time. Nor are they punished when they are old merely, but they grow old under the anguish of their punishments. I speak of time as "long" as length of time appears to us; for to the gods, indeed, the whole space of human life is a nothing, a mere moment of present time. To them a reprieve of thirty years in the punishment of a criminal is as though we should debate whether the condemned malefactor should be brought to the scaffold or the torture in the morning or the afternoon,—especially as men are committed to life in custody as prisoners are committed to a jail, whence they cannot go out or escape, although while prisoners we may transact business, enjoy society, be promoted to honors and divert ourselves with amusement,—even as prisoners in the jail may play at checkers or dice while they are waiting to be hanged. What reason, therefore, have we to say that prisoners in chains awaiting execution are not punished until the ax has fallen, or that one who has drunk the deadly hemlock and can still keep his feet and walk is not punished until he falls senseless because of the coagulation of his blood and the loss of his senses,—if indeed we look upon the last moment of punishment as the punishment itself, leaving out of consideration the perturbation, the trepidation, the expectation, the remorse, and all the tortures of mind with which every wicked man is punished through his own very wickedness. It is as if we should reason that a fish which has swallowed a hook is not caught until we see him cut up and boiled by the cook. For the penalty of his wickedness incubates for every malefactor in the wickedness itself which he has swallowed as a sweet bait. His conscience tears him and he is lacerated—

> "As the hooked tunny tugs against the line
> Which rends its jaws and draws it from the brine."

For, indeed, the audacity and ferocity of perverseness remains daring and full of hardiness until the wicked deed is done, but

soon, as a tempest ceases its violence, it grows abject and bloodless, surrendering itself to all manner of fears and superstition. Hence it seems that the Stesichorus composed the "Dream of Clytemnestra" as a parable of life and truth (when to the wicked dreamer) —

> "There came a dragon with a human head
> With grume and blood besmeared as though
> The King Plisthenides had thus appeared."
>
> *Inceder'est visus draco cui humanum caput esset*
> *Rex hinc Plisthenidas obtulit sese oculis.*
>
> . . . . . .

Hence if the mind ceaseth to exist when fatal law is accomplished, if death is the end of reward and punishment, we might say that the Deity is too remiss and too merciful if he should suddenly give death as a penalty for wickedness. For even if we should say that there is no evil in the life and career of the wicked, still it is evident that wickedness is sterile and unpleasing, bearing nothing good or worthy of being desired out of its many and great agonies, while the very feeling of them subverts the mind. It is a tradition that Lysimachus when violently affected by thirst, surrendered his person and his army to the Scythians that he might drink as a captive. "Alas, then," he said, "what a wretch I am, who for so fleeting a pleasure have deprived myself of so great a kingdom!" How hard it is for a man to resist the impulses of his animal instincts; but when a man either to gratify such instincts or for the sake of political reputation and power has committed some base and atrocious crime in the reaction from which his fury leaves him while the foul and terrible perturbations of his crime remain and he gains from it nothing useful or gratifying for his life, is it not probable that he is forced to think for what an empty glory or barren and sordid pleasure he has overthrown the most noble and sublime principles of life, covering, in doing so, his own life with trouble and with shame?

Simonides was accustomed to say that the box he kept for his cash was always full, but that which he kept for his gratitude was always empty So knaves when they contemplate their own wickedness find it void of good, but full of fears, sorrows, odious memories, suspicion of the future, and distrust of the

present. So Ino is introduced in the theatre complaining in her remorse: —

> "Dear friends, I pray you tell me with what face
> I can return with Athamus to dwell.
> As though I were not criminal and base."

Is it not likely, then, that the mind of every depraved man reacts upon itself thus, seeking if it can find a way to escape the memory of its wickedness, that freed from the consciousness of its crime it may begin life afresh? For in evil those who follow it can find neither confidence nor stability nor endurance, or otherwise they would be forced to say that the wicked alone are wise. Wherever the thirst for money, wherever burning passion, wherever impotent envy, has its home with wickedness, there, if you search, you will find superstition, languor in labor, fear of death, a succession of violent passion and the thirst after undeserved honor gaping in its own insolence. Such men fear those who condemn them and condemn those who praise as if the praise itself were a trick. And above everything, they are bitter enemies of the base because they commend willingly those who have the appearance of probity. But the hardness of wickedness, like that of faulty iron, is itself the cause of its breaking, and thus in passage of time when they explore their own state of mind, they grieve, they are angry, they repudiate their former course of life. If, indeed, we see a wicked man who restores what has been pledged with him or becomes security for a friend or does a patriotic act through ambition, very soon he repents and is ashamed of his action, if only because of the fickleness of his inclination which is incident to the depravity of his mind; when we see some men when they are applauded in the theatres sigh soon afterwards because of the avarice of their ambition, we cannot believe that men like Apollodorus who sacrifice human life in their conspiracies and tyrannies or rob their own friends of property, as did Glaucus, the son of Epicides,—we cannot believe that such men as these do not repent and abhor themselves in the torment of their own wickedness. So if it be not wrong to say I believe for my part that there is no occasion for the interference of either gods or men to punish the wicked, since the whole life of such men, subverted and convulsed as it is by their vices, suffices for their punishment.

From the version of Hermann Cruserius (1580), revised by the version of Philips

APOTHEGMS

Homer on the Methods of God

In surprising and startling actions, where the supernatural and the assistance of the Divinity may be required, Homer does not introduce the Supreme Being as taking away the freedom of the will, but merely as influencing it. The Divine Power is not represented as causing the resolution, but only thoughts and ideas which naturally lead to the resolution. In this way the act cannot be called altogether involuntary, since God is the moving cause to the voluntary, and thus gives confidence and good hope. For we must either banish entirely the Supreme Being from all casuality and influence over our actions, or what other way is there in which he can assist and co-operate with men? for it is impossible to suppose that he fashions our corporeal organs, or directs the motions of our hands and feet, to accomplish what he intends; but it is by suggesting certain motives, and predisposing the mind, that he excites the active powers of the will, or restrains them.

From Coriolanus.

Family Heredity

Unless the foundations of a family be properly prepared and laid, those who are sprung from it must necessarily be unfortunate.

De Lib. Educ., cap. ii.

The Evil Deeds of Parents

There is no one, however high-spirited he may be, that does not quail when he thinks of the evil deeds of his parents.

De Lib. Educ., cap. ii.

Nature, Learning, and Training

Nature without learning is like a blind man; learning without nature is like the maimed; practice without both these is incomplete. As in agriculture a good soil is first sought for,

then a skillful husbandman, and then good seed; in the same way nature corresponds to the soil; the teacher to the husbandman; precepts and instruction to the seed.

De Lib. Educ., cap. iv.

Mothers and Children

In my opinion mothers ought to bring up and nurse their own children; for they bring them up with greater affection and with greater anxiety, as loving them from the heart, and, so to speak, every inch of them. But the love of a nurse is spurious and counterfeit, as loving them only for hire.

De Lib. Educ., cap. v.

Teachers and Their Pupils

Teachers ought to be sought who are of blameless lives, not liable to be found fault with, and distinguished for learning; for the source and root of a virtuous and honorable life is to be found in good training. And as husbandmen underprop plants, so good teachers, by their precepts and training, support the young, that their morals may spring up in a right and proper way.

De Lib. Educ., cap. vii.

The Eye of the Master Fattens the Horse

In this place we may very properly insert the saying of the groom, who maintained that there was nothing which served to fatten a horse so much as the eye of its master.

De Lib. Educ., cap. xiii.

Garrulity

The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the first evil that attends those who know not how to be silent is, that they hear nothing.

De Garrulitate, cap. i.

Man

Man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising as it were from a root upwards, is turned towards heaven

De Exilio, cap. v.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809–1849)

EDGAR ALLAN POE, the most musical of all American poets, was born in Boston, January 19th, 1809. His father was an actor, and the temporary residence of the family in Boston was an incident of his professional work. While very young, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy resident of Richmond, Virginia, who sent him to school for several years in England, and afterwards to the University of Virginia. Poe learned with the rapidity of genius, but was fickle in his ardor for study. After remaining a short time at the university, he left it to make his fortune as a poet. In 1827 he published "Tamerlane and Other Poems," which, as a matter of course, failed to bring him a living, and he was forced to enlist as a private in the United States army. Under the *alias* of "Edward A. Perry," he rose to be Sergeant Major, and his foster father secured his admission to West Point. Poe disliked the school, and it is said "contrived to get himself dismissed." He was dismissed, at any rate, and as Mr. Allan repudiated further responsibility for him, he was left wholly destitute and dependent on literature for support. After working for some time in Baltimore, he became associate editor, first of the Southern Literary Messenger and afterwards of the Gentleman's Magazine. He also edited Graham's Magazine and assisted N. P. Willis on the Mirror, increasing steadily in reputation, but with no corresponding increase of fortune. "The Raven," which made him famous, was published in 1845, when he was already disheartened and despondent. He died four years later in a Baltimore hospital, where he was carried after having been found delirious on the street. The stories of his wild and protracted dissipation seem to be without foundation, but he illustrated the central fact of the physiology of genius,—that its highly organized physique is apt to be disorganized rapidly by what for the average man is a moderate indulgence in the enjoyments of sense. Poe's theory of verse divorced it from truth and confined its province to the expression of beauty. This incapacitated him for attaining the highest rank as a poet, but did not affect his extraordinary genius as a musician. No other poet of the century in America has equaled him as composer of tone harmonies in words. He approaches the "*Tonkunst*" of Homer. His prose tales have founded a "school" of their own, but he has found his disciples chiefly in France. As a reviewer and

critical essayist, his perceptions were keen, but his prejudices intense and his judgment frequently inoperative. His life was distorted and sad, chiefly because he lacked "the much-enduring mind," without which the life of every man of great genius must become an inferno of intellectual and spiritual disorder.

W. V. B.

THE PLEASURES OF RHYME

THE effect derivable from well-managed rhyme is very imperfectly understood. Conventionally "rhyme" implies merely close similarity of sound at the ends of verse, and it is really curious to observe how long mankind have been content with their limitation of the idea. What, in rhyme, first and principally pleases, may be referred to the human sense or appreciation of equality — the common element, as might be easily shown, of all the gratification we derive from music in its most extended sense — very especially in its modifications of metre and rhythm. We see, for example, a crystal, and are immediately interested by the equality between the sides and angles of one of its faces — but, on bringing to view a second face, in all respects similar to the first, our pleasure seems to be squared — on bringing to view a third, it appears to be cubed, and so on: I have no doubt, indeed, that the delight experienced, if measurable, would be found to have exact mathematical relations, such, or nearly such, as I suggest,— that is to say, as far as a certain point, beyond which there would be a decrease, in similar relations. Now here, as the ultimate result of analysis, we reach the sense of mere equality, or rather the human delight in this sense; and it was an instinct, rather than a clear comprehension of this delight as a principle, which, in the first instance, led the poet to attempt an increase of the effect arising from the mere similarity (that is to say equality) between two sounds — led him, I say, to attempt increasing this effect by making a secondary equalization, in placing the rhymes at equal distances — that is, at the ends of lines of equal length. In this manner, rhyme and the termination of the line grew connected in men's thoughts — grew into a conventionalism — the principle being lost sight of altogether. And it was simply because Pindaric verses had, before this epoch, existed — *i. e.*, verses of unequal length — that rhymes were subsequently found at unequal distances. It was for this reason solely, I say, — for none more profound. Rhyme had come to be regarded as

of right appertaining to the end of verse — and here we complain that the matter has finally rested. But it is clear that there was much more to be considered. So far, the sense of equality alone entered the effect; or if this equality was slightly varied, it was varied only through an accident — the accident of the existence of Pindaric metres. It will be seen that the rhymes were always anticipated. The eye, catching the end of a verse, whether long or short, expected, for the ear, a rhyme. The great element of unexpectedness was not dreamed of — that is to say, of novelty — of originality. "But," says Lord Bacon (how justly!) "there is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness in the proportions." Take away this element of strangeness — of unexpectedness — of novelty — of originality — call it what we will — and all that is ethereal in loveliness is lost at once. We lose — we miss the unknown — the vague — the uncomprehended because offered before we have time to examine and comprehend. We lose, in short, all that assimilates the beauty of earth with what we dream of the beauty of heaven. Perfection of rhyme is attainable only in the combination of the two elements, Equality and Unexpectedness. But as evil cannot exist without good, so unexpectedness must arise from expectedness. We do not contend for mere arbitrariness of rhyme. In the first place, we must have equidistant or regularly recurring rhymes, to form the basis, expectedness, out of which arises the element, unexpectedness, by the introduction of rhymes, not arbitrarily, but with an eye to the greatest amount of unexpectedness. We should not introduce them, for example, at such points that the entire line is a multiple of the syllables preceding the points. When, for instance, I write —

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

I produce more, to be sure, but not remarkably more than the ordinary effect of rhymes regularly recurring at the ends of lines; for the number of syllables in the whole verse is merely a multiple of the number of syllables preceding the rhyme introduced at the middle, and there is still left, therefore, a certain degree of expectedness. What there is of the element, unexpectedness, is addressed, in fact, to the eye only — for the ear divides the verse into two ordinary lines, thus: —

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain.

I obtain, however, the whole effect of unexpectedness, when I write —

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

N. B. — It is very commonly supposed that rhyme, as it now ordinarily exists, is of modern invention — but see the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. Hebrew verse, however, did not include it, — the terminations of the lines, where most distinct, never showing anything of the kind.

Complete. From "Marginalia."

IMAGINATION

THE pure Imagination chooses, from either beauty or deformity, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined; the compound, as a general rule, partaking, in character, of beauty, or sublimity, in the ratio of the respective beauty or sublimity of the things combined, — which are themselves still to be considered as atomic, — that is to say, as previous combinations. But as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements results in a something that has nothing of the qualities of one of them, or even nothing of the qualities of either. . . . Thus, the range of Imagination is unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that Beauty which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness or force of the matters combined; the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining; and, especially, the absolute "chemical combination" of the completed mass — are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of Imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the thoughtless, through the character of obviousness which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking why it is that these combinations have never been imagined before.

Complete. From "Marginalia."

THE FATE OF THE VERY GREATEST

I HAVE sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind — that he would be considered a madman is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

In like manner, nothing can be clearer than that a very generous spirit — truly feeling what all merely profess — must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction — its motives misinterpreted. Just as extremeness of intelligence would be thought fatuity, so excess of chivalry could not fail of being looked upon as meanness in its last degree: — and so on with other virtues. This subject is a painful one, indeed. That individuals have so soared above the plane of their race is scarcely to be questioned; but, in looking back through history for traces of their existence, we should pass over all biographies of "the good and the great," while we search carefully the slight records of wretches who died in prison, in Bedlam, or upon the gallows.

Complete. From "Marginalia."

THE ART OF CONVERSING WELL

TO CONVERSE well, we need the cool tact of talent — to talk well, the glowing abandon of genius. Men of very high genius, however, talk at one time very well, at another very ill: well, when they have full time, full scope, and a sympathetic listener; ill, when they fear interruption and are annoyed by the impossibility of exhausting the topic during that particular talk. The partial genius is flashy — scrappy. The true genius shudders at incompleteness — imperfection — and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not everything that should be said. He is so filled with his theme that he is dumb, first, from not knowing how to begin, where there seems eternally

beginning behind beginning, and, second, from perceiving his true end at so infinite a distance. Sometimes, dashing into a subject, he blunders, hesitates, stops short, sticks fast, and because he has been overwhelmed by the rush and multiplicity of his thoughts, his hearers sneer at his inability to think. Such a man finds his proper element in those "great occasions" which confound and prostrate the general intellect.

Nevertheless, by his conversation, the influence of the conversationist upon mankind in general is more decided than that of the talker by his talk; the latter invariably talks to best purpose with his pen. And good conversationists are more rare than respectable talkers. I know many of the latter; and of the former only five or six,—among whom I can call to mind, just now, Mr. Willis; Mr. J. T. S. Sullivan, of Philadelphia; Mr. W. M. R., of Petersburg, Va.; and Mrs. S——d, formerly of New York. Most people, in conversing, force us to curse our stars that our lot was not cast among the African nation mentioned by Eudoxus, —the savages who, having no mouths, never opened them, as a matter of course. And yet, if denied mouth, some persons whom I have in my eye would contrive to chatter on still—as they do now—through the nose.

Complete. From "Marginalia."

THE GENIUS OF SHELLEY

If ever mortal "wreaked his thoughts upon expression," it was Shelley. If ever poet sang—as a bird sings—earnestly—impulsively—with utter abandonment—to himself solely—and for the mere joy of his own song—that poet was the author of "The Sensitive Plant." Of art—beyond that which is instinctive with genius—he either had little or disdained all. He really disdained that Rule which is an emanation from Law, because his own soul was Law in itself. His rhapsodies are but the rough notes—the stenographic memoranda of poems—memoranda which, because they were all-sufficient for his own intelligence, he cared not to be at the trouble of writing out in full for mankind. In all his works we find no conception thoroughly wrought. For this reason he is the most fatiguing of poets. Yet he wearies in saying too little rather than too much. What in him seems the diffuseness of one idea is the conglomerate

concision of many; and this species of concision it is which renders him obscure. With such a man, to imitate was out of the question. It would have served no purpose; for he spoke to his own spirit alone, which would have comprehended no alien tongue. Thus he was profoundly original. His quaintness arose from intuitive perception of that truth to which Bacon alone has given distinct utterance: "There is no exquisite Beauty which has not some strangeness in its proportions." But whether obscure, original, or quaint, Shelley had no affectations. He was at all times sincere.

From his ruins, there sprang into existence, affronting the heavens, a tottering and fantastic pagoda, in which the salient angles, tipped with mad jangling bells, were the idiosyncratic faults of the original — faults which cannot be considered such in view of his purposes, but which are monstrous when we regard his works as addressed to mankind. A "school" arose — if that absurd term must still be employed — a school — a system of rules upon the basis of the Shelley who had none. Young men innumerable, dazzled with the glare and bewildered by the bizarrerie of the lightning that flickered through the clouds of "Alastor" had no trouble whatever in heaping up imitative vapors, but, for the lightning, were forced to be content with its spectrum, in which the bizarrerie appeared without the fire. Nor were mature minds unimpressed by the contemplation of a greater and more mature; and thus, gradually, into this school of all lawlessness — of obscurity, quaintness, and exaggeration — were interwoven the out-of-place didacticism of Wordsworth, and the more anomalous metaphysicianism of Coleridge. Matters were now fast verging to their worst; and at length, in Tennyson, poetic inconsistency attained its extreme. But it was precisely this extreme (for the greatest truth and the greatest error are scarcely two points in a circle) which, following the law of all extremes, wrought in him (Tennyson) a natural and inevitable revulsion; leading him first to contemn, and secondly to investigate, his early manner, and finally to winnow, from its magnificent elements, the truest and purest of all poetical styles. But not even yet is the process complete; and for this reason in part, but chiefly on account of the mere fortuitousness of that mental and moral combination which shall unite in one person (if ever it shall) the Shelleyan abandon and the Tennysonian poetic sense with the most profound Art (based both in Instinct

and Analysis) and the sternest Will properly to blend and rigorously to control all — chiefly, I say, because such combination of seeming antagonisms will be only a "happy chance" — the world has never yet seen the noblest poem which, possibly, can be composed.

Complete. From "Marginalia."

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688–1744)

POPE'S best essays were written in verse, but the prose essays he contributed to the Guardian are by no means the worst in that collection, and they are no doubt the best specimens of Pope's prose style. It is curious to see how much less intense he is in his prose than his verse. While his prose contains frequent quotable phrases, they do not follow each other as they do in the "Essay on Man," the "Moral Essays," the "Imitations of Horace," and other verse to which some nineteenth-century critics denied the name of poetry,—seemingly on no other ground than that it had too much common sense in it to be really poetical. It may as well be admitted that though Pope's prose is better than that of his great pupil, Byron, he never satisfies himself or his reader in it as he does when he is rhyming. In facility as a versifier he has not been surpassed by any English poet, and Byron alone has equaled him. And without attempting to enter into the dispute of what constitutes a poet, it may be safely asserted that he has said in memorable verse more things worth remembering than any other English poet except Shakespeare.

He was born in Lombard Street, London, May 21st, 1688. His father was a linen draper, and he had little or no scholastic training. He educated himself, however, until he became fit to make what still remains the most popular, if not the only popular, English translation of Homer's "Iliad." He was of a very delicate physique and his work was done in spite of constant suffering, which ended only with his death May 30th, 1744. Much has been written of his moral weakness, but out of it he developed the strength of genius which could use a frail and almost worthless body to accomplish painfully the enduring purposes of an immortal spirit.

HOW TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM

Docebo
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque poetam.
— *Hor.* Ars Poet., ver. 306.

I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.
— *Roscommon.*

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honor of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry, as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in economics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavor (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest that epic poems may be made "without a genius," nay, without learning, or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Molière observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing, the same may be said of making a poem,— it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain receipt,

by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet is to be knowing in all arts and sciences But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers; for this let him take Culverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer that it is notorious persons of no genius have been often times great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities; but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is in these days with authors as with other men, the well bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A Receipt to Make an Epic Poem

For the Fable. — Take out of any old poem, history book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer, or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To Make an Episode. — Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory. — These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners. — For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines. — Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his "Art of Poetry," verse 191: —

> *Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus*
> *Inciderit*————————
>
> Never presume to make a god appear,
> But for a business worthy of a god.
> — *Roscommon.*

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

For the Descriptions

For a Tempest.— Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

For a Battle — Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's "Iliad," with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For Burning a Town.— If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

For the Language

(I mean the diction). Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of hav-

ing too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

Complete. From the Guardian.

CRUELTY AND CARNIVOROUS HABITS

———*Primâque è cœde ferarum*
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.
— *Ovid.* Met., Lib. XV. 106.

Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
— *Dryden.*

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear baiting, cockfighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of anything that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made

of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin redbreasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the "Children in the Wood." However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the Moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine, though I am inclined to believe the former, since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally

suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity. But I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

«——— *Questuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti similis.»——

«——— That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.»

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outragous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, «That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears.» «Yet if,» says he, «we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception.» — In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: «It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in

than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practice equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labor while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds; and of another that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, retain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion:—

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum ———

—*Met.* Lib. xv. 116.

Quàm malè consuevit, quàm se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!

Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare potest! ———

—*Ib.*, ver. 463.

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretense,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that clothed her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve;
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field!
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke:
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began?

What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the children's cries.

— *Dryden.*

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the Book of Jonas when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness: "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons — and also much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words: "If thou shalt

find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young. But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days."

From the Guardian.

ON SHAKESPEARE

It is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author, though to do it effectually and not superficially would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not; a design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her as that she speaks through him.

His characters are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is

but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so many different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labor, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places. We are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing it is, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! That he is not more a master of the great than of the ridiculous in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passion; in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of every argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born, as well as the poet.

It must be owned that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind should ever have been

susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage poetry, of all other, is more particularly leveled to please the populace, and its success more immediately depending on the common suffrage. One cannot therefore wonder if Shakespeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavors solely to hit the taste and humor that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene amongst tradesmen and mechanics; and even their historical plays strictly follow the common old stories or vulgar traditions of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to surprise and cause admiration as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural events and incidents: the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to please as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject; his genius in these low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way, till Ben Johnson, getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue. And that this was not done without difficulty may appear from those frequent lessons (and, indeed, almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the Grex, Chorus, etc., to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the people, and writ* at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them; without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them,—in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observed that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect that he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author being a player, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humor, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is right as tailors are of what is graceful. And in this view it will be but fair to allow that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare that he scarce ever blotted a line. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which

*"Writ" is good Queen Anne English.

there are more undeniable evidences — as to the comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which he entirely new writ, the "History of Henry VI.," which was first published under the title of the "Contention of York and Lancaster"; and that of "Henry V.," extremely improved; that of "Hamlet," enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This, too, might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For, 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc., if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company), if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

From the Preface to Shakespeare.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Party Zeal

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

Acknowledgment of Error

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Disputation

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing: it should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Censorious People

Such as are still observing upon others are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own runs to ruin.

How to Be Reputed a Wise Man

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

Avarice

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

(1796–1859)

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, whose brilliant studies of Spanish and Spanish-American history are an enduring monument of his genius, wrote also a number of critical studies and miscellaneous essays of a high order of merit. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4th, 1796, and educated at Harvard where, as the result of an accident, he became nearly blind. His far-reaching historical researches were carried on chiefly through the aid of secretaries and readers. His first notable work was "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1838. It was followed by the "Conquest of Mexico" and the "Conquest of Peru," both of which surpassed it in popularity. Prescott died January 28th, 1859, leaving his "History of the Reign of Philip II." unfinished.

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS TIMES

"DON QUIXOTE" is too familiar to the reader to require any analysis; but we will enlarge on a few circumstances attending its composition but little known to the English scholar, which may enable him to form a better judgment for himself. The age of chivalry, as depicted in romances, could never, of course, have had any real existence; but the sentiments which are described as animating that age have been found more or less operative in different countries and different periods of society. In Spain, especially, this influence is to be discerned from a very early date. Its inhabitants may be said to have lived in a romantic atmosphere, in which all the extravagances of chivalry were nourished by their peculiar situation. Their hostile relations with the Moslem kept alive the full glow of religious and patriotic feeling. Their history is one interminable crusade. An enemy always on the borders invited perpetual displays of personal daring and adventure. The refinement and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs throw a lustre over these contests such as could not be reflected from the rude skirmishes with their Christian neighbors. Lofty sentiments, embellished by

DON QUIXOTE CONSULTS THE ENCHANTED HEAD.

After the Painting by C. A. Coypel, Engraved on Copper by J. Von Schley, 1745.

CHARLES ANTOINE COYPEL (1694-1752) was one of a family of well-known French painters. His father, Antoine Coypel, and his grandfather Noël Coypel were both painters, the latter belonging to the school of Poussin.

the softer refinements of courtesy, were blended in the martial bosom of the Spaniard, and Spain became emphatically the land of romantic chivalry.

The very laws themselves, conceived in this spirit, contributed greatly to foster it. The ancient code of Alfonso X., in the thirteenth century, after many minute regulations for the deportment of the good knight, enjoins on him to "invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardor into his soul and preserve him from the commission of unknightly actions." Such laws were not a dead letter. The history of Spain shows that the sentiment of romantic gallantry penetrated the nation more deeply and continued longer than in any other quarter of Christendom.

Foreign chroniclers, as well as domestic, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notice the frequent appearance of Spanish knights in different courts of Europe, whither they had traveled, in the language of an old writer, "to seek honor and reverence" by their feats of arms. In the "Paston Letters," written in the time of Henry VI. of England, we find a notice of a Castilian knight who presented himself before the court, and, with his mistress's favor around his arm, challenged the English cavaliers "to run a course of sharp spears with him for his sovereign lady's sake." Pulgar, a Spanish chronicler of the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of this roving knight-errantry as a thing of familiar occurrence among the young cavaliers of his day; and Oviedo, who lived somewhat later, notices the necessity under which every true knight found himself of being in love, or feigning to be so, in order to give a suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements. But the most singular proof of the extravagant pitch to which these romantic feelings were carried in Spain occurs in the account of the jousts appended to the fine old chronicle of Alvaro de Luna, published by the Academy in 1784. The principal champion was named Sueño de Quenones, who, with nine companions in arms, defended a pass at Orbigo, not far from the shrine of Compostella, against all comers, in the presence of King John II. and his court. The object of this passage of arms, as it was called, was to release the knight from the obligation imposed on him by his mistress of publicly wearing an iron collar round his neck every Thursday. The jousts continued for thirty days, and the doughty champions fought without shield or target, with weapons bearing points of Milan

steel. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters took place, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken, when the emprise was declared to be fairly achieved. The whole affair is narrated, with becoming gravity, by an eyewitness, and the reader may fancy himself perusing the adventures of a Launcelot or an Amadis. The particulars of this tourney are detailed at length in Mills's "Chivalry" (Vol. II., chap. v.), where, however, the author has defrauded the successful champions of their full honors by incorrectly reporting the number of lances broken as only sixty-six.

The taste for these romantic extravagancies naturally fostered a corresponding taste for the perusal of tales of chivalry. Indeed, they acted reciprocally on each other. These chimerical legends had once, also, beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors, but, in the progress of civilization, had gradually given way to other and more natural forms of composition. They still maintained their ground in Italy, whither they had passed later, and where they were consecrated by the hand of genius. But Italy was not the true soil of chivalry, and the inimitable fictions of Bojardo, Pulci, and Ariosto were composed with that lurking smile of half-suppressed mirth which, far from a serious tone, could raise only a corresponding smile of incredulity in the reader.

In Spain, however, the marvels of romance were all taken in perfect good faith. Not that they were received as literally true; but the reader surrendered himself up to the illusion, and was moved to admiration by the recital of deeds which, viewed in any other light than as a wild frolic of imagination, would be supremely ridiculous; for these tales had not the merit of a seductive style and melodious versification to relieve them. They were, for the most part, an ill-digested mass of incongruities, in which there was as little keeping and probability in the characters as in the incidents, while the whole was told in that stilted "Hercles' vein" and with that licentiousness of allusion and imagery which could not fail to debauch both the taste and the morals of the youthful reader. The mind, familiarized with these monstrous, over-colored pictures, lost all relish for the chaste and sober productions of art. The love of the gigantic and the marvelous indisposed the reader for the simple delineations of truth in real history. . . .

Cervantes brought forward a personage, in whom were embodied all those generous virtues which belong to chivalry; disin-

terestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honor, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. They are, indeed, represented by Cervantes as too ethereal for this world, and are successively dispelled as they come in contact with the coarse realities of life. It is this view of the subject which has led Sismondi, among other critics, to consider that the principal end of the author was "the ridicule of enthusiasm,—the contrast of the heroic with the vulgar,"—and he sees something profoundly sad in the conclusions to which it leads. This sort of criticism appears to be over-refined. It resembles the efforts of some commentators to allegorize the great epics of Homer and Virgil, throwing a disagreeable mistiness over the story by converting mere shadows into substances, and substances into shadows.

The great purpose of Cervantes was, doubtless, that expressly avowed by himself, namely, to correct the popular taste for romances of chivalry. It is unnecessary to look for any other in so plain a tale, although, it is true, the conduct of the story produces impressions on the reader, to a certain extent, like those suggested by Sismondi. The melancholy tendency, however, is in a great degree counteracted by the exquisitely ludicrous character of the incidents. Perhaps after all, if we are to hunt for a moral as the key of the fiction, we may with more reason pronounce it to be the necessity of proportioning our undertakings to our capacities.

The mind of the hero, Don Quixote, is an ideal world into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness; the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world; splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed in pieces and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich antique coloring of the author's language, skillfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign tongue. Don Quixote's insanity operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real, and the real for the ideal. Whatever he has found in romances he believes to exist in the

world; and he converts all he meets with in the world into the visions of his romances. It is difficult to say which of the two produces the most ludicrous results.

For the better exposure of these mad fancies, Cervantes has not only put them into action in real life, but contrasted them with another character which may be said to form the reverse side of his hero's. Honest Sancho represents the material principle as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory, but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcass. His notions of honor appear to be much the same with those of his jovial contemporary Falstaff, as conveyed in his memorable soliloquy. In the sublime night-piece which ends with the fulling-mills — truly sublime until we reach the dénouement — Sancho asks his master: "Why need you go about this adventure? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our flinching?" Can anything be imagined more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly as in these two characters; perfectly opposed to each other, not only in their minds and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance.

It was a great effort of art for Cervantes to maintain the dignity of his hero's character in the midst of the whimsical and ridiculous distresses in which he has perpetually involved him. His infirmity leads us to distinguish between his character and his conduct, and to absolve him from all responsibility for the latter. The author's art is no less shown in regard to the other principal figure in the piece, Sancho Panza, who, with the most contemptible qualities, contrives to keep a strong hold on our interest by the kindness of his nature and his shrewd understanding. He is far too shrewd a person, indeed, to make it natural for him to have followed so crack-brained a master unless bribed by the promise of a substantial recompense. He is a personification, as it were, of the popular wisdom, — a "bundle of proverbs," as his master somewhere styles him; and proverbs are the most compact form in which the wisdom of a people is digested. They have been collected into several distinct works in Spain, where they exceed in number those of any other, if not every other, country in Europe. As many of them are of great

antiquity, they are of inestimable price with the Castilian jurists, as affording rich samples of obsolete idioms and the various mutations of the language.

The subordinate portraits in the romance, though not wrought with the same care, are admirable studies of national character. In this view, the Don Quixote may be said to form an epoch in the history of letters, as the original of that kind of composition, the Novel of Character, which is one of the distinguishing peculiarities of modern literature. When well executed, this sort of writing rises to the dignity of history itself, and may be said to perform no insignificant part of the functions of the latter. History describes men less as they are than as they appear, as they are playing a part on the great political theatre,—men in masquerade. It rests on state documents, which too often cloak real purposes under an artful veil of policy, or on the accounts of contemporaries blinded by passion or interest. Even without these deductions, the revolutions of states, their wars, and their intrigues do not present the only aspect, nor, perhaps, the most interesting, under which human nature can be studied. It is man in his domestic relations, around his own fireside, where alone his real character can be truly disclosed; in his ordinary occupations in society, whether for purposes of profit or pleasure; in his every-day manner of living, his tastes and opinions, as drawn out in social intercourse; it is, in short, under all those forms which make up the interior of society that man is to be studied, if we would get the true form and pressure of the age,—if, in short, we would obtain clear and correct ideas of the actual progress of civilization.

But these topics do not fall within the scope of the historian. He cannot find authentic materials for them. They belong to the novelist, who, indeed, contrives his incidents and creates his characters, but who, if true to his art, animates them with the same tastes, sentiments, and motives of action which belong to the period of his fiction. His portrait is not the less true because no individual has sat for it. He has seized the physiognomy of the times. Who is there that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland from the "Waverley Novels" than from the best of its historians? Of the condition of the Middle Ages from the single romance of "Ivanhoe" than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam? In like manner, the pencil of Cervantes has given a far more distinct and a

richer portraiture of life in Spain in the sixteenth century than can be gathered from a library of monkish chronicles.

From «Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.»

ISABELLA AND ELIZABETH

It is in the amiable qualities of her sex that Isabella's superiority becomes most apparent over her illustrious namesake, Elizabeth of England, whose history presents some features parallel to her own. Both were disciplined in early life by the teachings of that stern nurse of wisdom, adversity. Both were made to experience the deepest humiliation at the hands of their nearest relative, who should have cherished and protected them. Both succeeded in establishing themselves on the throne after the most precarious vicissitudes. Each conducted her kingdom, through a long and triumphant reign, to a height of glory which it had never before reached. Both lived to see the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and to fall the victims of an inconsolable melancholy; and both left behind an illustrious name, unrivaled in the subsequent annals of the country.

But with these few circumstances of their history, the resemblance ceases. Their characters afford scarcely a point of contact. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff King Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse, and irascible; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes; and her conduct in public and private life was characterized by candor and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely a real injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others,— was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty; and, far from personal resentments, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her; while her benevolent heart sought

every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even toward the guilty.

Both possessed rare fortitude. Isabella, indeed, was placed in situations which demanded more frequent and higher displays of it than her rival; but no one will doubt a full measure of this quality in the daughter of Henry VIII. Elizabeth was better educated, and every way more highly accomplished than Isabella. But the latter knew enough to maintain her station with dignity; and she encouraged learning by a munificent patronage. The masculine powers and passions of Elizabeth seemed to divorce her in a great measure from the peculiar attributes of her sex; at least from those which constitute its peculiar charm; for she had abundance of its foibles — a coquetry and love of admiration which age could not chill; a levity most careless, if not criminal; and a fondness for dress and tawdry magnificence of ornament, which was ridiculous, or disgusting, according to the different periods of life in which it was indulged. Isabella, on the other hand, distinguished through life for decorum of manners and purity beyond the breath of calumny, was content with the legitimate affection which she could inspire within the range of her domestic circle. Far from a frivolous affectation of ornament or dress, she was most simple in her own attire, and seemed to set no value on her jewels, but as they could serve the necessities of the state; when they could be no longer useful in this way, she gave them away to her friends.

Both were uncommonly sagacious in the selection of their ministers; though Elizabeth was drawn into some errors in this particular by her levity, as was Isabella by religious feeling. It was this, combined with her excessive humility, which led to the only grave errors in the administration of the latter. Her rival fell into no such errors; and she was a stranger to the amiable qualities which led to them. Her conduct was certainly not controlled by religious principle; and, though the bulwark of the Protestant faith, it might be difficult to say whether she were at heart most a Protestant or a Catholic. She viewed religion in its connection with the State, in other words, with herself; and she took measures for enforcing conformity to her own views, not a whit less despotic, and scarcely less sanguinary, than those countenanced for conscience' sake by her more bigoted rival.

This feature of bigotry, which has thrown a shade over Isabella's otherwise beautiful character, might lead to a disparage-

ment of her intellectual power compared with that of the English queen. To estimate this aright, we must contemplate the results of their respective reigns. Elizabeth found all the materials of prosperity at hand, and availed herself of them most ably to build up a solid fabric of national grandeur. Isabella created these materials. She saw the faculties of her people locked up in a deathlike lethargy, and she breathed into them the breath of life for those great and heroic enterprises which terminated in such glorious consequences to the monarchy. It is when viewed from the depressed position of her early days, that the achievements of her reign seem scarcely less than miraculous. The masculine genius of the English queen stands out relieved beyond its natural dimensions by its separation from the softer qualities of her sex; while her rival's, like some vast, but symmetrical edifice, loses in appearance somewhat of its actual grandeur from the perfect harmony of its proportions.

The circumstances of their deaths, which were somewhat similar, displayed the great dissimilarity of their characters. Both pined amidst their royal state, a prey to incurable despondency rather than any marked bodily distemper. In Elizabeth it sprung from wounded vanity, a sullen conviction that she had outlived the admiration on which she had so long fed,—and even the solace of friendship and the attachment of her subjects. Nor did she seek consolation, where alone it was to be found, in that sad hour. Isabella, on the other hand, sunk under a too acute sensibility to the sufferings of others. But, amidst the gloom which gathered around her, she looked with the eye of faith to the brighter prospects which unfolded of the future; and when she resigned her last breath, it was amidst the tears and universal lamentations of her people.

From « Ferdinand and Isabella.»

RICHARD A. PROCTOR

(1834–1888)

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR, one of the most popular scientific essayists of the second half of the nineteenth century, was born at Chelsea, England, March 23d, 1834. Ater studying at King's College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge, he devoted himself to astronomy, with notable success. His scientific tastes were too catholic to be confined by a specialty, however, and he wrote on almost every imaginable subject from the physiology of the Cambridge rowing stroke to the flight of Florida buzzards in its bearing on aërial navigation. During the latter part of his life he lived in the United States, making his home for a number of years at St. Joseph, Missouri. He died September 12th, 1888.

THE DUST WE BREATHE

A MICROSCOPIST (Mr. Dancer, F. R. A. S.) has been examining the dust of our cities. The results are not pleasing. We had always recognized city dust as a nuisance, and had supposed that it derived the peculiar grittiness and flintiness of its structure from the constant macadamizing of city roads. But it now appears that the effects produced by dust, when, as is usual, it finds its way to our eyes, our nostrils, and our throats, are as nothing compared with the mischief it is calculated to produce in a more subtle manner. In every specimen examined by Mr. Dancer, animal life was abundant. But the amount of "molecular activity"—such is the euphuism under which what is exceedingly disagreeable to contemplate is spoken about—is variable according to the height at which the dust is collected. And of all heights which these molecular wretches could select for the display of their activity, the height of five feet is that which has been found to be the favorite. Just at the average height of the foot-passenger's mouth these moving organisms are always waiting to be devoured and to make us ill. And this is not all. As if animal abominations were insufficient, a large proportion of vegetable matter also disports itself in the light dust of our

streets. The observations show that in thoroughfares where there are many animals engaged in the traffic, the greater part of the vegetable matter thus floating about "consists of what has passed through the stomachs of animals," or has suffered decomposition in some way or other. This unpleasing matter, like the "molecular activity," floats about at a height of five feet, or thereabouts.

After this one begins to recognize the manner in which some diseases propagate themselves. What had been mysterious in the history of plagues and pestilences seems to receive at least a partial solution. Take cholera, for example. It has been shown by the clearest and most positive evidence that this disease is not propagated in any way save one — that is, by the actual swallowing of the cholera poison. In Prof. Thudichum's masterly paper on the subject, in the Monthly Microscopical Journal, it is stated that doctors have inhaled a full breathing from a person in the last stage of this terrible malady without any evil effects. Yet the minutest atom of the cholera poison received into the stomach will cause an attack of cholera. A small quantity of this matter drying on the floor of the patient's room, and afterward caused to float about in the form of dust, will suffice to prostrate a houseful of people. We can understand, then, how matter might be flung into the streets, and, after drying, its dust be wafted through a whole district, causing the death of hundreds. One of the lessons to be learned from these interesting researches of Mr. Dancer is clearly this — that the watering cart should be regarded as one of the most important of our hygienic institutions. Supplemented by careful scavengering, it might be effective in dispossessing many a terrible malady which now holds sway from time to time over our towns.

Complete. From the London Daily News.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GHOSTS

On the outskirts of the ever-widening circle lighted up by science there is always a borderland wherein superstition holds sway. The arts and sciences may drive away the vulgar hobgoblin of darker days, but they bring with them new sources of illusion. The ghosts of old could only gibber; the spirits of our days can read and write, and play on divers instruments. and

quote Shakespeare and Milton. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising to learn that they can take photographs also. You go to have your photograph taken, we will suppose, desiring only to see your own features depicted in the carte; and lo! the spirits have been at work, and a photographic phantom makes its appearance beside you. It is true this phantom is of a hazy and dubious aspect; the "dull mechanic ghost" is indistinct, and may be taken for any one. Still, it is not difficult for the eye of fancy to trace in it the lineaments of some departed friend, who, it is to be assumed, has come to be photographed along with you. In fact, photography, according to the Spiritualist, resembles what Byron called

> "The lightning of the mind,
> Which, out of things familiar, undesigned,
> When least we deem of such, calls up to view
> The spectres whom no exorcism can bind."

The phenomena of spiritual photography were first observed some years since, and a set of carte photographs were sent from America to Dr. Walker, of Edinburgh, in which photographic phantoms were very obviously, however indistinctly, discernible. More recently an English photographer noticed a yet stranger circumstance, though he was too sensible to seek for a supernatural interpretation of it. When he took a photograph with a particular lens, there could be seen not only the usual portrait of the sitter, but at some little distance a faint "double," exactly resembling the principal image. Superstitious minds might find this result even more distressing than the phantom photographic friend. To be visited by the departed through the medium of a lens is at least not more unpleasing than to hold converse with spirits through an ordinary "rapping" medium. But the appearance of a "double" or "fetch," has ever been held by the learned in ghostly lore to signify approaching death.

Fortunately, both one and the other appearance can be very easily accounted for without calling in the aid of the supernatural. At a recent meeting of the Photographical Society it was shown that an image may often be so deeply impressed on the glass that the subsequent cleaning of the plate, even with strong acids, will not completely remove the picture. When the plate is used for receiving another picture, the original image makes its reappearance, and as it is too faint to be recognizable, a highly

susceptible imagination may readily transform it into the image of a departed friend. The "double" is generated by the well-known property of double refraction obtained by a lens under certain circumstances of unequal pressure, or sometimes by inequalities in the process of annealing. So vanish two ghosts which might have been more or less troublesome to those who are ready to see the supernatural in commonplace phenomena. Will the time ever come when no more such phantoms will remain to be exorcised?

Complete. From the London Daily News.

MIRACLES WITH FIGURES

Of the effect of practice in some arithmetical processes curious evidence was afforded by the feats of a Chinese who visited America in 1875. He was simply a trained computer, asserting that hundreds in China were trained to equal readiness in arithmetical processes, and that among those thus trained those of exceptional abilities far surpassed himself in dexterity. Among the various tests applied during a platform exhibition of his powers was one of the following nature. About thirty numbers of four digits each were named to him, as fast as a quick writer could take them down. When all had been given he was told to add them, mentally, while a practiced arithmetician was to add them on paper. "It is unnecessary for me to add them," he said, "I have done that as you gave them to me; the total is — so-and-so." It presently appeared that the total thus given was quite correct.

At first sight such a feat seems astounding. Yet in reality it is but a slight modification of what many bankers' clerks can readily accomplish. They will take an array of numbers, each of four or five figures, and cast them up in one operation. Grant them only the power of as readily adding a number named as a number seen to a total already obtained, and their feat would be precisely that of the Chinese arithmetician. There can be no doubt that, with a very little practice, nine-tenths, if not all of the clerks who can achieve one feat would be able to achieve the other feat also.

I do not know how clerks who add at once a column of four-figured numbers together accomplish the task. That is to say, I

do not know the mental process they go through in obtaining their final result. It may be that they keep the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands apart in their mind, counting them properly at the end of the summation; or, on the other hand, they may treat each successive number as a whole, and keep the gradually growing total as a whole. Or some may follow one plan, and some the other. When I heard of the Chinese arithmetician's feats, my explanation was that he adopted the former plan. I should myself, if I wanted to acquire readiness in such processes, adopt that plan, applying it after a fashion suggested by my method of computing when I was a boy. I should picture the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands as objects of different sorts. Say the units as dots, the tens as lines, the hundreds as discs, the thousands as squares. When a number of four digits was named to me, I should see so many squares, discs, lines, and dots. When the next number of four digits was named, I should see my sets of squares, discs, lines, and dots correspondingly increased. When a new number was named these sets would be again correspondingly increased. And so on, until there were several hundreds of squares, of discs, of lines, and of dots. These (when the last number had been named) could be at once transmuted into a number, which would be the total required.

Take for instance the numbers, 7234, 9815, 9127, 4183. When the first was named the mind's eye would picture 7 squares, 2 discs, 3 lines, and 4 dots. When the second (9815) was named there would be seen 16 squares, 10 discs, 4 lines, and 9 dots. After the third (9127), there would be 25 squares, 11 discs, 6 lines, and 16 dots; after the fourth (4183), there would be 29 squares, 12 discs, 14 lines, and 19 dots. This being all, the total is at once run off from the units' place; the 19 dots give 9 for the units, one 10 to add to the 14 lines (each representing ten), making 15, so that 5 is the digit in the tens' place, while 100 is added to the 12 discs or hundreds, giving 13 or 3 in the hundreds' place, and 1,000 to add to the 29 squares or thousands, making 30, or for the total 30,359. The process has taken many words in describing, but each part of it is perfectly simple, the mental picturing of the constantly increasing numbers of squares, discs, lines, and dots being almost instantaneous (in the case, of course, of those only who possess the power of forming these mental pictures). The final process is equally simple, and would

be so even if the number of squares, discs, lines, and dots were great. Thus, suppose there were 324 squares, 411 discs, 391 lines, and 433 dots. We take 3 for units, carrying 43 lines or 434 in all, whence 4 for the tens, carrying 43 discs, or 444 in all, whence 4 for the hundreds, carrying 44 squares or 468 in all, whence finally 468,443 is the total required.

We can understand then how easy to Bidder must have been the summation of the fifteen products of cross-multiplication to the carried remainder — they would be added consecutively in far less time than the quickest penman could write them down. Probably they would be obtained as well as added in less time than they could be written down. Thus digit after digit of the result of what appears a tremendous sum in multiplication would be obtained with that rapidity which to many seemed almost miraculous. We must further take into account a circumstance pointed out by Mr. G. Bidder. "The faculty of rapid operation," he says, speaking of his father's wonderful feats in this respect, "was no doubt congenital, but it was developed by incessant practice, and by the confidence thereby acquired. I am certain," he proceeds, "that unhesitating confidence is half the battle. In mental arithmetic, it is most true that 'he who hesitates is lost.' When I speak of incessant practice, I do not mean deliberate drilling of set purpose; but with my father, as with myself, the mental handling of numbers or playing with figures afforded a positive pleasure and constant occupation of leisure moments. Even up to the last year of his life (his age was seventy-two) my father took delight in working out long and difficult arithmetical problems." *

*Mr. G. Bidder's powers as a mental arithmetician would be considered astonishing if the achievements of his father and others were not known. "I myself," he says, "can perform pretty extensive arithmetical operations mentally, but I cannot pretend to approach even distantly to the rapidity and accuracy with which my father worked. I have occasionally multiplied 15 figures by 15 in my head, but it takes me a long time, and I am liable to occasional errors. Last week, after speaking to Prof. Elliot, I tried the following sum to see if I could still do it: —

378,201,969,513,825
199,631,057,265,413

and I got, in my head, the answer, 75,576,299,427,512,145,197,597,834,725: in which, I think, if you will take the trouble to work it out, you will find 4 figures out of the 29 are wrong." I have only run through the cross multiplication far enough to detect the first error, which is in the digit representing thousands of millions. This should be 4 not 7.

We must always remember, in considering such feats as Bidder and other "calculating boys" accomplished, that the power of mentally picturing numbers is in their case far greater than we are apt to imagine such a power can possibly be. Precisely as the feats of a Morphy seem beyond belief till actually witnessed, and even then (especially to those who know what his chess play meant) almost miraculous, so the mnemonic powers of some arithmeticians would seem incredible if they had not been tested, and even as witnessed seem altogether marvelous. Colburn tells us that a notorious freethinker who had seen his arithmetical achievements at the age of six, "went home much disturbed, passed a sleepless night, and ever afterwards renounced infidel opinions." "And this," says the writer in the Spectator, from whom I have already quoted, "was only one illustration of the vague feeling of awe and open-mouthed wonder, which his performances excited. People came to consult him about stolen spoons; and he himself evidently thought that there was something decidedly uncanny, something supernatural, about his gift."

But so far as actual mnemonic arithmetical power is concerned, the feats of Colburn, and even of Bidder, have been surpassed. Consider, for instance, the following instances of the strong power of abstraction possessed by Dr. Wallis: "December 22d, 1669.—In a dark night in bed," he says in a letter to his friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, B. D., Fellow of Magdalen College, "without pen, ink, or paper, or anything equivalent, I did by memory extract the square root of 30000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000, which I found to be 1,77205,08075,68077,29353, *ferè*, and did the next day commit it to writing."

And again: "February 18th, 1670.—Johannes Georgius Pelshower (Regiomontanus Borussus) giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, I did that night propose to myself in the dark, without help to my memory, a number in 53 places: 24681357910-12141113151618201719212224262830232527293 1, of which I extracted the square root in 27 places: 157103016871482805817152171 *proxime;* which numbers I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March following, when I did from memory dictate them to him." Mr. E. W. Craigie, commenting on these feats, says that they "are not perhaps as difficult as multiplying 15 figures by 15, for while of course it is easy to remember such a number as three thousand billion trillions, being nothing but noughts, so also it may be noticed that there is a certain order in the row

of 53 figures; the numbers follow each other in little sets of arithmetical progression (2, 4, 6, 8), (1, 3, 5, 7, 9), (10, 12, 14), (11. 13, 15), (16, 18, 20), and so on; not regularly, but still enough to render it an immense assistance to a man engaged in a mental calculation. A row of 53 figures set down at hazard would have been much more difficult to remember, like Foote's famous sentence with which he puzzled the quack mnemonician; but still we must give the doctor the credit for remembering the answer." Mr. Craigie seems to overlook the circumstance that remembering the original number, and remembering the answer, in cases of this kind, are utterly unimportant feats compared with the work of obtaining the answer. If any one will be at the pains to work out the problem of extracting the square root of any number in 53 places, he will see that it would be a very small help indeed to have the original number written down before him, if the solution was to be worked out mnemonically. Probably in both cases Wallis took easily remembered numbers, not to help him at the time, but so that if occasion required he might be able to recall the problem months or years after he had solved it. Any one who could work out in his mind such a problem as the second of those given above would have no difficulty in remembering an array of two or three hundred figures set down entirely at random.

I have left small space in which to consider the singular evidence given by Prof. Elliot and Mr. G. Bidder respecting the transmission in the Bidder family of that special mental quality on which the elder Bidder's arithmetical power was based. Hereafter I may take occasion to discuss this evidence more at length, and with particular reference to its bearing on the question of hereditary genius. Let it suffice to mention here that, although Mr. G. Bidder and other members of the family have possessed in large degree the power of dealing mentally with large numbers, yet in other cases, though the same special mental quality involved has been present, the way in which that quality has shown itself has been altogether different. Thus Mr. G. Bidder states that his father's eldest brother, "who was a Unitarian minister, was not remarkable as an arithmetician, but he had an extraordinary memory for biblical texts, and could quote almost any text in the Bible, and give chapter and verse." A granddaughter of G. P. Bidder's once said to Prof. Elliot, "Isn't it strange: when I hear anything remarkable said or read to me, I think I see it

in print?" Mr. G. Bidder "can play two games of chess simultaneously," Prof. Elliot mentions, "without seeing the board." "Several of Mr. G. P. Bidder's nephews and grandchildren," he adds, "possess also very remarkable powers. One of his nephews at an early age showed a degree of mechanical ingenuity beyond anything I had ever seen in a boy. The summer before last, to test the calculating powers of some of his grandchildren (daughters of Mr. G. Bidder, the barrister), I gave them a question which I scarcely expected any of them to answer. I asked them, 'At what point in the scale do Fahrenheit's thermometer and the Centigrade show the same number at the same temperature?' The nature of the two scales had to be explained, but after that they were left to their own resources. The next morning one of the younger ones (about ten years old) came to tell me it was at 40 degrees below zero. This was the correct answer; she had worked it out in bed."

From "Belgravia."

"FATHER PROUT"

(FRANCIS MAHONY)

(*c.* 1804–1866)

"FATHER PROUT" is inimitable and unequaled among modern humorous essayists, but unfortunately he wrote chiefly for masters of not less than six languages. When it is necessary to be an expert in Greek as well as in French, Italian, Latin, and ancient Irish to see the point of a joke, there are those of us who will admire Prout from a respectful distance without attempting to realize the niceties of his humor. He was no pretender to learning, however, and no mere pedant. It is doubtful if the nineteenth century produced a greater linguist, but he used his mastery of ancient and modern languages chiefly to amuse himself at the expense of the learned false pretenses of his friends and of contemporary celebrities who probably wished for as little as possible of such friendship as his. His real name was Francis Mahony, and he was born at Cork, Ireland, about 1804. He was educated for the priesthood at Paris and Rome, and the latter part of his life was passed in a monastery; but from 1834 to 1864, he was one of the literary celebrities of Great Britain. His "Reliques of Father Prout" were originally contributed to Fraser's Magazine. As a versifier he has a nice ear for melody, and but for a defective sense of "time," he might have become a lyric poet of the highest rank. His possibilities appear in "The Bells of Shandon" and in many of his translations. He died at Paris, May 18th, 1866.

THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE

THE Blarney stone in my neighborhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honor to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours

and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the «Irish Melodies.» Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards in his cavern of stolen goods, the foot tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called *ὑστερον προτερον;* others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; «for, d'ye see, old Prout,» the rogue would say,

«The best of all ways
To lengthen our lays,
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, 'my dear.'»

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these «Melodies» have obtained for him, but his last treachery to my round-tower friend [O'Brien] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies.

«*Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ*
Cœlo ostendentur.»

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his «Bard's Legacy.» Even on his dying bed this «dying bard» cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his «heart» to his «mistress dear,» and recommending her to «borrow» balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of his remains:—

«*Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entère*
Dans la cave où est le vin;
Le corps sous un tonneau de Madére,
Et la bouche sous le robin.»

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered soil; for would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

«Go where glory waits thee,»

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting "ladye," Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Châteaubriand, born in 1491, and the favorite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her; indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

CHANSON

De la Comtesse de Châteaubriand a François I.

VA ÒU la gloire t'invite;
Et quand d'orgueil palpite
Ce Cœur, qu'il pense à moi!
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
Pense encore à moi!
Autres charmes peut-être
Tu voudras connaître,
Autre amour en maître
Regnera sur toi;
Mais quand ta lèvre presse
Celle qui te caresse,
Méchant, pense à moi!

Quand au soir tu erres
Sous l'astre des bergères,
Pense aux doux instans
Lorsque cette étoile,
Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
Guida deux amans!
Quand la fleur, symbole
D'été qui s'envole,
Penche sa tête molle,
S'exhalant à l'air,
Pense á la guirlande,
De ta mie l'offrande—
Don qui fut si cher!
Quand la feuille d'automme
Sous tes pas resonne,
Pense alors à moi!

TOM MOORE

Translation of this song in the "Irish Melodies"

GO WHERE glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Dearer far may be;
But when friends are dearest,
And when joys are nearest,
Oh, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh, then remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thy eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them—
Her who made thee love them
Oh, then remember me!
When around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me!

Quand de la famille
L'antique foyer brille,
Pense encore à moi!
Et si de la chanteuse
La voix melodieuse
Berce ton âme heureuse
Et ravit tes sens,
Pense à l'air que chante
Pour toi ton amante—
Tant aimés accens!

And at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, then remember me!
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh, then remember me!

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognize the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marot and Maitre Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly mixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a loving heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Châteaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I. . . .

Everything was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill he did not care where the produce came from — even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill — all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the hedge school occasionally, and who used to distract my attention from "Corderius" and "Erasmi Colloquia." I have often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape, in his "Irish Melodies." Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

In Pulchram Lactiferam

Carmen, Auctore Prout

Lesbia semper hinc et inde
Oculorum tela movit;

Captat omnes, sed deinde
Quis ametur nemo novit.

Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
Lux tuarum non est foris,
Flamma micat ibi rara,
Sed sinceri lux amoris.
Nora Creina sit regina,
Vultu, gressu tam modesto!
Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
Jure omnium dux esto!

Lesbia vestes auro graves
Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam;

Gratiæ sed, eheu! suaves
Cinctam reliquere formam.

Noræ tunicam præferres,
Flante zephyro volantem;

Oculis et raptis erres
Contemplando ambulantem!
Vesta Nora tam decora
Semper indui memento,
Semper puræ sic naturæ
Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen
Quod coruscat perlibenter;

Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
Quando acupuncta dentur?

To a Beautiful Milkmaid

A Melody by Thomas Moore

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises,
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes—
But love's in thine, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
But all so tight the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Noræ sinu cum recliner,
Dormio luxuriose
Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.
Nora blanda, lux amanda,
Expers usque tenebrarum,
Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace, whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad; and, indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius; so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves.* He has not been half so lucky in hitting off Anacreon; but he was a young man then, and a «wild fellow,» since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, *viz.*, the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle; and I am afraid he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries,—«*Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri*,»—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of «Lalla Rookh»—

«Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!»

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the Mogul lan-

*The French and Latin «trifles» are of course Prout's own «forgeries» for the occasion.

guage over the audience chamber of the king of Delhi; in fact, to examine and overhaul his "Lalla Rookh" would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe — "*spoliis Orientis onustum.*" . . .

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his Muse at work; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in imitation of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatized; but it is a sort of quasi-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his "National Melody," or jingle, called in the early edition of his poems, "Those Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air," of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this: In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its mirabilia; of which he seemed quite enamored. The view from the tower of the central church, Notre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the "Hunchback Quasimodo"; and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description: "In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night, it is the breathing of the city; in this case, it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demitint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound, — and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells — than that furnace of music — than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high — than that city which is but one orchestra — than that symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed,

were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the "Groves."

The Bells of Shandon

Sabbata Pango,
Funera Plango,
Solemnia Clango.
—*Inscription on an old bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling

Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious,
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his "Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air." But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

I do not feel so much hurt at this nefarious "belle's stratagem" regarding me as at his wickedness towards the man of the round towers; and to this matter I turn in conclusion.

"Oh, blame not the bard!" some folks will no doubt exclaim, and perhaps think that I have been over-severe on Tommy, in my vindication of O'B. I can only say, that if the poet of all circles and the idol of his own, as soon as this posthumous rebuke shall meet his eye, begins to repent him of his wicked attack on my young friend, and, turning him from his evil ways, betakes him to his proper trade of ballad-making, then shall he experience the comfort of living at peace with all mankind, and old Prout's blessing shall fall as a precious ointment on his head. In that contingency if (as I understand it to be his intention) he should happen to publish a fresh number of his "Melodies," may it be eminently successful; and may Power of the Strand, by some more sterling sounds than the echoes of fame, be convinced of the power of song—

> "For it is not the magic of streamlet or hill;
> Oh, no! it is something that sounds in the 'till!'"

My humble patronage, it is true, cannot do much for him in fashionable circles; for I never mixed much in the *beau monde* (at least in Ireland), during my lifetime, and can be of no service, of course, when I'm dead; nor will his "Melodies," I fear, though well adapted to mortal pianofortes, answer the purposes of that celestial choir in which I shall then be an obscure but cheerful vocalist. But as I have touched on this great topic of mortality, let Moore recollect that his course here below, however harmonious in the abstract, must have a finale; and at his last hour let him not treasure up for himself the unpleasant retrospect of young genius nipped in the bud by the frost of his criticism, or glad enthusiasm's early promise damped by inconsiderate sneers. O'Brien's book can, and will, no doubt, afford much matter for witticism and merriment to the superficial, the unthinking, and the profane; but to the eye of candor it ought to have presented a page richly fraught with wondrous research —redolent with all the perfumes of Hindoostan; its leaves, if they failed to convince, should, like those of the mysterious lotus, have inculcated silence; and if the finger of meditation did not rest on every line, and pause on every period, the volume, at least, should not be indicated to the vulgar by the finger of scorn.

Even granting that there were in the book some errors of fancy, of judgment, or of style, which of us is without reproach in our juvenile productions? and though I myself am old, I am the more inclined to forgive the inaccuracies of youth. Again, when all is dark, who would object to a ray of light, merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if these round towers have been hitherto a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished, but serviceable lantern? No; forbid it, Diogenes; and though Tommy may attempt to put his extinguisher on the towers and their historian, there is enough of good sense in the British public to make common cause with O'Brien the enlightener. Moore should recollect that knowledge conveyed in any shape will ever find a welcome among us; and that, as he himself beautifully observes in his «Loves of the Angels»—

«Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turn'd aside, is sunshine still.»

For my own part, I protest to heaven, that were I, while wandering in a gloomy forest, to meet on my dreary path the small, faint, glimmering light even of a glow worm, I should shudder at the thought of crushing with my foot that dim speck of brilliancy; and were it only for its being akin to brighter rays, honoring it for its relationship to the stars, I would not harm the little lamplighter as I passed along in the woodland shade.

If Tommy is rabidly bent on satire, why does he not fall foul of Dr. Lardner, who has got the clumsy machinery of a whole cyclopædia at work, grinding that nonsense which he calls «Useful Knowledge»? Let the poet mount his Pegasus, or his Rosinante, and go tilt a lance against the doctor's windmill. It was unworthy of him to turn on O'Brien after the intimacy of private correspondence; and if he was inclined for battle, he might have found a seemlier foe. Surely my young friend was not the quarry on which the vulture should delight to pounce, when there are so many literary reptiles to tempt his beak and glut his maw! Heaven knows, there is fair game and plentiful carrion on the plains of Bœotia. In the poet's picture of the pursuits of a royal bird, we find such sports alluded to—

«*In reluctantes dracones*
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ.»

Let Moore, then, vent his indignation and satiate his voracity on the proper objects of a volatile of prey; but he will find in his own province of imaginative poetry a kindlier element, a purer atmosphere, for his winged excursions. Long, long may we behold the gorgeous bird soaring through the regions of inspiration, distinguished in his loftier as in his gentler flights, and combining, by a singular miracle of ornithology, the voice of the turtledove, the eagle's eye and wing, with the plumage of the "bird of Paradise."

From «Reliques of Father Prout.»

QUINTILIAN

(MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS)

(*c.* 35 – *c.* 96 A. D.)

QUINTILIAN, whose "Institutes of Oratory" rank with the similar treatises of Aristotle and Cicero, was born at Calagurris in Spain, "not later than 35 A. D." His father taught rhetoric at Rome; and for twenty years under Galba, Quintilian himself was the head of the leading Roman school of oratory. His reputation as a teacher was so great that Vespasian endowed his school with a gift of public money. He was an orator of celebrity and a successful practitioner in the courts. He died at an uncertain date in the last decade of the first century. His "Institutes of Oratory" are the production of an accomplished scholar, a master of style, and an independent thinker.

ADVANTAGES OF READING HISTORY AND SPEECHES

As we are treating of the first rudiments of rhetoric, I should not omit, I think, to observe how much the professor would contribute to the advancement of his pupils, if, as the explanation of the poets is required from teachers of grammar, so he, in like manner, would exercise the pupils under his care in the reading of history, and even still more in that of speeches; a practice which I myself have adopted in the case of a few pupils, whose age required it, and whose parents thought it would be serviceable to them. But though I then deemed it an excellent method, two circumstances were obstructions to the practice of it; that long custom had established a different mode of teaching, and that they were mostly full-grown youths, who did not require that exercise, that were forming themselves on my model. But though I should make a new discovery ever so late, I should not be ashamed to recommend it for the future. I know, however, that this is now done among the Greeks, but chiefly by assistant masters, since the time would seem hardly sufficient, if the professors were always to lecture to each pupil as he read. Such

lecturing, indeed, as is given, that boys may follow the writing of an author easily and distinctly with their eyes, and such even as explains the meaning of every word at all uncommon that occurs, is to be regarded as far below the profession of a teacher of rhetoric.

But to point out the beauties of authors, and, if occasion ever present itself, their faults, is eminently consistent with that profession and engagement, by which he offers himself to the public as a master of eloquence, especially as I do not require such toil from teachers, that they should call their pupils to their lap, and labor at the reading of whatever book each of them may fancy. For to me it seems easier, as well as far more advantageous, that the master, after calling for silence, should appoint some one pupil to read (and it will be best that this duty should be imposed on them by turns), that they may thus accustom themselves to clear pronunciation; and then, after explaining the cause for which the oration was composed (for so that which is said will be better understood), that he should leave nothing unnoticed which is important to be remarked, either in the thought or the language; that he should observe what method is adopted in the exordium for conciliating the judge; what clearness, brevity, and apparent sincerity, is displayed in the statement of facts; what design there is in certain passages, and what well-concealed artifice (for that is the only true art in pleading which cannot be perceived except by a skillful pleader); what judgment appears in the division of the matter; how subtle and urgent is the argumentation; with what force the speaker excites, with what amenity he soothes; what severity is shown in his invectives, what urbanity in his jests; how he commands the feelings, forces a way into the understanding, and makes the opinions of the judges coincide with what he asserts. In regard to the style, too, he should notice any expression that is peculiarly appropriate, elegant, or sublime; when the amplification deserves praise; what quality is opposed to it, what phrases are happily metaphorical, what figures of speech are used, what part of the composition is smooth and polished, and yet manly and vigorous.

Nor is it without advantage, indeed, that inelegant and faulty speeches, yet such as many, from depravity of taste, would admire, should be read before boys, and that it should be shown how many expressions in them are inappropriate, obscure, tumid, low, mean, affected, or effeminate; expressions which,

however, are not only extolled by many readers, but, what is worse, are extolled for the very reason that they are vicious, for straightforward language, naturally expressed, seems to some of us to have nothing of genius; but whatever departs, in any way, from the common course, we admire as something exquisite; as, with some persons, more regard is shown for figures that are distorted, and in any respect monstrous, than for such as have lost none of the advantages of ordinary conformation. Some, too, who are attracted by appearance, think that there is more beauty in men who are depilated and smooth, who dress their locks, hot from the curling irons, with pins, and who are radiant with a complexion not their own, than unsophisticated nature can give; as if beauty of person could be thought to spring from corruption of manners.

Nor will the preceptor be under the obligation merely to teach these things, but frequently to ask questions upon them, and try the judgment of his pupils. Thus carelessness will not come upon them while they listen, nor will the instructions that shall be given fail to enter their ears; and they will at the same time be conducted to the end which is sought in this exercise, namely that they themselves may conceive and understand. For what object have we in teaching them, but that they may not always require to be taught?

I will venture to say that this sort of diligent exercise will contribute more to the improvement of students than all the treatises of all the rhetoricians that ever wrote; which doubtless, however, are of considerable use, but their scope is more general; and how, indeed, can they go into all kinds of questions that arise almost every day? So, though certain general precepts are given in the military art, it will yet be of far more advantage to know what plan any leader has adopted wisely or imprudently, and in what place or at what time; for in almost every art precepts are of much less avail than practical experiments. Shall a teacher declaim that he may be a model to his hearers, and will not Cicero and Demosthenes, if read, profit them more? Shall a pupil, if he commits faults in declaiming, be corrected before the rest, and will it not be more serviceable to him to correct the speech of another? Indisputably, and even more agreeable; for every one prefers that others' faults should be blamed rather than his own. Nor are there wanting more arguments for me to offer; but the advan-

tage of this plan can escape the observation of no one, and I wish that there may not be so much unwillingness to adopt it as there will be pleasure in having adopted it.

If this method be followed there will remain a question not very difficult to answer, which is, what authors ought to be read by beginners. Some have recommended inferior writers, as they thought them easier of comprehension; others have advocated the more florid kind of writers, as being better adapted to nourish the minds of the young. For my part, I would have the best authors commenced at once, and read always; but I would choose the clearest in style, and most intelligible; recommending Livy, for instance, to be read by boys rather than Sallust, who, however, is the greater historian, but to understand him there is need of some proficiency. Cicero, as it seems to me, is agreeable even to beginners, and sufficiently intelligible, and may not only profit, but even be loved; and next to Cicero (as Livy advises), such authors as most resemble Cicero.

There are two points in style on which I think that the greatest caution should be used in respect to boys: one is that no master, from being too much an admirer of antiquity, should allow them to harden, as it were, in the reading of the Gracchi, Cato, and other like authors; for they would thus become uncouth and dry; since they cannot, as yet, understand their force of thought, and, content with adopting their style, which, at the time it was written, was doubtless excellent, but is quite unsuitable to our day, they will appear to themselves to resemble those eminent men. The other point, which is the opposite of the former, is, lest, being captivated with the flowers of modern affectation, they should be so seduced by a corrupt kind of pleasure, as to love that luscious manner of writing which is the more agreeable to the minds of youth in proportion as it has more affinity with them. When their taste is formed, however, and out of danger of being corrupted, I should recommend them to read not only the Ancients (from whom if a solid and manly force of thought be adopted, while the rust of a rude age is cleared off, our present style will receive additional grace), but also the writers of the present day, in whom there is much merit. For nature has not condemned us to stupidity, but we ourselves have changed our mode of speaking, and have indulged our fancies more than we ought; and thus the Ancients did not excel us so much in genius as in severity of manner. It will be pos-

sible, therefore, to select from the Moderns many qualities for imitation, but care must be taken that they be not contaminated with other qualities with which they are mixed. Yet that there have been recently, and are now, many writers whom we may imitate entirely, I would not only allow (for why should I not?), but even affirm. But who they are it is not for everybody to decide. We may even err with greater safety in regard to the Ancients; and I would therefore defer the reading of the Moderns, that imitation may not go before judgment.

From «Institutes of Oratory.»

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT

(Claire Elisabeth Jeanne Gravier de Vergennes Comtesse de Rémusat)

(1780–1821)

Prefixed to Madame de Rémusat's "Memoirs" is one of the most searching studies of the character of Napoleon in print. She had a keenly critical intellect and she probes mercilessly the vital weaknesses of his character. Her husband, who was Napoleon's chamberlain, became disaffected, and after the Restoration took office under the Bourbons. Born in 1780, and married to the Comte de Rémusat when very young, Madame de Rémusat became one of Josephine's court ladies and was greatly admired for her talents. The extent of her abilities was not suspected, however, until after her death (1821), when one of her essays was "crowned" by the French Academy. More than fifty years later (1879) her son published her "Memoirs," which at once became famous. She was a most extraordinary woman in many respects, but perhaps most remarkable for her lack of reserve in estimating character and in recording incident and anecdote illustrating it.

THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Before I enter upon my own recollections, I think it well to make some preliminary observations on the Emperor and the various members of his family. By doing so the difficult task I am about to undertake will be facilitated, and I shall be assisted in recalling the impressions of the last twelve years. I will begin with Bonaparte himself. I do not pretend that he always appeared to me in the light in which I see him now; my opinions have altered, even as he has altered: but I am so far from being influenced by personal feeling, that I am certain I shall not for a moment deviate from the exact truth.

Napoleon Bonaparte is of low stature, and ill made; the upper part of his body is too long in proportion to his legs. He has thin chestnut hair; his eyes are grayish blue; and his skin, which was yellow whilst he was slight, has become of late years a dead

white without any color. His forehead, the setting of his eye, the line of his nose — are all beautiful, and remind one of an antique medallion; his mouth, which is thin-lipped, becomes pleasant when he laughs; the teeth are regular; his chin is short, and his jaw heavy and square; he has well-formed hands and feet,— I mention them particularly, because he thought a good deal of them.

He has a habitual slight stoop; his eyes are dull, giving to his face a melancholy and meditative expression when in repose. When he is angry his looks are fierce and menacing. Laughter becomes him; it makes him look more youthful, and less formidable. When he laughs, his countenance improves. He was always simple in his dress, and generally wore the uniform of his own guard. He was cleanly rather from habit than from a liking for cleanliness; he bathed often, sometimes in the middle of the night, because he thought the practice good for his health. Otherwise, the precipitation with which he did everything did not admit of his clothes being put on carefully; and on gala days and full-dress occasions, his attendants were obliged to consult together as to when they might snatch a moment to dress him.

He could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance, and the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proofs of his anger. I have said there was fascination in the smile of Bonaparte; but, during all the time when I was in the habit of seeing him constantly, he rarely put forth that charm. Gravity was at the bottom of his character; not the gravity of a dignified and noble manner, but that which arises from profound thought. In his youth he was a dreamer, later in life he became a moody, and, later still, a habitually ill-tempered man. When I first began to know him well, he was exceedingly fond of all that leads to reverie,— of Ossian, of the twilight, of melancholy music. I have seen him enraptured by the murmur of the wind, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm of the moaning of the sea, and he was tempted sometimes to believe that nocturnal apparitions were not beyond the bounds of possibility; in fact, he had a leaning towards superstition. When, on leaving his study in the evening, he went into Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, he would sometimes have the candles shaded, desire us to keep profound silence, and amuse himself by telling or listening

to ghost stories; or he would have soft, sweet music executed by Italian singers, and accompanied only by a few instruments lightly touched. Then he would fall into a reverie which we all respected, no one venturing to stir, or to change his or her place. When he aroused himself from that state, which seemed to procure him a sort of repose, he was generally more serene and communicative. He liked to talk at such times about the sensations he had experienced. He would explain the effect music had upon him; he always preferred that of Paisiello, because he said it was monotonous, and that only impressions which repeat themselves take possession of us. The geometrical turn of his mind disposed him to analyze even his emotions. No man has ever meditated more deeply than Bonaparte on the "wherefore" that rules human actions. Always aiming at something, even in the least important acts of his life, always assigning a secret motive for each of them to himself, he could never understand that natural carelessness which leads some persons to act without a project and without an aim. He judged others by himself, and was often mistaken his conclusions and the actions which ensued upon them alike proving erroneous.

Bonaparte was deficient in education and in manners; it seemed as if he must have been destined either to live in a tent where all men are equal, or upon a throne where everything is permitted. He did not know how either to enter or to leave a room; he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise, or how to sit down. His questions were abrupt, and so also was his manner of speech. Spoken by him, Italian loses all its grace and sweetness. Whatever language he speaks, it always sounds like a foreign tongue; he appears to force it to express his thoughts. And, as any rigid rule becomes an insupportable annoyance to him, and every liberty which he takes pleases him as though it were a victory, he would never yield to grammar. He used to say that in his youth he had liked reading romances as well as studying the exact sciences; and probably he was influenced by so incongruous a mixture. Unfortunately, he had met with the worst of the former kind of books, and retained so keen and pleasant a remembrance of them, that when he married the Archduchess Marie Louise, he gave her "Hippolyte, Comte de Douglas," and "Les Contemporains," so that, as he said, she might form an idea of refined feeling, and also of the customs of society.

In trying to depict Bonaparte, it would be necessary, if one were to follow the analytical forms of which he was so fond, to separate into three distinct parts his soul, his heart, and his mind, for no one of these ever blended completely with the others. Although remarkable for certain intellectual qualities, no man, it must be allowed, was ever less lofty of soul. There was no generosity, no true greatness in him. I have never known him to admire, I have never known him to comprehend, a fine action. He always regarded every indication of a good feeling with suspicion; he did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less dexterity with which he practiced the art of lying. On the occasion of his saying this, he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child, one of his uncles had predicted of him that he should govern the world, because he was a habitual liar. "M. de Metternich," he added, "approaches to being a statesman — he lies very well."

Bonaparte's methods of government were all selected from among those which have a tendency to debase men. He dreaded the ties of affection; he endeavored to isolate every one; he never sold a favor without awakening a sense of uneasiness, for he held that the true way to attach the recipient to himself was by compromising him, and often even by blasting him in public opinion. He could not pardon virtue until he had succeeded in weakening its effect by ridicule. He cannot be said to have truly loved glory, for he never hesitated to prefer success; thus, although he was audacious in good fortune, and pushed it to its utmost limits, he was timid and troubled when threatened with reverses. Of generous courage he was not capable; and, indeed, on that head one would hardly venture to tell the truth so plainly as he has told it himself, by an admission recorded in an anecdote which I have never forgotten. One day, after his defeat at Leipsic, and when, as he was about to return to Paris, he was occupied in collecting the remains of his army for the defense of our frontiers, he was talking to M. de Talleyrand of the ill success of the Spanish war, and of the difficulty in which it had involved him. He spoke openly of his own position, not with the noble frankness that does not fear to own a fault, but with that haughty sense of superiority which releases one from the necessity of dissimulation. In the midst of this plain speaking, M. de Talleyrand

said to him suddenly: "But how is this? You consult me as if you and I had not quarreled."

Bonaparte answered: "Ah, circumstances! circumstances! Let us leave the past and the future alone. I want to hear what you think of the present moment."

"Well," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there is only one thing you can do. You have made a mistake: you must say so; try to say so nobly. Proclaim, therefore, that being a king by the choice of the people, elected by the nation, it has never been your design to set yourself against them. Say that when you began the war with Spain, you believed you were about to deliver the people from the yoke of an odious minister, who was encouraged by the weakness of his prince; but that perceiving, on closer observation, that the Spaniards, although aware of the faults of their king, are none the less attached to his dynasty, you are about to restore it to them, so that it may not be said you have opposed a national aspiration. After that proclamation, restore King Ferdinand to liberty, and withdraw your troops. Such an avowal, made in a lofty tone, and when the enemy are yet hesitating on our frontier, can only do you honor, and you are still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act."

"A cowardly act!" replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, apart from certain affectations of greatness which I have to assume, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore, all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," added he, with a satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step."

From the Introduction to the "Memoirs."

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN

(1823–1892)

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN, perhaps the most celebrated French representative of what is sometimes called "higher criticism," was born at Tréguier, France, January 27th, 1823. When he left his native town to complete his studies in Paris, he had a strong bent towards theology, which controlled his later writings; but his attention was distracted from theology to philology, and it was for philology chiefly that he educated himself and took his university degree. He published in 1857 "Studies of Religious History" and the next year studies "On the Origin of Language." These works suggest at once his method and the scope of his life work. He applied the modern critical philological method to theology and made an international reputation by works which were accepted as representing the highest reaches of scientific criticism. Renan was a man of genius and a most attractive writer; but as a philologist, he belonged to what may be called, without inaccuracy, the Romantic school, swift in assumption and daring in generalization. He was a great essayist rather than a great scientist. Among his noted works are "Essays Moral and Critical," "The Life of Jesus," "St. Paul and His Mission," "Marcus Aurelius and the End of the Ancient World," and "History of the Origins of Christianity." He died at Paris, October 2d, 1892.

STATE OF THE WORLD AT THE TIME OF CHRIST

THE political state of the world was of the saddest kind. All authority was concentrated at Rome and in the legions. There occurred the most shameful and degrading scenes. The Roman aristocracy, which had conquered the world, and which, in short, had alone governed under the Cæsars, delivered itself up to the most frightful Saturnalia of crime which the world has ever seen. Cæsar and Augustus, in establishing the aristocracy, had seen with perfect accuracy the necessities of their times. The world was so low in the political sense that no other government was possible. Since Rome had conquered provinces

innumerable, the ancient constitution, founded on the privileges of patrician families, a species of obstinate and malevolent Tories, could not subsist. But Augustus had failed in all the duties of true policy in that he left the future to chance. Without regular hereditary succession, without fixed rules of adoption, without electoral laws, without constitutional limitations, Cæsarism was like a colossal weight on the deck of a ship without ballast. The most terrible shocks were inevitable. Thrice in a century, under Caligula, under Nero, and under Domitian, the greatest power which had ever existed fell into the hands of execrable or extravagant men. Hence, horrors, which have scarcely been exceeded by the monsters of the Mongal dynasties. In that fatal series of sovereigns we are reduced almost to excusing a Tiberius, who was absolutely wicked only towards the close of his life! a Claudius, who was simply eccentric, awkward, and surrounded by evil advisers. Rome became a school of vice and cruelty. It must be added that the evil came especially from the East, from those flatterers of low rank, from these infamous men whom Egypt and Syria sent to Rome, where, profiting by the oppression of the true Romans, they felt themselves all powerful with the scoundrels who governed them. The most shocking ignominies of the Empire, such as the apotheosis of the Emperor, his deification, when alive, came from the East, and especially from Egypt, which was then one of the most corrupt countries in the universe.

The true Roman spirit, in effect, still survived. Human nobility was far from being extinct. A great tradition of pride and of virtue was kept up in some families, which came to power with Nerva, and made the splendor of the century of the Antonines of which Tacitus has been the eloquent interpreter. A time, which was that of minds so profoundly honest as Quintilian, Pliny the Younger, and Tacitus, is not a time of which we need despair. The disturbance of the surface did not affect the great basis of honesty and of seriousness which underlay good society in Rome; some families still afforded models of valor, of devotion to duty, of concord, of solid virtue. There were in the noble houses admirable wives, admirable sisters. Was there ever a more touching fate than that of the young and chaste Octavia, daughter of Claudius, and wife of Nero, pure amidst so many infamies, killed at twenty-two years of age, before she had had time to enjoy her life? The women described in the inscriptions

as *Castissimæ*, *univiræ*, are not rare. Wives accompanied their husbands in exile; others shared their noble deaths. The old Roman simplicity was not lost; the education of children was grave and careful. The noblest women labored with their hands at wool work; the cares of the toilet were almost unknown in good families.

The excellent statesmen who sprang up under Trajan were not improvised. They had served under preceding reigns; only they had had little influence, cast into the shade as they were by the freedmen and the basest favorites of the Emperor. Men of the highest character thus occupied exalted positions under Nero. The skeleton was good, the accession of the bad emperors to power, disastrous though it was, did not suffice to change the general course of affairs and the principles of the State. The Empire, far from being in decadence, was in all the force of the most robust youth. The decadence was coming, but that would be two centuries later, and, strange to say, under the least evil of the sovereigns. Looked at from the political point of view, the situation was analogous to that of France, which, for want of an invariable rule since the Revolution as to the succession of powers, has gone through the most perilous adventures, without its internal organization and national force suffering too much. From the moral point of view we may compare the time of which we speak with the eighteenth century, an epoch which we might fancy to be altogether corrupt, if we judged by the memories, the manuscript literature, the collection of anecdotes of the times, yet, in which houses maintained a great severity of morals.

Philosophy has allied itself with the honest Roman families, and resisted nobly. The Stoic school produced the great characters of Cremastius Cordus, of Thraseas, of Arria, of Helvidius Priscus, of Annæus Cornelius, of Musonius Rufus,—admirable masters of aristocratic virtue. The stiffness and the exaggerations of this school arose from the horrible cruelty of the government of the Cæsars. The perpetual thought of the good man was how he might best endure tortures and prepare for death. Lucan, with bad taste, Persius, with greater talents, expressed the highest sentiments of a great soul. Seneca the philosopher, Pliny the Elder, Papirius Fabianus, maintained an elevated tradition of science and philosophy. Every one did not yield; there were still wise men. But too often they had no other resource than death. The ignoble parts of humanity were at times in the

ascendant. The spirit of vertigo and cruelty then overflowed and turned Rome into a veritable hell.

This government, so frightfully unequal at Rome, was much better in the provinces. Few of the disorders which shocked the capital were felt there. In spite of its defects the Roman administration was much better than the royalties and republics which the conquest had suppressed. The time of the sovereign municipalities had gone by for centuries. These little states had destroyed themselves by their egotism, their jealous spirit, their ignorance, or their little care for private liberties. The ancient Greek life, all struggles, all exterior, satisfied no one. It had been charming in its day, but this brilliant Olympus of a democracy of demigods having lost its freshness, had become something dry, cold, insignificant, vain, superficial, for want of goodness and of solid honesty. This it was which constituted the legitimacy of the Macedonian domination, then of the Roman administration. The Empire did not yet know the excess of centralization. Until the time of Diocletian, it left much liberty to the provinces and cities. Kingdoms, almost independent, existed in Palestine, in Syria, in Asia Minor, in little Armenia, in Thrace, under the protection of Rome. These kingdoms became dangers only in the days of Caligula, because the rules of the great and profound political policy of Augustus were neglected. The free cities, and they were numerous, governed themselves according to their own laws; they had the legislative power and all the magistracy of an autonomous state; until the third century, municipal decrees began with the formula, « The senate and the people. . . . » The theatres served, not only for the pleasures of the stage, they were the centres of opinion and of movement. The majority of the towns were under various names, little republics. The municipal spirit was very strong in them; they had not lost the right of declaring war,—a melancholy right which had turned the world into a field of carnage. « The benefits conferred by the Roman people on the human race » were the theme of declamations which were sometimes adulatory, but the sincerity of which cannot always be denied with justice. The worship of the « Roman peace, » the idea of a great democracy organized under the protection of Rome was at the bottom of all thoughts. A Greek orator exhibited vast erudition in proving that the glory of Rome ought to be gathered amongst all the branches of the Hellenic race as a sort of common patri-

mony. In what concerned Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, it may be said that the Roman Conquest destroyed no liberty. These countries had long been dead to the political life which they had never had.

In short, notwithstanding the exactions of the governors, and the violence, inseparable from an absolute government, the world in many respects had never yet been so happy. An administration coming from a distant centre was so great an advantage that even the plunderings of the Pretors in the last days of the Republic had not been sufficient to make it odious. The Julian law, besides, had greatly narrowed the field of abuse and of collusions. The follies or the cruelties of the Emperor, except under Nero, affected only the Roman aristocracy and the immediate surroundings of the Prince. There never was a time when a man who did not meddle in politics could live more comfortably. The republics of antiquity, in which every one was forced to occupy himself with the quarrels of parties, were exceedingly uncomfortable places of abode. People were incessantly upset or proscribed. Now the time seemed expressly fitted for large proselytisms above the quarrels of the little towns and the rivalries of dynasties. Such attempts against liberty as there were, arose out of what was still left of independence in provinces or communities much more than from the Roman administration. We have had, and we shall still have, numerous instances of this kind of thing to remark.

In those of the conquered countries in which political necessities had not existed for centuries, and where the people were deprived only of the right to tear each other to pieces by continual wars, the Empire was a period of prosperity and of well-being, such as had never been known, we may even add without paradox, of liberty. On the one hand, freedom of trade and of industry, of which the Greek republics had no idea, became possible. On the other, liberty of thought could only gain by the new system. That liberty is always stronger when it has to deal with a king or a prince than when it has to negotiate with a narrow and jealous citizen. The ancient republics did not possess it. The Greeks did without it in great things, thanks to the incomparable strength of their genius, but it ought not to be forgotten that Athens had her inquisition. The inquisition was the archon king; the holy office was the Royal Porch, whither were taken accusations of "impiety." Accusations of that kind were

very numerous; it is concerning cases of this description that most of the great Attic orations were delivered. Not merely philosophical crimes, such as denying God or Providence, but the slightest blow struck at the municipal worship, the preaching of foreign religions, the most childish infractions of the scrupulous legislation of the mysteries, were crimes which might be punished with death. The gods whom Aristophanes mocked at on the stage, killed sometimes. They killed Socrates, they wanted to kill Alcibiades. Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Theodorus the atheist, Diagoras of Melos, Prodicus of Ceos, Stilpo, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Aspasia, Euripides, were more or less seriously disquieted. Liberty of thought was, in short, the fruit of the royalties which sprang out of the Macedonian conquest. It was the Attali, the Ptolemies, who first gave to thinkers the facilities that none of the old republics had ever offered to them. The Roman Empire continued the same tradition. There was, under the empire, more than one arbitrary act against the philosophers, but they arose always, through their interfering with politics. We may seek in vain in the list of Roman laws before Constantine for a text against the liberty of thought, in the history of the emperors for a process against abstract doctrine. Not one scholar was disturbed. Men who would have been burned in the Middle Ages, such as Galen, Lucian, Plotinus, live on in peace, protected by the law. The Empire inaugurated a period of liberty, inasmuch as it extinguished the absolute sovereignty of the family, of the city, of the tribe, and replaced or tempered these sovereignties by that of the State. Now an absolute power becomes more vexatious in proportion to the narrowness of the limits within which it is exercised. The ancient republics, feudality, tyrannized over the individual much more than the State did. We must admit that the Roman Empire at certain periods persecuted Christianity cruelly, but, at least, it did not stop it. Now the republics would have rendered it impossible; Judaism, if it had not submitted to the pressure of Roman authority, would have been sufficient to stifle it. The Pharisees were prevented from crushing out Christianity only by the Roman magistrates.

Large ideas of universal brotherhood springing for the most part out of stoicism, a sort of general sentiment of humanity, were the fruits of the less narrow system and of the less exclusive education to which the individual was subjected. There

were dreams of a new era and of new worlds. The public wealth was great, and, notwithstanding the imperfection of the economic doctrines of the times, wealth was widely spread. Morals were not what they have often been imagined to be. At Rome, it is true, all the vices were displayed with a revolting cynicism; the spectacles, especially, had introduced a frightful corruption. Certain countries, like Egypt, have thus sunk into the lowest depths. But there was, in most of the provinces, a middle class, where goodness, conjugal faith, the domestic virtues, probity, were sufficiently spread out. Is there anywhere an idea of family life in a world of honest citizens of small towns, more charming than that which Plutarch has left us? What bonhomie! What gentleness of manners! What chaste and amiable simplicity! Chæronea was evidently not the only place where life was so pure and so innocent.

Customs even outside Rome were still to a certain extent cruel, it may be through the memory of antique manners; everywhere rather sanguinary, it may be through the special influence of Roman hardness. But there was progress even in this respect. What soft and pure sentiment, what impression of tender melancholy had not found its tenderest expression by the pen of Virgil or Tibullus? The world grew more yielding, lost its antique rigor, acquired gentleness and susceptibility. Maxims of humanity grew common; equality, the abstract idea of the rights of man, was loudly preached by stoicism. Woman, thanks to the dowry system of the Roman law, became more and more her own mistress; precepts on the manner of treating slaves improved, — Seneca ate with his. The slave was no longer of necessity that grotesque and malicious being whom Latin comedy introduced to provoke outbursts of laughter, and whom Cato recommended to be treated as a beast of burden. The times have now greatly changed. The slave is morally the equal of his master; it is admitted that he is capable of virtue, of fidelity, of devotion, and he has given proofs that he is so. Prejudices as to nobility of birth are dying out. Many very humane and very just laws are enacted even under the worst of the emperors. Tiberius was an able financier; he founded upon an excellent basis an establishment of the nature of a land bank. Nero brought to the system of taxation, until then iniquitous and barbarous, improvements which put our own times to the blush. The progress of legislation was considerable, though the punishment of death was stu-

pidly frequent. Love of the poor, sympathy for all, almsgiving, became virtues.

The theatre was one of the most insupportable scandals to honest people, and was one of the first causes of the antipathy of Jews and Judaizers of every class against the profane civilization of the time. These gigantic circles appeared to them the sewer in which all the vices festered. Whilst the front ranks applauded, repulsion and horror alone were produced on the upper benches. The spectacles of gladiators were established in the provinces only with difficulty. The Greek countries at least objected to them, and clung more often to their ancient Greek exercises. The sanguinary games preserved always in the East a very pronounced mark of their Roman origin. The Athenians, in emulation of the Corinthians, having one day deliberated as to imitating these barbarous games, a philosopher is said to have risen and moved that before this was done, the altar of Pity should be overthrown. The horror of the theatre, of the stadium, of the gymnasium, that is to say, of the public places, and of what constituted essentially a Greek or a Roman city, was thus one of the deepest sentiments of the Christian, and one of those which produced the greatest results. Ancient civilization was a public civilization; everything was done in the open air, before the assembled citizens. It was the reverse of our societies, where life is altogether private and closed within the compass of the house. The theatre was the heir of the agora and of the forum. The anathema uttered against the theatre rebounded upon all society. A profound rivalry was established between the Church on the one hand, the public games on the other. The slave, driven from the games, betook himself to the Church. I never sit down in these mournful arenas, which are always the best-preserved ruins of an ancient city, without seeing there in the spirit the struggle of the two worlds — here the honest poor man, already half a Christian, sitting in the last rank, veiling his face, and going out indignant — there a philosopher rising suddenly and reproaching the crowd with its baseness. These examples were rare in the first century, but the protest began to make itself heard. The theatre began to fall into evil repute. . . .

To sum up: The middle of the first century is one of the worst epochs of ancient history. Greek and Roman society show themselves in decadence after what has gone before, and much behindhand with respect to what is to follow. But the grandeur

of the crisis revealed clearly some strange and sacred formation. Life appeared to have lost its motive: suicides were multiplied. Never had a century presented such a struggle between good and evil. The evil was a powerful despotism, which put the world into the hands of men, who were either criminals or lunatics; it was the corruption of morals, the result of introducing into Rome the vices of the East; it was the absence of a good religion, and of a serious public instruction.

From «History of the Origins of Christianity.»

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(1723–1792)

THREE of the essays in Dr. Johnson's Idler were written by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the collection would not have suffered either in style or interest had the number been indefinitely increased. He is better known, however, for his "Discourses" before the Royal Academy than he is as a miscellaneous writer. He was born in Devonshire, England, July 16th, 1723. His father, a clergyman and schoolmaster, trained him so carefully that his scholarship does not suffer by comparison with that of the greatest "wits" of his time. Most of these, including Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith, became his friends after he had settled in London, where he went in 1766 to begin work as a portrait painter. Except the years spent abroad in study, he lived the rest of his life in London, growing in celebrity as an artist until his death February 23d, 1792. He was one of the most famous of modern portrait painters. He helped to organize the Royal Academy, and in 1768 became its first president. Among his most notable paintings are portraits of Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Mrs. Siddons.

EASY POETRY

EASY poetry is universally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed by which it may be decided when poetry can be properly called easy. Horace has told us that it is such as "every reader hopes to equal, but after long labor finds unattainable." This is a very loose description, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be investigated.

Easy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expressed without violence to the language. The discriminating character of ease consists principally in the diction; for all true poetry requires that the sentiments be natural. Language suffers violence by harsh or by daring figures, by transposition, by unusual acceptations of words, and by any license which would be avoided by a writer of prose. Where any artifice appears in the construc-

tion of the verse, that verse is no longer easy. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the sense, any curious iteration of the same word, and all unusual, though not ungrammatical structure of speech, destroy the grace of easy poetry.

The first lines of Pope's "Iliad" afford examples of many licenses which an easy writer must decline: —

> "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumber'd heavenly goddess sing,
> The wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
> The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain."

In the first couplet the language is distorted by inversions, clogged with superfluities, and clouded by a harsh metaphor; and in the second there are two words used in an uncommon sense, and two epithets inserted only to lengthen the line; all these practices may in a long work easily be pardoned, but they always produce some degree of obscurity and ruggedness.

Easy poetry has been so long excluded by ambition of ornament, and luxuriance of imagery, that its nature seems now to be forgotten. Affectation, however opposite to ease, is sometimes mistaken for it; and those who aspire to gentle elegance, collect female phrases and fashionable barbarisms, and imagine that style to be easy which custom has made familiar. Such was the idea of the poet who wrote the following verses to a countess cutting paper: —

> "Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd,
> She would not do the least right thing
> Either for goddess or for god,
> Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.
>
> "Jove frowned, and 'Use,' he cried, 'those eyes
> So skillful, and those hands so taper;
> Do something exquisite and wise.'—
> She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.
>
> "This vexing him who gave her birth,
> Thought by all heaven a burning shame,
> What does she next, but bids on earth
> Her Burlington do just the same!
>
> "Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
> But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
> The sense and taste of one that bears
> The name of Saville and of Boyle.

"Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, Madam! see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you."

It is the prerogative of easy poetry to be understood as long as the language lasts; but modes of speech, which owe their prevalence only to modish folly, or to the eminence of those that use them, die away with their inventors, and their meaning in a few years is no longer known.

Easy poetry is commonly sought in petty compositions upon minute subjects; but ease, though it excludes pomp, will admit greatness. Many lines in Cato's soliloquy are at once easy and sublime: —

"The divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
————————If there is a power above us,
And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy."

Nor is ease more contrary to wit than to sublimity; the celebrated stanza of Cowley, on a lady elaborately dressed, loses nothing of its freedom by the spirit of the sentiment: —

"Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill,
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill."

Cowley seems to have possessed the power of writing easily beyond any other of our poets; yet his pursuit of remote thoughts led him often into harshness of expression. Waller often attempted, but seldom attained it; for he is too frequently driven into transpositions. The poets, from the time of Dryden, have gradually advanced in embellishment, and consequently departed from simplicity and ease.

To require from any author many pieces of easy poetry would be, indeed, to oppress him with too hard a task. It is less difficult to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which

requires so much care and skill, that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.

Complete. From the Idler.

GENIUS AND RULES

We are very sure that the beauty of form, the expression of the passions, the art of composition, even the power of giving a general air of grandeur to a work, is at present very much under the dominion of rules. These excellences were heretofore considered merely as the effects of Genius; and justly, if Genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience.

He who first made any of these observations, and digested them, so as to form an invariable principle for himself to work by, had that merit, but probably no one went very far at once; and generally the first who gave the hint did not know how to pursue it steadily and methodically; at least, not in the beginning. He himself worked on it, and improved it; others worked more and improved further; until the secret was discovered, and the practice made as general as refined practice can be made. How many more principles may be fixed and ascertained we cannot tell; but as criticism is likely to go hand in hand with the art which is its subject, we may venture to say that as that art shall advance, its powers will be still more and more fixed by rules.

But, by whatever strides criticism may gain ground, we need be under no apprehension that invention will ever be annihilated or subdued; or intellectual energy be brought entirely within the restraint of written law. Genius will still have room enough to expatiate, and keep always at the same distance from narrow comprehension and mechanical performance.

What we now call Genius, begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end, but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place. It must of necessity be, that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules; it cannot be by chance that excellences are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance; but the rules by which men of

extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of Genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in words; especially as artists are not very frequently skillful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art; yet it does not follow, but that the mind may be put in such a train, that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety, which words, particularly words of unpracticed writers, such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.

Invention is one of the great marks of Genius; but if we consult experience we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learned to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

From «Discourses on Art.»

MICHAEL ANGELO, «THE HOMER OF PAINTING»

Amongst the painters and the writers on painting, there is one maxim universally admitted, and continually inculcated. Imitate nature is the invariable rule, but I know none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be understood; the consequence of which is, that every one takes it in the most obvious sense, that objects are represented naturally when they have such relief that they seem real. It may appear strange, perhaps, to hear this sense of the rule disputed; but it must be considered that, if the excellence of a painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art, and sister to poetry, this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best; for the painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part; and what pretense has the art to claim kindred with poetry, but by its powers over the imagination? To this power the painter of genius directs his aim; in this sense he studies nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural in the confined sense of the word.

The grand style of painting requires this minute attention to be carefully avoided, and must be kept as separate from it as the style of poetry from that of history Poetical ornaments destroy that air of truth and plainness which ought to characterize history; but the very being of poetry consists in departing from this plain narration, and adopting every ornament that will warm the imagination. To desire to see the excellencies of each style united, to mingle the Dutch with the Italian school, is to join contrarieties which cannot subsist together, and which destroy the efficacy of each other. The Italian attends only to the invariable, the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal nature; the Dutch, on the contrary, to literal truth, and a minute exactness in the detail, as I may say of nature modified by accident. The attention to these petty peculiarities is the very cause of this naturalness, so much admired in the Dutch pictures, which, if we suppose it to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, which ought to give place to a beauty of a superior kind, since one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.

If my opinion were asked concerning the works of Michael Angelo, whether they would receive any advantage from possessing this mechanical merit, I should not scruple to say they would not only receive no advantage, but would lose, in a great measure, the effect which they now have on every mind susceptible of great and noble ideas. His works may be said to be all genius and soul; and why should they be loaded with heavy matter, which can only counteract his purpose by retarding the progress of the imagination?

If this opinion should be thought one of the wild extravagancies of enthusiasm, I shall only say that those who censure it are not conversant in the works of the great masters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthusiasm that the arts of painting and poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an indulgence, as well as too great a restraint of imagination; and if the one produces incoherent monsters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeless insipidity. An intimate knowledge of the passions, and good sense, but not common sense, must at last determine its limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reason, that Michael Angelo sometimes transgressed those limits; and I think I have seen figures of him of which it was very difficult to determine whether they

were in the highest degree sublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults may be said to be the ebullitions of genius; but at least he had this merit, that he never was insipid, and whatever passion his works may excite, they will always escape contempt.

What I have had under consideration is the sublimest style, particularly that of Michael Angelo, the Homer of painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalness, which of the lowest kind is the chief merit; but in painting, as in poetry, the highest style has the least of common nature.

One may very safely recommend a little more enthusiasm to the modern painters; too much is certainly not the vice of the present age. The Italians seem to have been continually declining in this respect from the time of Michael Angelo to that of Carlo Maratti, and from thence to the very bathos of insipidity to which they are now sunk; so that there is no need of remarking that where I mentioned the Italian painters in opposition to the Dutch, I mean not the Moderns, but the heads of the old Roman and Bolognian schools; nor did I mean to include in my idea of an Italian painter, the Venetian school, which may be said to be the Dutch part of the Italian genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the painters, that however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themselves very much upon it; and to the connoisseurs, that when they see a cat or fiddle painted so finely that, as the phrase is, "It looks as if you could take it up," they would not for that reason immediately compare the painter to Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Complete. From the Idler.

DAVID RICARDO

(1772–1823)

DAVID RICARDO, one of the most celebrated economists of modern times, was born in London, April 19th, 1772. His father, a stock broker of Hebrew ancestry, wished to educate his son for business, but Ricardo preferred science, and his admiration for Adam Smith made him a political economist. His "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation" appeared in 1817 and soon took rank as one of the notable books of the century. It was preceded and followed by a long list of essays, treatises, and elaborate works on similar topics. Ricardo's theory that exchange value is determined by labor cost has been taken into account by all his successors, as has also his theory of rent. He died September 11th, 1823.

THE INFLUENCE OF DEMAND AND SUPPLY ON PRICES

IT IS the cost of production which must ultimately regulate the price of commodities, and not, as has been often said, the proportion between the supply and demand. The proportion between supply and demand may, indeed, for a time, affect the market value of a commodity, until it is supplied in greater or less abundance, according as the demand may have increased or diminished; but this effect will be only of temporary duration.

Diminish the cost of production of hats, and their price will ultimately fall to their new natural price, although the demand should be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled. Diminish the cost of subsistence of men by diminishing the natural price of the food and clothing by which life is sustained, and wages will ultimately fall, notwithstanding that the demand for laborers may very greatly increase.

The opinion that the price of commodities depends solely on the proportion of supply to demand, or demand to supply, has become almost an axiom in political economy, and has been the source of much error in that science. It is this opinion which

has make Mr. Buchanan maintain that wages are not influenced by a rise or fall in the price of provisions, but solely by the demand and supply of labor; and that a tax on the wages of labor would not raise wages, because it would not alter the proportion of the demand of laborers to the supply.

The demand for a commodity cannot be said to increase if no additional quantity of it be purchased or consumed; and yet, under such circumstances, its money value may rise. Thus, if the value of money were to fall, the price of every commodity would rise, for each of the competitors would be willing to spend more money than before on its purchase; but though its price rose ten or twenty per cent., if no more were bought than before, it would not, I apprehend, be admissible to say that the variation in the price of the commodity was caused by the increased demand for it. Its natural price, its money cost of production, would be really altered by the altered value of money; and without any increase of demand, the price of the commodity would be naturally adjusted to that new value.

"We have seen," says M. Say, "that the cost of production determines the lowest price to which things can fall: the price below which they cannot remain for any length of time, because production would then be either entirely stopped or diminished." Vol. II., p. 26.

He afterwards says that the demand for gold having increased in a still greater proportion than the supply, since the discovery of the mines, "its price in goods, instead of falling in the proportion of ten to one, fell only in the proportion of four to one"; that is to say, instead of falling in proportion as its natural price had fallen, fell in proportion as the supply exceeded the demand.—"The value of every commodity rises always in a direct ratio to the demand, and in an inverse ratio to the supply."

The same opinion is expressed by the Earl of Lauderdale:—"With respect to the variations in value, of which everything valuable is susceptible, if we could for a moment suppose that any substance possessed intrinsic and fixed value, so as to render an assumed quantity of it constantly, under all circumstances, of an equal value, then the degree of value of all things, ascertained by such a fixed standard, would vary according to the proportion betwixt the quantity of them and the demand for them, and every commodity would, of course, be subject to a variation in its value, from four different circumstances:—

"1. It would be subject to an increase of its value, from a diminution of its quantity.

"2. To a diminution of its value, from an augmentation of its quantity.

"3. It might suffer an augmentation in its value, from the circumstance of an increased demand.

"4. Its value might be diminished by a failure of demand.

"As it will, however, clearly appear that no commodity can possess fixed and intrinsic value, so as to qualify it for a measure of the value of other commodities, mankind are induced to select, as a practical measure of value, that which appears the least liable to any of these four sources of variations, which are the sole causes of alteration of value.

"When, in common language, therefore, we express the value of any commodity, it may vary at one period from what it is at another, in consequence of eight different contingencies: —

"1. From the four circumstances above stated, in relation to the commodity of which we mean to express the value.

"2. From the same four circumstances, in relation to the commodity we have adopted as a measure of value."

This is true of monopolized commodities, and, indeed, of the market price of all other commodities for a limited period. If the demand for hats should be doubled, the price would immediately rise, but that rise would be only temporary, unless the cost of production of hats or their natural price were raised. If the natural price of bread should fall fifty per cent. from some great discovery in the science of agriculture, the demand would not greatly increase, for no man would desire more than would satisfy his wants, and as the demand would not increase, neither would the supply; for a commodity is not supplied merely because it can be produced, but because there is a demand for it. Here, then, we have a case where the supply and demand have scarcely varied, or, if they have increased, they have increased in the same proportion; and yet the price of bread will have fallen fifty per cent., at a time, too, when the value of money had continued invariable.

Commodities which are monopolized, either by an individual or a company, vary according to the law which Lord Lauderdale has laid down; they fall in proportion as the sellers augment their quantity, and rise in proportion to the eagerness of the buyers to purchase them; their price has no necessary connection

with their natural value; but the prices of commodities which are subject to competition, and whose quantity may be increased in any moderate degree, will ultimately depend, not on the state of demand and supply, but on the increased or diminished cost of their production.

From «Principles of Political Economy and Taxation.» Chapter XXX. complete.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

(1689–1761)

NE of the early editors of the Rambler, anonymously unkind, says of the essay on Woman, contributed by Richardson, that "although mean and hackneyed in style and sentiment, it was the only paper which had a great sale during the publication of the Rambler in its original form." Between this criticism and the judgment of the London public in the eighteenth century, let twentieth-century readers decide. Richardson, who disputes with Fielding the title of "Inventor of the Modern Novel," was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1689. In 1706 he began life as an apprentice in a London printing office. "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" was published in three volumes in 1741 and 1742. It was successful, and he followed it by "Clarissa Harlowe" and "The History of Sir Charles Grandison." He died at London, July 4th, 1761. It was by "Pamela" that Fielding was drawn into novel writing, as he began "Joseph Andrews" as a parody on it.

A RAMBLER ESSAY ON WOMAN

Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.
—Horace.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profaned
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.
—Francis.

The reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favors, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.

— Introductory note by the "Rambler."

To the Rambler

Sir:—

When the Spectator was first published in single papers, it gave me so much pleasure that it is one of my favorite amusements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of those times, as described in that useful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wish that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human species, that if your precepts and observations be carried down to posterity, the Spectators may show to the rising generation what were the fashionable follies of their grandmothers, the Rambler of their mothers, and that from both they may draw instruction and warning.

When I read those Spectators which took notice of the misbehavior of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I used to pronounce such forward young women Seekers, in order to distinguish them by a mark of infamy from those who had patience and decency to stay till they were sought.

But I have lived to see such a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it disgraceful enough, if they would deserve no worse; since now they are too generally given up to negligence of domestic business, to idle amusements, and to wicked rackets, without any settled view at all out of squandering time.

In the time of the Spectator, excepting sometimes in appearance in the ring, sometimes at a good and chosen play, sometimes on a visit at the house of a grave relation, the young ladies contented themselves to be found employed in domestic duties; for then routs, drums, balls, assemblies, and such-like markets for women were not known.

Modesty and diffidence, gentleness and meekness, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteristic graces of the sex. And if a forward spirit pushed itself into notice, it was exposed in print as it deserved.

The churches were almost the only places where single women were to be seen by strangers. Men went thither expecting to see them, and perhaps too much for that only purpose. .

But some good often resulted, however improper might be their motives. Both sexes were in the way of their duty. The

man must be abandoned, indeed, who loves not goodness in another; nor were the young fellows of that age so wholly lost to a sense of right, as pride and conceit have since made them affect to be. When therefore they saw a fair one, whose decent behavior and cheerful piety showed her earnest in her first duties, they had the less doubt, judging politically only, that she would have a conscientious regard to her second.

With what ardor have I watched for the rising of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features!

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a Saul was once found prophesying among the prophets whom he had set out to destroy. To a man thus put into good humor by a pleasing object, religion itself looked more amiable. The men Seekers of the Spectator's time loved the holy place for the object's sake, and loved the object for her suitable behavior in it.

Reverence mingled with their love, and they thought that a young lady of such good principles must be addressed only by the man who at least made a show of good principles, whether his heart was quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behavior, at any time of the service, lessen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always most observed when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation. The eye of a respectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he pursued its natural dictates; keeping then was a rare, at least a secret and scandalous vice, and a wife was the summit of his wishes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think must be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increased his love.

Every inquiry he made into the lady's domestic excellence, which, when a wife is to be chosen, will surely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honestly discovers the state of his fortune. His friend applies to those of the young lady, whose parents, if they approve his proposals, disclose them to their daughter.

She, perhaps, is not an absolute stranger to the passion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his assiduities, his constant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he used seldom to come, and a thousand little observances that he paid her, had very probably first forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favor, him.

That a young lady should be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is a heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, must not allow. But thus applied to, she is all resignation to her parents. Charming resignation, which inclination opposes not!

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjusted; delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears fill up the tedious space till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herself cheap at public places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modestly reserved; he is not confident. He declares his passion; the consciousness of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his sincerity; and she owns herself obliged to him for his good opinion. The inquiries of her friends into his character have taught her that his good opinion deserves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future visits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he presses for the favor of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquiescence with her duty, and a modest acknowledgment of esteem for him.

He applies to her parents therefore for a near day; and thinks himself under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this prospect of future happiness, the marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both sides, brought acquainted in the course of the courtship, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the sisters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the sisters, the friends of the other. Their two families, thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occasionally quit it but they find the pleasure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their absence from it.

Oh, Mr. Rambler! forgive the talkativeness of an old man! When I courted and married my Lætitia, then a blooming beauty, everything passed just so! But how is the case now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engrossed by places of open resort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being constantly frequented, make home irksome. Breakfasting places, dining places, routs, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, masquerade for the evening, and even for all night; and lately, public sales of the goods of broken housekeepers, which the general dissoluteness of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another seasonable relief to these modern time-killers.

In the summer there are in every country-town assemblies; Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough! What expense of dress and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for such emulous appearance!

By the natural infection of example, the lowest people have places of sixpenny resort, and gaming tables for pence. Thus servants are now induced to fraud and dishonesty, to support extravagance, and supply their losses.

As to the ladies who frequent those public places, they are not ashamed to show their faces wherever men dare go, nor blush to try who shall stare most impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on the public walks.

The men who would make good husbands, if they visit those places, are frighted at wedlock, and resolve to live single, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be spectators of all that passes, and, if they please, more than spectators, at the expense of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thousand pounds in the last age, with a domestic wife, would go further than ten thousand in this. Yet settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness: and pin money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, must not the sex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make such? And need

even these wretches marry to enjoy the conversation of those who render their company so cheap?

And what, after all, is the benefit which the gay coquette obtains by her flutters? As she is approachable by every man without requiring, I will not say incense or adoration, but even common complaisance, every fop treats her as upon the level, looks upon her light airs as invitations, and is on the watch to take the advantage: she has companions, indeed, but no lovers,—for love is respectful, and timorous; and where among all her followers will she find a husband?

Set, dear sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconsiderate, the contempt as well as the danger to which they are exposed. At one time or other, women not utterly thoughtless will be convinced of the justice of your censure, and the charity of your instruction.

But should your expostulations and reproofs have no effect upon those who are far gone in fashionable folly, they may be retailed from their mouths to their nieces (marriage will not often have entitled these to daughters), when they, the meteors of a day, find themselves elbowed off the stage of vanity by other flutterers; for the most admired women cannot have many Tunbridge, many Bath seasons to blaze in, since even fine faces, often seen, are less regarded than new faces,—the proper punishment of showy girls, for rendering themselves so impoliticly cheap.

Complete. From the Rambler.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER

(1763–1825)

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, one of the most famous humorists and essayists of Germany, was born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, March 21st, 1763. His father was a pastor and teacher who accumulated no property, and his death left the boy Jean Paul to support himself as best he could. Going to Leipsic in the hope of making a living as a tutor, he began in 1783 the literary career which made him a favorite wherever German is read. The eccentricity of his style, which so greatly influenced that of Carlyle, is clearly imitated from Rabelais. In his "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," he often ceases to be intelligible except to those who are experts in his methods as a humorist. As it was a part of his method, however, to become on occasion as profoundly unintelligible as possible, this is not to be wondered at nor seriously complained of. He wrote "Selections from the Papers of the Devil"; "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces"; "The Invisible Lodge"; "Hesperus"; "Quintus Fixlein"; "Preparatory Course in Æsthetics"; "Levana, or the Theory of Education"; and an unmentionable number of other essays, pamphlets, and literature of all kinds, to the total number of sixty volumes in the Berlin edition of 1879. He died at Bayreuth, November 14th, 1825.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

TO GIRLS love is the sun's propinquity — yes, it is the transition of every such Venus through the sun of the ideal world. In this period of the higher style of their souls they love all that we love — even science — and the whole better world within the bosom; and they despise what we despise — even clothes and news. In the spring, these nightingales sing up to the time of the summer solstice. The wedding day is their longest day. Then the devil fetches away, not everything, indeed, but every day a little bit. The bass bond of marriage ties the poetical wings; and the marriage bed is for the imagination an Engelsburg and a prison with bread-and-water allowance. I

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

After a Portrait Engraved by Müller.

JEAN PAUL

have often followed the poor bird of paradise, or peacock of Psyche, in the honeymoon, and in this molting season picked up the glorious feathers of the wings and tail, which the bird scattered abroad; and afterwards, when the husband thinks he has married a naked crow, I show him the bunch of feathers. How explain this? Thus: Marriage overspreads the poetical world with the rind of the real world; as, according to Descartes, our earthly sphere is a sun overlaid with a dirty bark. The hands of labor are awkward, hard, and full of callosities, and find it difficult to continue to hold or draw the fine thread of the ideal woof; therefore, among the higher ranks, where women in lieu of work rooms have only work baskets, where they turn the little spinning wheels on their laps with the finger, and where love still endures in marriage — frequently even towards the husband himself — the marriage ring is not so often as among the lower orders a Gyges-ring, which renders books, and all the arts of music, poetry, painting, and dancing, invisible. Upon heights, plants and flowers of all kinds, especially female plants, become stronger and more spicy. A woman is not able, like a man, to protect her inner castles of air and magic on the outer side exposed to the weather. To what, then, is the wife to cling? To her husband. The husband must always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon, and continually skim off the scum which covers it, that the silver glance of the ideal may continue to glitter.

But there are two species of husbands — Arcadians, or lyric poets of life, who love forever, like Rousseau, even with gray hairs. Such are not to be controlled or comforted when, in the female "flower wreath," bound with gilt edges, on turning over the little work, leaf by leaf, they no longer see any of the gold, as is the case with all gilt-edged books.

Secondly, there are shepherd swains and pastors of itchy sheep — I mean master minstrels, or men of business, who thank God when the enchantress, like other sorceresses, is at length transformed into a grumbling house cat, which destroys the vermin.

No one has more ennui and fear (and therefore some day I will direct the compassion of my readers to the circumstance in a comic biography) than a fat, pompous, weighty bass singer of a man of business, who, like the Roman elephants in former times, is forced to dance on the slack rope of love, and whose

loving gestures and play of features I find most perfectly imaged in the marmot, who, when first awakened from his winter's sleep by the warmth of the room, finds it so difficult to get into the way of moving. With widows alone, who are less desirous of being loved than of being married, a heavy man of business can begin his romance at the point where all romance writers terminate theirs, namely, upon the step of the marriage altar. Such a man, built in the simplest style, would have a load taken from his heart, if any one would love his shepherdess for him, in his name, so long until he had nothing else to do in the affair but to celebrate the wedding; and no one would have more pleasure in relieving them of this burden or cross than myself. I wanted to advertise myself in the public papers (but was afraid it might be taken for a joke), and announce that I was willing to swear platonic eternal love to all endurable girls whom a man of business has not even the time to love — to make them the necessary declarations of love as plenipotentiary of the husband; and, in short, to lead them, as *substitutus sine spe succedendi*, or as company cavalier, on my arm, through the whole uneven land of love, until, on the borders, I should be able to deliver over my charge, ready prepared, to the *sponsus* (bridegroom). This would then be a love-making, rather than a marriage, by embassadors. If, in accordance with such a *systema assistentiæ*, any one would wish to employ the writer of this article as feoffee and principal commissary even in the honeymoon itself, as some love also occurs at this period, he must be man of sense enough to make the condition beforehand, that —*

From « Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.»

HIS VIEW OF GOETHE

An opinion concerning Herder, Wieland, or Goethe, is as much contested as any other. Who would believe that the three watchtowers of our literature avoid and dislike each other? I will never again bend myself anxiously before any great man, but only before the virtuous. Under this impression, I went timidly to meet Goethe. Every one had described him as cold to everything upon the earth. Madame von Kalb said, « He no

*This ending is characteristic of Richter. Having said all he cared to say on the subject he stops in the middle of a sentence.

longer admires anything, not even himself. Every word is ice. Curiosities, merely, warm the fibres of his heart." Therefore I asked Knebel to petrify or incrust me by some mineral spring, that I might present myself to him like a statue or a fossil. Madame von Kalb advised me, above all things, to be cold and self-possessed, and I went without warmth, merely from curiosity. His house, palace rather, pleased me; it is the only one in Weimar in the Italian style,—with such steps! a Pantheon full of pictures and statues. Fresh anxiety oppressed my breast. At last the god entered, cold, one-syllabled, without accent. "The French are drawing towards Paris," said Knebel. "Hm!" said the god. His face is massive and animated, his eye a ball of light. But, at last, the conversation led from the campaign to art, publications, etc., and Goethe was himself. His conversation is not so rich and flowing as Herder's, but sharp-toned, penetrating, and calm. At last he read, that is, played for us, an unpublished poem, in which his heart impelled the flame through the outer crust of ice, so that he pressed the hand of the enthusiastic Jean Paul. (It was my face, not my voice; for I said not a word.) He did it again when we took leave, and pressed me to call again. By Heaven! we will love each other! He considers his poetic course as closed. His reading is like deep-toned thunder, blended with soft, whispering raindrops. There is nothing like it.

From an account of a visit to Goethe quoted by Longfellow in "Poets and Poetry of Europe" 1849.

A DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE

I HAD been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I, in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail shells, would be a

far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fullness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us, that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe — in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction! Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream: —

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out appareled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the Form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of Here, and the thought of There. And, behold! I am yonder," — pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible

of our system except a comet which was traveling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies — flocks past counting, unless to their heavenly Shepherd — that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulæ. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us; galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars — till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of There, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our heads were not emptier, neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like waterspouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters: then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "O Spirit! has then this universe no end?" And the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula: and at length that also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended": and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried forever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unillumi-

nated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish — "Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked; and in a moment came a twilight — in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy — and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced forever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving — rocking, yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along — from east to west — from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapor a gloomy, ashy, leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest; and lead me no further: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: "In the presence of God there is no emptiness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very universe, the sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as

it were an interminable sea of light,— sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light; and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas; and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over; and my eye comprehended the furthest and the nearest; and darkness had become light, and the light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men; but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light; and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaarahs of the creation I saw — I heard — I felt — the glittering — the echoing — the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis,— which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure; but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a king, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head, but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth; and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed — Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end, and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

Complete. De Quincey's translation.

ANALECTS

Complaint of the Bird in a Darkened Cage

"Ah!" said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

On the Death of Young Children

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happy are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life, hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms, and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

The Prophetic Dewdrops

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dewdrops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards: "See," said he, "there stand thy dewdrops gloriously reset — a glittering jewelry — in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dewdrop, into heaven.

On Death

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them; secondly, if the grief which we experience at the spectacle of our friends' graves were not by some confusion of the mind blended with the image of our own; thirdly, if we had not in this life seated ourselves in a warm domestic nest, which we are unwilling to quit for the cold blue regions of the unfathomable heavens; finally, if death were denied to us. Once in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were heavenly; but he was chained (methought) eternally in the earth. The immortal old man had five great wounds in his happiness — five worms that gnawed forever at his heart: he was unhappy in springtime, because that is a season of hope, and rich with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realize. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud — "Away! away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!" He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts; for love is a plant which may

bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated forever in his heart — "So then I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss: the great universe of suns is above, below, and round about me; but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes." He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue, of Truth, and of God; because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make. But this was a dream: God be thanked, that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven, to which death will not one day bring an answer!

Imagination Untamed by Realities

Happy is every actor in the guilty drama of life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the external illusion; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest, the bungling landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the loud parting and shocking of the scenes disturb not in his dream!

On Reviewers

In Suabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers — valuers of author's flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town. They are commonly called tasters (or *Prægustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavor be good. We authors, in spite, call them reviewers; but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones; which again is very advantageous to them, for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them, *viz.*, because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

Female Tongues

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says, "A woman that does not talk must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent among women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except among men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women — that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when light is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labors: sedentary artisans, as tailors, shoemakers, weavers, have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share — even because they work.

Forgiveness

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly,— being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness; and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest — the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

Nameless Heroes

The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are, like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian brethren), level and undistinguishable from the universal earth; and if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth — the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom — shed, but never reckoned! It

is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of nameless heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the one hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding — conquering — and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because History records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood, therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

The Grandeur of Man in His Littleness

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapor and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbor such a feeling — this, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Night

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened — *viz.*, that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames: even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

The Stars

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch — solid and impervious.

Martyrdom

To die for truth — is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the Venus de Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

The Quarrels of Friends

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is — because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

Dreaming

But for dreams, that lay mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep — the antechamber of the grave — were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

Two Divisions of Philosophic Minds

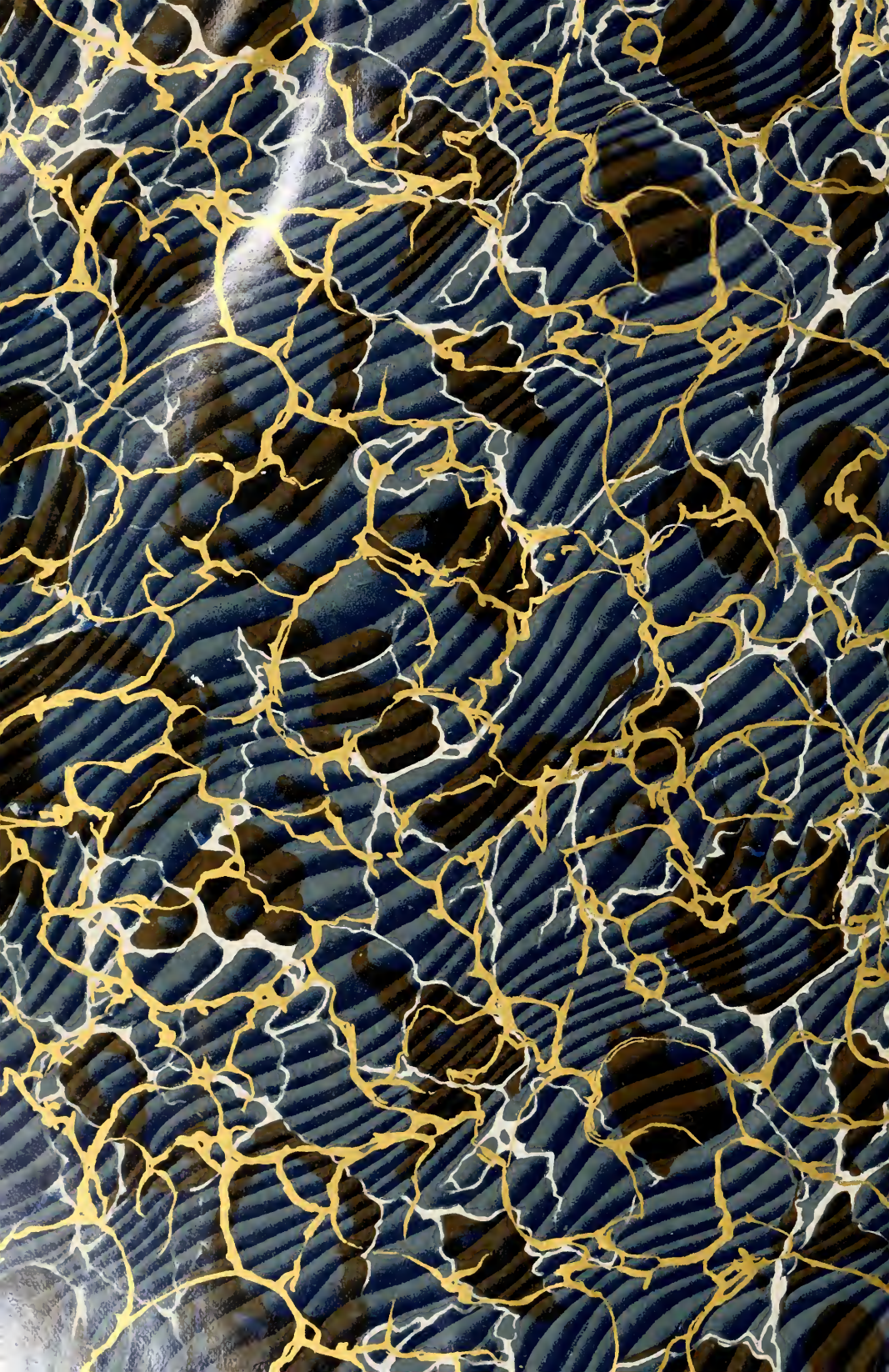
There are two very different classes of philosophic heads, which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means

of that distinction. The positive intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world, the father of an inner world; and, like the poet, also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (*i. e.*, the Fichtéan system), the Monads and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz — and Spinozism are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men, therefore, as Leibnitz, Plato, Herder, etc., I call positive intellects, because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of island and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness — not any positive truths, but the negative (*i. e.*, the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example, Bayle, one of the greatest of that class — appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones: but in this there is no positive accession to our knowledge; for all that the clear idea contains in development exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unanimous in their abhorrence of everything positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct — everything, in short, which is incomprehensible, they can endure just once — that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments, as a sort of hook on which they may hang them, but never afterwards.

The Dignity of Man in Self-Sacrifice

That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defense of her child; in short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honor; with the republican it is liberty.

All the foregoing are from De Quincey's translation.



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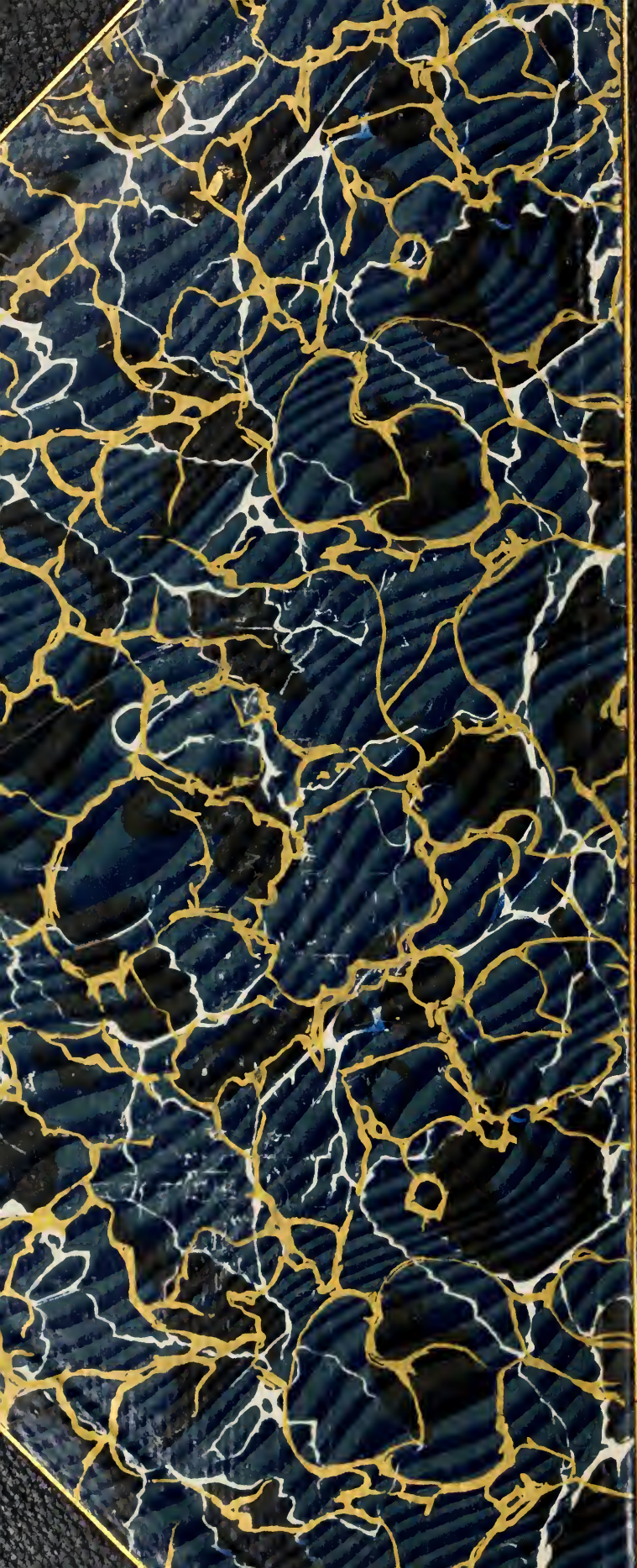
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